


EDGEWORTH'S
MORAL & POPULAR
TALES





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To Eli from Maria
June 8 1844
on her Birthday



"He offered his wife and daughter each an arm, and set out for the cathedral."—p. 395

MARIA EDGEWORTH'S
MORAL
AND
POPULAR TALES.

RE-EDITED AND REVISED

BY L. VALENTINE,

Editor of "The Home Book," Author of "The Knight's Ransom," &c, &c.

A NEW EDITION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



London:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, WELFORD, AND ARMSTRONG.





PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.



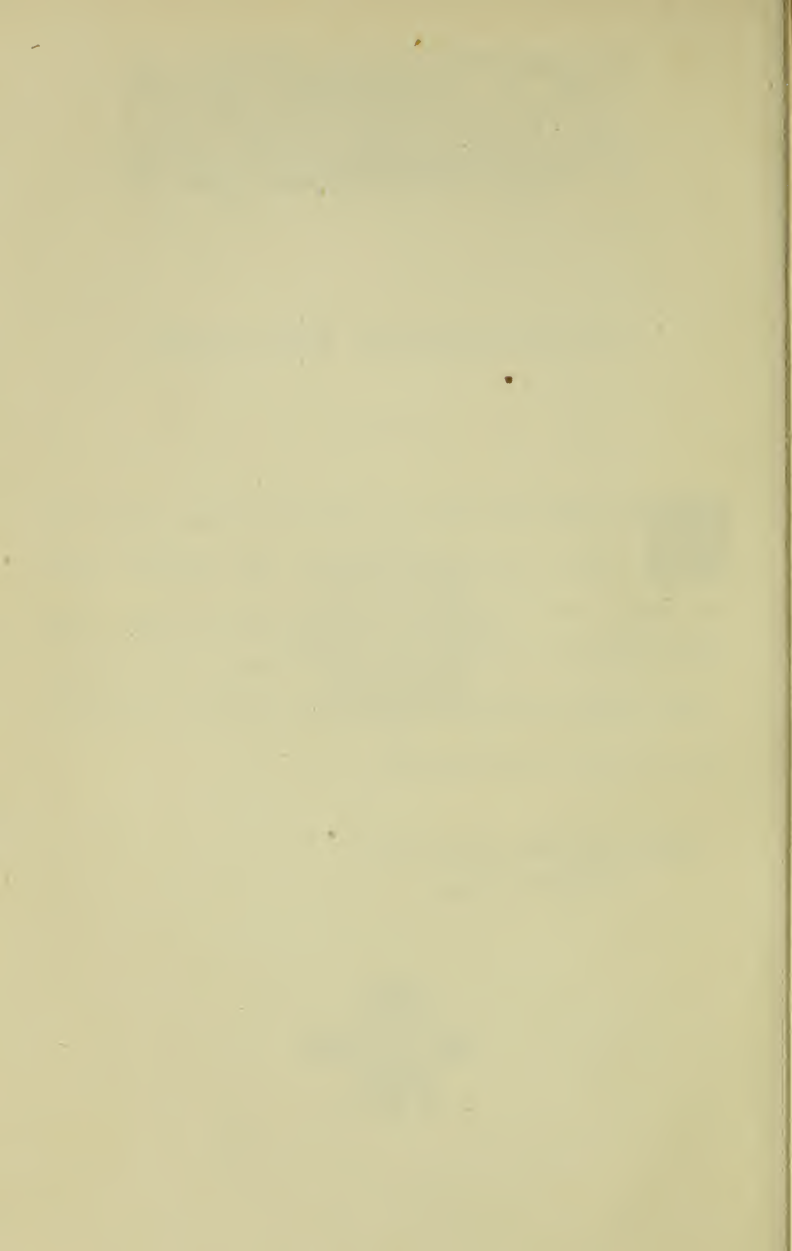
HE great and deserved estimation so long enjoyed by MARIA EDGEWORTH'S MORAL AND POPULAR TALES has induced the Publishers to issue, for the first time, a One Volume Edition in their series of the "VICTORIA GIFT BOOKS."

They venture to express a hope that it will be as popular a volume as any of its predecessors.

Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.,

London, July, 1874.







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Moral Tales.

FORESTER.

CHAPTER I.

FORESTER.

FORESTER was the son of an English gentleman who had paid some attention to his education, but who had some singularities of opinion, which probably influenced him in all his conduct towards his children.

Young Forester was frank, brave, and generous, but he had been taught to dislike politeness so much, that the common forms of society appeared to him either odious or ridiculous. His sincerity was seldom restrained by any attention to the feelings of others. His love of independence was carried to such an extreme, that he was inclined to prefer the life of Robinson Crusoe in his desert island to that of any individual in cultivated society. His attention had been early fixed upon the follies and vices of the higher classes of people, and his contempt for selfish indolence was so strongly associated with the name of gentleman, that he was disposed to choose his friends and companions from amongst his inferiors : the inequality between the rich and the poor shocked him ; his temper was enthusiastic as well as benevolent, and he ardently wished to be a man, and to be at liberty to act for himself, that he might reform society, or at least his own neighbourhood. When he was about nineteen years old, his father died, and young Forester was sent to Edinburgh, to Dr. Campbell, the gentleman whom his father had appointed his guardian. In the choice of his mode of travelling, his disposition appeared. The stage-coach and a carrier set out nearly at the same time from Penrith. Forester, proud of bringing his principles immediately into action, put himself under the protection of the carrier, and congratulated himself upon his freedom from prejudice. He arrived at Edinburgh in all the glory of independence, and he desired the carrier to set him down at Dr. Campbell's door.

"The doctor's not at home," said the footman who opened the door.

"He *is* at home," exclaimed Forester, with indignation : "I see him at the window."

"My master is just going to dinner, and can't see anybody now," said the footman ; "but if you will call again at six o'clock, maybe he may see you, my good lad."

"My name is Forester ; let me in," said Forester, pushing forwards.

"Forester ! - Mr. Forester !" said the footman ; "the young gentleman that was expected in the coach to-day ?"

Without deigning to give the footman any explanation, Forester took his own portmanteau from the carrier, and Dr. Campbell came downstairs just when the footman was officiously struggling with the young gentleman for his burden. Dr. Campbell received his pupil very kindly ; but Forester would not be prevailed upon to rub his shoes sufficiently upon the mat at the bottom of the stairs, or to change his disordered dress before he made his appearance in the drawing-room. He entered with dirty shoes, a threadbare coat, and hair that looked as if it never had been combed ; and he was much surprised by the effect which his singular appearance produced upon the risible muscles of some of the company.

"I have done nothing to be ashamed of," said he to himself ; but notwithstanding his efforts to be and to appear at ease, he was constrained and abashed. A young laird, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, seemed to enjoy his confusion with malignant, half-suppressed merriment, in which Dr. Campbell's son was too good-natured and too well bred to participate. Henry Campbell was three or four years older than Forester, and *though* he looked like a gentleman, Forester could not help being pleased with the manner in which he drew him into conversation. The secret magic of politeness relieved him insensibly from the torment of false shame.

"It is a pity this lad was bred up a gentleman," said Forester to himself, "for he seems to have some sense and goodness."

Dinner was announced, and Forester was provoked at being interrupted in an argument concerning carts and coaches, which he had begun with Henry Campbell. Not that Forester was averse to eating, for he was at this instant ravenously hungry ; but eating in company he always found equally repugnant to his habits and his principles. A table covered with a clean table-cloth, dishes in nice order, plates, knives, and forks laid at regular distances, appeared to our young Diogenes absurd superfluities, and he was ready to exclaim "How many things I do not want !" Sitting down to dinner, eating, drinking, and behaving like other people, appeared to him difficult and disagreeable ceremonies. He did not perceive that custom had rendered all these things perfectly easy to every one else in company ; and as soon as he had devoured his food his own way, he moralized in silence upon the good sense of Sancho Panza, who preferred eating an egg behind the door to feasting in public ; and he recollected his favourite traveller Le Vaillant's* enthusiastic account of his charming Hottentot dinners,

* Le Vaillant's Travels into Africa, vol. i. p. 114.

and of the disgust that he afterwards felt on the comparison of European etiquette and African *simplicity*.

"Thank God, the ceremony of dinner is over," said Forester to Henry Campbell, as soon as they rose from table.

All those things which seem mere matters of course in society appeared to Forester strange ceremonies. In the evening there were cards for those who liked cards, and there was conversation for those who liked conversation. Forester liked neither ; he preferred playing with a cat, and he sat all night apart from the company in a corner of a sofa. He took it for granted that the conversation could not be worth his attention, because he heard Lady Catherine Mackenzie's voice amongst others : he had conceived a dislike, or rather a contempt, for this lady, because she showed much of the pride of birth and rank in her manners. Henry Campbell did not think it necessary to punish himself for her ladyship's faults by withdrawing from entertaining conversation : he knew that his father had the art of managing the frivolous subjects started in general company, so as to make them lead to amusement and instruction ; and this Forester would probably have discovered this evening, had he not followed his own thoughts instead of listening to the observations of others. Lady Catherine, it is true, began with a silly history of her hereditary antipathy to pickled cucumbers, and she was rather tiresome in tracing the genealogy of this antipathy through several generations of her ancestry ; but Dr. Campbell said "that he had heard from an ingenious gentleman of her ladyship's family, that her ladyship's grandfather, and several of his friends, nearly lost their lives by pickled cucumbers ;" and thence the doctor took occasion to relate several curious circumstances concerning the effects of different poisons.

Dr. Campbell, who plainly saw both the defects and the excellent qualities of his young ward, hoped that by playful raillery, and by well-timed reasoning, he might mix a sufficient portion of good sense with Forester's enthusiasm, might induce him gradually to sympathize in the pleasures of cultivated society, and might convince him that virtue is not confined to any particular class of men ; that education, in the enlarged sense of the word, creates the difference between individuals more than riches or poverty. Dr. Campbell foresaw that Forester would form a friendship with his son, and that this attachment would cure him of his prejudices against *gentlemen*, and would prevent him from indulging his taste for vulgar company. Henry Campbell had more useful energy, though less apparent enthusiasm, than his new companion : he was always employed, he was really independent, because he had learned how to support himself either by the labours of his head or of his hands ; but his independence did not render him unsociable ; he was always ready to sympathize with the pleasures of his friends, and therefore he was beloved ; following his father's example, he did all the good in his power to those who were in distress, but he did not imagine that he could reform every abuse in society, or that he could instantly new-model the universe. Forester became in a few days fond of conversing, or rather of holding long arguments, with Henry ; but his dislike to the young laird, Archibald Mackenzie, hourly increased.

Archibald and his mother, Lady Catherine Mackenzie, were relations of Mrs. Campbell's, and they were now upon a visit at her house. Lady Catherine, a shrewd woman, fond of precedence, and fully sensible of the importance that wealth can bestow, had sedulously inculcated into the mind of her son all the maxims of worldly wisdom which she had collected in her intercourse with society ; she had inspired him with family pride, but at the same time had taught him to pay obsequious court to his superiors in rank or fortune. The art of rising in the world she knew did not entirely depend upon virtue or abilities ; she was consequently more solicitous about her son's manners than his morals, and was more anxious that he should form high connections than that he should apply to the severe studies of a profession. Archibald was nearly what might be expected from his education, alternately supple to his superiors and insolent to his inferiors : to insinuate himself into the favour of young men of rank and fortune, he affected to admire extravagance ; but his secret maxims of parsimony operated even in the midst of dissipation. Meanness and pride usually go together. It is not to be supposed that young Forester had such quick penetration that he could discover the whole of the artful Archibald's character in the course of a few days' acquaintance ; but he disliked him for good reasons, — because he was a laird, because he had laughed at his first *entrée*, and because he was learning to dance.

CHAPTER II.

THE SKELETON.

ABOUT a week after our hero's arrival at Dr. Campbell's, the doctor was exhibiting some chemical experiments, with which Henry hoped that his young friend would be entertained ; but Forester had scarcely been five minutes in the laboratory, before Mackenzie, who was lounging about the room, sneeringly took notice of a large hole in his shoe. "It is easily mended," said the independent youth ; and he immediately left the laboratory, and went to a cobbler's, who lived in a narrow lane at the back of Dr. Campbell's house. Forester had, from his bed-chamber window, seen this cobbler at work early every morning ; he admired his industry, and longed to be acquainted with him. The good-humoured familiarity of Forester's manner pleased the cobbler, who was likewise diverted by the eagerness of *the young gentleman* to mend his own shoe. After spending some hours at the cobbler's stall, the shoe was actually mended ; and Forester thought that his morning's work was worthy of admiration. In a court (or, as such places are called in Edinburgh, a close) near the cobbler's, he saw some boys playing at ball : he joined them ; and, whilst they were playing, a dancing-master, with his hair powdered, and who seemed afraid of spattering his clean stockings, passed through the

court, and interrupted the ball-players for a few seconds. The boys, as soon as the man was out of hearing, declared that he passed through *their* court regularly twice a day, and that he always kicked their marbles out of the ring. Without staying to weigh this evidence scrupulously, Forester received it with avidity, and believed all that had been asserted was true, because the accused was a dancing-master: from his education, he had conceived an antipathy to dancing-masters, especially to such as wore silk stockings and had their heads well powdered. Easily fired at the idea of any injustice, and eager to redress the grievances of *the poor*, Forester immediately concerted with these boys a scheme to deliver them from what he called the insolence of the dancing-master, and promised that he would compel him to go round by another street.

In his zeal for the liberty of his new companions, our hero did not consider that he was infringing upon the liberties of a man who had never done him any injury, and over whom he had no right to exercise any control.

Upon his return to Dr. Campbell's, Forester heard the sound of a violin; and he found that his enemy, M. Pasgrave, the dancing-master, was attending Archibald Mackenzie: he learnt that he was engaged to give another lesson the next evening; and the plans of the confederates in the ball-alley were arranged accordingly. In Dr. Campbell's room Forester remembered to have seen a skeleton, in a glass case; he seized upon it, carried it down to his companions, and placed it in a niche in the wall, on the landingplace of a flight of stone stairs, down which the dancing-master was obliged to go. A butcher's son (one of Forester's new companions) he instructed to stand, at a certain hour, behind the skeleton, with two rushlights, which he was to hold up to the eye-holes in the skull.

The dancing-master's steps were heard approaching at the expected hour; and the boys stood in ambush to enjoy the diversion of the sight. It was a dark night: the fiery eyes of the skeleton glared suddenly upon the dancing-master, who was so terrified at the spectacle, and in such haste to escape, that his foot slipped, and he fell down the stone steps: his ankle was strained by the fall; and he was brought back to Dr. Campbell's. Forester was shocked at this tragical end to his intended comedy. The poor man was laid upon a bed, and he writhed with pain. Forester, with vehement expressions of concern, explained to Dr. Campbell the cause of this accident; and he was much touched by the dancing-master's good-nature, who, between every twinge of pain, assured him that he should soon be well, and endeavoured to avert Dr. Campbell's displeasure. Forester sat beside the bed reproaching himself bitterly; and he was yet more sensible of his folly, when he heard that the boys whose part he had hastily taken had frequently amused themselves with playing mischievous tricks upon this inoffensive man, who declared that he had never purposely kicked their marbles out of the ring, but had always implored them to let him pass with all the civility in his power.

Forester resolved, that before he ever again attempted to do justice, he would at least hear both sides of the question.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALARM.

FORESTER would willingly have sat up all night with M. Pasgrave, the dancing-master, to foment his ankle from time to time, and, if possible, to assuage the pain ; but the man would not suffer him to sit up, and about twelve o'clock he retired to rest. He had scarcely fallen asleep, when his door opened, and Archibald Mackenzie roused him, by demanding, in a peremptory tone, how he could sleep when the whole family were frightened out of their wits by his pranks?

"Is the dancing-master worse?—what's the matter?" exclaimed Forester, in great terror.

Archibald replied that he was not talking or thinking about the dancing-master, and desired Forester to make haste and dress himself, and that he would then soon hear what was the matter.

Forester dressed himself as fast as he could, and followed Archibald through a long passage, which led to a back staircase. "Do you hear the noise?" said Archibald.

"Not I," said Forester.

"Well, you'll hear it plain enough presently," said Archibald ; "follow me downstairs."

He followed, and was surprised, when he got into the hall, to find all the family assembled. Lady Catherine had been awakened by a noise, which she at first imagined to be the screaming of an infant. Her bed-chamber was on the ground-floor, and adjoining to Dr. Campbell's laboratory, from which the noise seemed to proceed. She wakened Mrs. Campbell and her son Archibald ; and when she recovered her senses a little, she listened to Dr. Campbell, who assured her, that what her ladyship thought was the screaming of an infant, was the noise of a cat. The screams of this cat made, indeed, a terrible noise ; and, when the light approached the door of the laboratory, the animal flew at the door with so much fury, that nobody could venture to open it. Everybody looked at Forester, as if they suspected that he had confined the cat, or that he was, in some way or other, the cause of the disturbance. The cat, who, from his having constantly fed and played with him, had grown extremely fond of him, used to follow him often from room to room ; and he now recollected that it followed him the preceding evening into the laboratory, when he went to replace the skeleton. He had not observed whether it came out of the room again, nor could he now conceive the cause of its yelling in this horrible manner. The animal seemed to be mad with pain. Dr. Campbell asked his son whether all the presses were locked. Henry said he was sure that they were all locked. It was his business to lock them every evening ; and he was so exact, that nobody doubted his accuracy.

Archibald Mackenzie, who all this time knew, or at least suspected, the truth, held himself in cunning silence. The preceding evening he, for want of something to do, had strolled into the laboratory, and, with

the pure curiosity of idleness, peeped into the presses, and took the stoppers out of several of the bottles. Dr. Campbell happened to come in, and carelessly asked him if he had been looking in the presses; to which question, Archibald, though with scarcely any motive for telling a falsehood, immediately replied in the negative. As the doctor turned his head, Archibald put aside a bottle, which he had just before taken out of the press; and fearing that the noise of replacing the glass stopper would betray him, he slipped it into his waistcoat-pocket. How much useless cunning! All this transaction was now fully present to Archibald's memory; and he was well convinced that Henry had not seen the bottle when he afterwards went to lock the presses; that the cat had thrown it down; and that this was the cause of all the yelling that disturbed the house. Archibald, however, kept his lips fast closed: he had told one falsehood; he dreaded to have it discovered, and he hoped that the blame of the whole affair would rest upon Forester. At length the animal flew with diminished fury at the door; its screams became feebler and feebler, till, at last, they totally ceased. There was silence; Dr. Campbell opened the door—the cat was seen stretched upon the ground, apparently lifeless. As Forester looked nearer at the poor animal, he saw a twitching motion in one of its hind legs; Dr. Campbell said that it was the convulsion of death. Forester was just going to lift up his cat, when his friend Henry stopped his hand, telling him that he would burn himself if he touched it. The hair and flesh of the cat on one side were burnt away, quite to the bone. Henry pointed to the broken bottle, which he said had contained vitriolic acid.

Henry in vain attempted to discover by whom the bottle of vitriolic acid had been taken out of its place. The suspicions naturally fell upon Forester, who, by his own account, was the last person in the room before the presses had been locked for the night. Forester, in warm terms, asserted that he knew nothing of the matter. Dr. Campbell coolly observed that Forester ought not to be surprised at being suspected upon this occasion, because everybody had the greatest reason to suspect the person whom they had detected in one practical joke, of planning another.

"Joke!" said Forester, looking down upon his lifeless favourite. "Do you think me capable of such cruelty? Do you doubt my truth?" exclaimed Forester, haughtily. "You are unjust. Turn me out of your house this instant. I do not desire your protection, if I have forfeited your esteem."

"Go to bed for to-night in my house," said Dr. Campbell; "moderate your enthusiasm, and reflect upon what has passed coolly."

Dr. Campbell, as Forester indignantly withdrew, said with a benevolent smile, as he looked after him, "He wants nothing but a little common sense. Henry, you must give him a little of yours."

In the morning, Forester first went to inquire how the dancing-master had slept, and then knocked impatiently at Dr. Campbell's door.

"My father is not awake," said Henry; but Forester marched directly up to the side of the bed, and, drawing back the curtain with

no gentle hand, cried, with a loud voice, "Dr. Campbell, I am come to beg your pardon ; I was angry when I said you were unjust."

"And I was asleep when you begged my pardon," said Dr. Campbell, rubbing his eyes.

"The dancing-master's ankle is a great deal better ; and I have buried the poor cat," pursued Forester ; "and I hope now, doctor, you'll at least tell me that you do not really suspect me of having any hand in her death."

"Pray let me go to sleep," said Dr. Campbell ; "and *time* your explanations a little better."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GERANIUM.

THE dancing-master gradually recovered from his sprain ; and Forester spent all his pocket-money in buying a new violin for him, as his had been broken in his fall ; his watch had likewise been broken against the stone steps. Though Forester looked upon a watch as a useless bauble, yet he determined to get this mended ; and his friend Henry went with him for this purpose to a watchmaker's.

Whilst Henry Campbell and Forester were consulting with the watchmaker upon the internal state of the bruised watch, Archibald Mackenzie, who followed them *for a lounge*, was looking over some new watches, and ardently wishing for the finest that he saw. As he was playing with his fine watch, the watchmaker begged that he would take care not to break it ; Archibald, in the usual insolent tone in which he was used to speak to a *tradesman*, replied, that if he did break it, he hoped he was able to pay for it. The watchmaker civilly answered, "he had no doubt of that, but that the watch was not his property ; it was Sir Philip Gosling's, who would call for it, he expected, in a quarter of an hour."

At the name of Sir Philip Gosling, Archibald quickly changed his tone : he had a great ambition to be of Sir Philip's acquaintance ; for Sir Philip was a young man who was to have a large fortune when he should come of age, and who, in the meantime, spent as much of it as possible, with great *spirit* and little judgment. He had been sent to Edinburgh for his education ; and he spent his time in training horses, laying bets, parading in the public walks, and ridiculing, or, in his own phrase, *quizzing*, every sensible young man who applied to literature or science. Sir Philip, whenever he frequented any of the professors' classes, took care to make it evident to everybody present that he did not come there to learn, and that he looked down with contempt upon all who were *obliged* to study ; he was the first always to make any disturbance in the classes, or, in his elegant language, to *make a row*.

This was the youth of whose acquaintance Archibald Mackenzie was ambitious. He stayed in the shop in hopes that Sir Philip would

arrive : he was not disappointed ; Sir Philip came, and with address which Lady Catherine would perhaps have admired, he entered into conversation with the young baronet—if conversation that might be called, which consisted of a species of fashionable dialect, devoid of sense, and destitute of any pretence to wit. To Forester this dialect was absolutely unintelligible : after he had listened to it with sober contempt for a few minutes, he pulled Henry away, saying, “Come, don’t let us waste our time here ; let us go to the brewery that you promised to show me.”

Henry did not immediately yield to the rough pull of his indignant friend, for at this instant the door of a little back parlour behind the watchmaker’s shop opened slowly, and a girl of about seven years old appeared, carrying, with difficulty, a flower-pot, in which there was a fine geranium, in full flower. Henry, who saw that the child was scarcely able to carry it, took it out of her hands, and asked her “Where she would like to have it put ?”

“Here, for to-day,” said the little girl, sorrowfully ; “but to-morrow it goes away for ever !”

The little girl was sorry to part with this geranium, because “she had watched it all the winter,” and said “that she was very fond of it ; but that she was willing to part with it, though it was just come into flower, because the apothecary had told her that it was the cause of her grandmother’s having been taken ill.—Her grandmother lodged,” she said, “in *that* little room, and the room was very close, and she was taken ill in the night—so ill that she could hardly speak or stir ; and when the apothecary came, he said,” continued the little girl, “it was no wonder anybody was ill who slept in such a little close room, with such a great geranium in it, *to poison the air*. So my geranium must go !” concluded she with a sigh : “but as it is for grandmother, I shall never think of it again.”

Henry Campbell and Forester were both struck with the modest simplicity of this child’s countenance and manner, and they were pleased with the unaffected generosity with which she gave up her favourite geranium.

Forester noted this down in his mind, as a fresh instance in favour of his *exclusive* good opinion of the poor. This little girl looked poor, though she was decently dressed ; she was so thin that her little cheek-bones could plainly be seen ; her face had not the round, rosy beauty of cheerful health ; she was pale and sallow, and she looked in patient misery. Moved with compassion, Forester regretted that he had no money to give, where it might have been so well bestowed. He was always *extravagant* in his generosity : he would often give five guineas where five shillings should have been given ; and by these means he reduced himself to the necessity sometimes of refusing assistance to deserving objects. On his journey from his father’s house to Edinburgh, he lavished, in undistinguishing charity, a considerable sum of money, and all that he had remaining of the money his father gave, he spent in purchasing the new violin for M. Pasgrave. Dr. Campbell absolutely refused to advance his ward any money, till his next quarterly allowance should become due. Henry, who always perceived quickly what

passed in the minds of others, guessed at Forester's thoughts by his countenance, and forbore to produce his own money, though he had it just ready in his hand—he knew that he could call again at the watchmaker's, and give what he pleased without ostentation.

Upon questioning the little girl further concerning her grandmother's illness, Henry discovered that the old woman had sat up late at night knitting, and that feeling herself extremely cold, she got a pan of charcoal into her room; that soon afterwards she felt uncommonly drowsy, and when her little granddaughter spoke to her, and asked her why she did not come to bed? she made no answer; a few minutes after this she dropped from her chair. The child was extremely frightened, and though she felt it very difficult to rouse herself, she said she got up as fast as she could, opened the door, and called to the watchmaker's wife, who luckily had been at work late, and was now raking the kitchen fire. With her assistance the old woman was brought into the air, and presently returned to her senses: the pan of charcoal had been taken away before the apothecary came in the morning; as he was in a great hurry when he called, he made but few inquiries, and consequently condemned the geranium without sufficient evidence. As he left the house, he carelessly said, "My wife would like that geranium, I think." And the poor old woman, who had but a very small fee to offer, was eager to give anything that seemed to please the *doctor*.

Forester, when he heard this story, burst into a contemptuous exclamation against the meanness of this and of all other apothecaries. Henry informed the little girl, that the charcoal had been the cause of her grandmother's illness, and advised them never, upon any account, to keep a pan of charcoal again in her bed-chamber; he told her that many people had been killed by this practice. "Then," cried the little girl joyfully, "if it was the charcoal, and not the geranium, that made grandmother ill, I may keep my beautiful geranium?" And she ran immediately to gather some of the flowers, which she offered to Henry and to Forester. Forester, who was still absorbed in the contemplation of the apothecary's meanness, took the flowers, without perceiving that he took them, and pulled them to pieces as he went on thinking. Henry, when the little girl held the geraniums up to him, observed that the back of her hand was bruised and black: he asked her how she had hurt herself, and she replied innocently, "that she had not hurt *herself*, but that her schoolmistress had hurt her; that her schoolmistress was a very *strict* woman." Forester, roused from his reverie, desired to hear what the little girl meant by a *strict* woman, and she explained herself more fully: she said, that, as a great favour, her grandmother had obtained leave of some great lady to send her to a charity school; that she went there every day to learn to read and work, but that the mistress of the charity school used her scholars very severely, and often kept them for hours, after they had done their own *tasks*, to spin for her, and that she beat them if they did not spin as much as she expected; the little girl's grandmother then said, that she knew all this, but that she did not dare to complain, because the schoolmistress was under the patronage of some of "the grandest ladies in Edinburgh,"

and that as she could not afford to pay for her little lass's schooling, she was forced to have her taught as well as she could *for nothing*.

Forester, fired with indignation at this history of injustice, resolved, at all events, to stand forth immediately in the child's defence; but without staying to consider how the wrong could be redressed, he thought only of the quickest, or, as he said, the most manly means of doing the business: he declared that if the little girl would show him the way to the school, he would go that instant and speak to the woman, in the midst of all her scholars. Henry in vain represented that this would not be a prudent mode of proceeding.

Forester disdained prudence; and, trusting securely to the power of his own eloquence, he set out with the child, who seemed rather afraid to come to open war with her tyrant. Henry was obliged to return home to his father, who had usually business for him to do about this time. The little girl had stayed at home on account of her grandmother's illness; but all the other scholars were hard at work, spinning in a close room, when Forester arrived.

He marched directly into the school-room. The wheels stopped at once on his appearance, and the schoolmistress, a rawboned, intrepid-looking woman, eyed him with amazement. He broke silence in the following words:

"Vile woman! your injustice is come to light. How can you dare to tyrannize over these poor children? Is it because they are poor? Take my advice, children, resist this tyrant; put by your wheels, and spin for her no more."

The children did not move; and the schoolmistress poured out a torrent of abuse in broad Scotch, which, to the English ear of Forester, was unintelligible. At length she made him comprehend her principal questions—who he was? and by whose authority he interfered between her and her scholars?

"By nobody's authority," was Forester's answer; "I want no authority to speak in the cause of injured innocence."

No sooner had the woman heard these words than she called to her husband, who was writing in an adjoining room. Without further ceremony, they both seized upon our hero, and turned him out of the house.

The woman revenged herself without mercy upon the little girl whom Forester had attempted to defend, and dismissed her with the advice never more to complain of being obliged to spin for her mistress.

Mortified by the ill success of his enterprise, Forester returned home, attributing the failure of his eloquence chiefly to his ignorance of the Scotch dialect.

CHAPTER V.

THE CANARY-BIRD.

AT his return, Forester heard that all Dr. Campbell's family were going that evening to visit a gentleman who had an excellent cabinet of minerals. He had some desire to see the fossils; but when

he came to the gentleman's house, he soon found himself disturbed at the praises bestowed by some ladies in company upon a little canary-bird which belonged to the mistress of the house. He began to kick his feet together, to hang first one arm, and then the other, over the back of his chair, with the obvious expression of impatience and contempt in his countenance. Henry Campbell in the meantime said, without any embarrassment, just what he thought about the bird. Archibald Mackenzie, with artificial admiration, said a vast deal more than he thought, in hopes of effectually recommending himself to the lady of the house. The lady told him the history of three birds which had successively inhabited the cage before the present occupier. "They all died," continued she, "in a most *extraordinary* manner, one after another, in a short space of time, in convulsions."

"Don't listen," whispered Forester, pulling Henry away from the crowd who surrounded the birdcage; "how can you listen, like that polite hypocrite, to this foolish woman's history of her *extraordinary* favourites? Come downstairs with me; I want to tell you my adventure with the schoolmistress; we can take a turn in the hall and come back before the cabinet of minerals is opened, and before these women have finished the ceremony of tea—come."

"I'll come presently," said Henry; "I really want to hear this."

Henry Campbell was not listening to the history of the lady's favourite birds like a polite hypocrite, but like a good-natured, sensible person. The circumstances recalled to his memory the conversation that we formerly mentioned, which began about pickled cucumbers, and ended with Dr. Campbell's giving an account of the effects of some poisons. In consequence of this conversation, Henry's attention had been turned to the subject, and he had read several essays which had informed him of many curious facts. He recollected, in particular, to have met * with the account of a bird who had been poisoned, and whose case bore a strong resemblance to the present. He begged leave to examine the cage, in order to discover whether there were any lead about it, with which the birds could have poisoned themselves. No lead was to be found. He next examined whether there were any white or green paint about it; he inquired whence the water came which the birds had drunk; and he examined the trough which held their seeds. The lady, whilst he was pursuing these inquiries, said she was sure that the birds could not have died either for want of air or exercise, for that she often left the door of the cage open on purpose, that they might fly about the room. Henry immediately looked round the room, and at length he observed, in an inkstand which stood upon a writing-table, a number of wafers, which were many of them chipped round the edges. Upon sweeping out the birdcage, he found a few very small bits of wafer mixed with the seeds and dust. He was now persuaded that the birds had eaten the wafers, and that they had been poisoned by the red lead which they contained; he was confirmed in this opinion by being told that the wafers had lately been missed very frequently, and it had been imagined that they had been used by the servants. Henry begged

* Falconer on the poison of lead and copper.

the lady would try an experiment, which might probably save the life of her new favourite. The lady, though she had never before tried an experiment, was easily prevailed upon. She promised Henry that she would lock up the wafers ; and he prophesied that her bird would not, like his predecessors, come to an untimely end. Archibald Mackenzie was vexed to observe that knowledge had, in this instance, *succeeded* better, even with a lady, than flattery. As for Forester, he would certainly have admired his friend Henry's ingenuity if he had been attending to what passed ; but he had taken a book, and had seated himself in an arm-chair, which had been placed on purpose for an old gentleman in the company, and was deep in the history of a man who had been cast away, some hundred years ago, upon a desert island.

He condescended, however, to put down his book when the fossils were produced, and, as if he had just awakened from a dream, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and joined the rest of the company. The malicious Archibald, who observed that Forester had seated himself, through absence of mind, in a place which prevented some of the ladies from seeing the fossils, instantly made a parade of his own politeness, to contrast himself advantageously with the rude negligence of his companion ; but Archibald's politeness was always particularly directed to the persons in company whom he thought of the most importance.

"You can't see there," said Forester, suddenly rousing himself, and observing that Dr. Campbell's daughter, Miss Flora Campbell, was standing behind him ; "had not you better sit down in this chair ? I don't want it, because I can see over your head. Sit down."

Archibald smiled at Forester's simplicity in paying his awkward compliment to the young lady who had, according to his mode of estimation, the least pretensions to notice of any one present. Flora Campbell was neither rich nor beautiful, but she had a happy mixture in her manners of Scottish sprightliness and English reserve. She had an eager desire to improve herself, whilst a nice sense of propriety taught her never to obtrude upon general notice, or to recede from conversation with the airs of counterfeit humility. Forester admired her abilities, because he imagined that he was the only person who had ever discovered them. As to her manners, he never observed these ; but even whilst he ridiculed politeness, he was anxious to find out what she thought polite. After he had told her all that he knew concerning the fossils, as they were produced from the cabinet—and he was far from ignorant—he at length perceived that she knew full as much of natural history as he did ; and he was surprised that a young lady should know so much, and should not be conceited. Flora, however, soon sunk many degrees in his opinion ; for, after the cabinet of mineralogy was shut, some of the company talked of a ball which was to be given in a few days, and Flora, with innocent gaiety, said to Forester, "Have you learned to dance a Scotch reel since you came to Scotland ?"

"I !" cried Forester, with contempt. "Do you think it the height of human perfection to dance a Scotch reel ? Then that fine young laird, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, will suit you much better than I shall."

And Forester returned to his arm-chair and his desert island.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KEY.

IT was unfortunate that Forester retired from company in such abrupt displeasure at Flora Campbell's question, for had he borne the idea of a Scotch reel more like a philosopher, he would have heard of something interesting relative to the intended ball, if anything relative to a ball could be interesting to him. It was a charity ball, for the benefit of the mistress of the very charity school* to which the little girl with the bruised hand belonged. "Do you know," said Henry to Forester, when they met, "that I have great hopes we shall be able to get justice done to the poor children. I hope the tyrannical schoolmistress may yet be punished. The lady with whom we drank tea yesterday is one of the patronesses of the charity school."

"Lady patronesses!" cried Forester, "we need not expect justice from a lady patroness, depend upon it, especially at a ball: her head will be full of feathers, or some such things. I prophesy you will not succeed better than I have succeeded."

The desponding prophecies of Forester did not deter Henry from pursuing a scheme which he had formed. The lady, who was the mistress of the canary-bird, came in a few days to visit his mother, and she told him that his experiment had succeeded, that she had regularly locked up the wafers, and that her favourite bird was in perfect health.

"And what fee, doctor," said she, smiling, "shall I give you for saving his life?"

"I will tell you in a few minutes," replied Henry; and in a few minutes the little girl and her geranium were sent for, and appeared.

Henry told the lady all the circumstances of her story with so much feeling, and at the same time with so much propriety, that she became warmly interested in the cause: she declared that she would do everything in her power to prevail upon the other ladies to examine into the conduct of the schoolmistress, and to have her dismissed immediately, if it should appear that she had behaved improperly.

Forester, who was present at this declaration, was much astonished that a lady, whom he had seen caressing a canary-bird, could speak with so much decision and good sense. Henry obtained his fee; he asked and received permission to place the geranium in the middle of the supper-table at the ball. Henry begged that the lady would also take an opportunity, at supper, to mention the circumstances which he had related to her; but this she declined, and politely said that she was sure Henry would tell the story much better than she could.

"Come out, and walk with me," said Forester to Henry, as soon as the lady was gone. Henry frequently left his occupations with great good-nature to accompany our hero in his rambles, and he usually fol-

* There is no charity school of this description in Edinburgh; this cannot therefore be mistaken for private satire.

lowed the subjects of conversation which Forester started. He saw, by the gravity of his countenance, that he had something of importance revolving in his mind. After he had proceeded in silence for some time along the walk under the high rock called Arthur's Seat, he suddenly stopped, and turning to Henry, exclaimed—"I esteem you; do not make me despise you!"

"I hope I never shall," said Henry, a little surprised by his friend's manner; "what is the matter?"

"Leave balls, and lady patronesses, and petty artifices, and supple address to such people as Archibald Mackenzie," pursued Forester with enthusiasm

" 'Who noble ends by noble means pursues,
Will scorn canary-birds and cobble shoes,' "

replied Henry, laughing. "I see no meanness in my conduct; I do not know what it is that you disapprove."

"I do not approve," said Forester, "of your having recourse to *mean address* to obtain justice."

Henry requested to know what his severe friend meant by *address*; but this was not easily explained. Forester, in his definition of *mean address*, included all that attention to the feelings of others—all those honest arts of pleasing which make society agreeable. Henry endeavoured to convince him that it was possible for a person to wish to please—nay, even to succeed in that wish—without being insincere. Their argument and their walk continued, till Henry, who, though very active, was not quite so robust as his friend, was completely tired, especially as he perceived that Forester's opinions remained unshaken.

"How effeminate you *gentlemen* are!" cried Forester: "see what it is to be brought up in the lap of luxury. Why, I am not at all tired; I could walk a dozen miles farther, without being in the least fatigued."

Henry thought it a very good thing to be able to walk a number of miles without being fatigued, but he did not consider it as the highest perfection of human nature. In his friend's present mood, nothing less could content him; and Forester went on to demonstrate to the weary Henry that all fortitude, all courage, and all the manly virtues were inseparably connected with *pedestrian indefatigability*. Henry, with good-natured presence of mind, which perhaps his friend would have called *mean address*, diverted our hero's rising indignation by proposing that they should both go and look at a large brewery, which was in their way home, and with which Forester would, he thought, be entertained.

The brewery fortunately turned the course of Forester's thoughts, and, instead of quarrelling with his friend for being tired, he condescended to postpone all further debate. Forester had, from his childhood, a habit of twirling a key whenever he was thinking intently: the key had been produced, and had been twirling upon its accustomed thumb during the argument upon address, and it was still in Forester's hand when they went into the brewery. As he looked and listened, the key was essential to his power of attending; at length, as he stooped to view a large brewing-vat, the key unluckily slipped from his thumb, and fell to the bottom of the vat; it was so deep, that the tinkling sound

of the key, as it touched the bottom, was scarcely heard. A young man who belonged to the brewery immediately descended by a ladder into the vat to get the key, but scarcely had he reached the bottom, when he fell down senseless. Henry Campbell was speaking to one of the clerks of the brewery when this accident happened ; a man came running to them with the news, "The vat has not been cleaned, it's full of bad air." "Draw him up, let down a hook and cords for him instantly, or he's a dead man," cried Henry, and he instantly ran to the place. What was his terror, when he beheld Forester descending the ladder ! He called to him to stop, he assured him that the man could be saved without his hazarding his life ; but Forester persisted ; he had one end of a cord in his hand, which he said he could fasten in an instant round the man's body. There was a skylight nearly over the vat, so that the light fell directly upon the bottom.

Henry saw his friend reach the last rundle of the ladder. As Forester stooped to put the rope round the shoulders of the man, who lay insensible at the bottom of the vat, a sudden air of idiotcy came over his animated countenance, his limbs seemed no longer to obey his will, his arms dropped, and he fell insensible.

The spectators, who were looking down from above, were so much terrified, that they could not decide to do anything. Some cried, "It's all over with him !—Why would he go down ?"—others ran to procure a hook—others called to him to take up the rope again, if he possibly could—but Forester could not hear or understand them. Henry Campbell was the only person who, in this scene of danger and confusion, had sufficient presence of mind to be of service.

Near the large vat into which Forester had descended there was a cistern of cold water. Henry seized a bucket, which was floating in the cistern, filled it with water, and emptied the water into the vat, dashing it against the sides of the vat, to disperse the water, and to displace the mephitic air.* He called to the people who surrounded him for assistance : the water expelled the air, and when it was safe to descend, Henry instantly went down the ladder himself, and fastened the cord round Forester, who was now quite helpless.

"Draw him up !" said Henry. They drew him up. Henry fastened another cord round the body of the other man, who lay at the bottom of the vessel, and he was taken up in the same manner. Forester soon returned to his senses when he was carried into the air ; it was with more difficulty that the other man, whose animation had been longer suspended, was recovered ; at length, however, by proper applications, his lungs played freely, he stretched himself, looked around upon the people who were about him with an air of astonishment, and was some time before he could recollect what had happened to him. Forester, as soon as he recovered the use of his understanding, was in extreme anxiety to know whether the poor man, who went down for his key, had been saved. His gratitude to Henry, when he heard all that had passed, was expressed in the most enthusiastic manner.

"I acted like a madman, and you like a man of sense," said Forester.

* Carbonic acid gas.

"You always know how to do good ; I do mischief whenever I attempt to do good. But now, don't expect, Henry, that I should give up any of my opinions to you because you have saved my life. I shall always argue with you just as I did before. Remember, I despise *address*. I don't yield a single point to you. Gratitude shall never make me a sycophant."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLOWER-POT.

EAGER to prove that he was not a sycophant, Forester, when he returned home with his friend Henry, took every possible occasion to contradict him, with even more than his customary rigidity ; nay, he went farther still, to vindicate his sincerity.

Flora Campbell had never entirely recovered our hero's esteem since she had unwittingly expressed her love for Scotch reels ; but she was happily unconscious of the crime she had committed, and was wholly intent upon pleasing her father and mother, her brother Henry—and herself. She had a constant flow of good spirits, and the charming domestic talent of making every trifle a source of amusement to herself and others ; she was sprightly without being frivolous, and the uniform sweetness of her temper showed that she was not in the least in want of flattery or dissipation to support her gaiety. But Forester, as the friend of her brother, thought it incumbent upon him to discover faults in her which no one else could discover, and to assist in her education, though she was only one year younger than himself. She had amused herself the morning that Forester and her brother were in the brewing-vat with painting a pasteboard covering for the flower-pot which held the poor little girl's geranium. Flora had heard from her brother of his intention to place it in the middle of the supper-table at the ball, and she flattered herself that he would like to see it ornamented by her hands at his return. She produced it after dinner. Henry thanked her, and her father and mother were pleased to see her eagerness to oblige her brother. The cynical Forester alone refused his sympathy. He looked at the flower-pot with marked disdain. Archibald, who delighted to contrast himself with the unpolished Forester, and who remarked that Flora and her brother were both somewhat surprised at his unsociable silence, slyly said, "There's something in this flower-pot, Miss Campbell, which does not suit Mr. Forester's correct taste ; I wish he would allow us to profit by his criticisms."

Forester vouchsafed not a reply.

"Don't you like it, Forester?" said Henry.

"No, he does not like it," said Flora, smiling. "Don't force him to say that he does."

"Force me to say I like what I don't like!" repeated Forester. "No, I defy anybody to do that."

"But why," said Dr. Campbell, laughing,—“why such a waste of energy and magnanimity about a trifle? If you were upon your trial for life or death, Mr. Forester, you could not look more resolutely

guarded, more as if you had 'worked up each corporal agent to the terrible feat.'"

"Sir," said Forester, who bore the laugh that was raised against him with the air of a martyr, "I can bear even your ridicule in the cause of truth." The laugh continued at the solemnity with which he pronounced these words. "I think," pursued Forester, "that those who do not respect truth in trifles will never respect it in matters of consequence."

Archibald Mackenzie laughed more loudly, and with affectation, at this speech, and Henry and Dr. Campbell's laughter instantly ceased.

"Do not mistake us," said Dr. Campbell; "we did not laugh at your principles, we only laughed at your manner."

"And are not principles of rather more consequence than manners?" said Forester.

"Of infinitely more consequence," said Dr. Campbell; "but why to excellent principles may we not add agreeable manners? Why should not truth be amiable as well as respectable? You, that have such enlarged views for the good of the whole human race, are, I make no doubt, desirous that your fellow-creatures should love truth as well as you love it yourself."

"Certainly, I wish they did," said Forester.

"And have your observations on the feelings of others, and upon your own, led you to conclude that we are most apt to like those things which always give us pain? And do you upon this principle wish to make truth as painful as possible, in order to increase our love for it?"

"I don't wish to make truth painful," said Forester; "but at the same time it is not my fault people can't bear pain. I think people who can't bear pain, both of body and mind, cannot be good for anything; for, in the first place, they will always," said Forester, glancing his eye at Flora and her flower-pot,—*"they will always prefer flattery to truth, as all weak people do."*

At this sarcastic reflection, which seemed to be aimed at the sex, Lady Catherine, Mrs. Campbell, and all the ladies present, except Flora, began to speak at once in their own vindication.

As soon as there was any prospect of peace, Dr. Campbell resumed his argument in the calmest voice imaginable.

"But, Mr. Forester, without troubling ourselves for the present with the affairs of the ladies, or of weak people, may I ask what degree of unnecessary pain you think it the duty of a strong person, a moral Samson, to bear?"

"Unnecessary pain! I do not think it is anybody's duty to bear *unnecessary* pain."

"Nor to make others bear it?"

"Nor to make others bear it."

"Then we need argue no further. I congratulate you, Mr. Forester, upon your becoming so soon a proselyte to politeness."

"To politeness!" said Forester, starting back.

"Yes, my good sir; real politeness only teaches us to save others from *unnecessary pain*, and *this* you have just allowed to be your wish. And now for the grand affair of Flora's flower-pot. You are not bound by politeness to tell any falsehoods; weak as she is, and a woman, I hope she can bear to hear the painful truth upon such an important occasion."

"Why," said Forester, who at last suffered his features to relax into a smile, "the truth, then, is, that I don't know whether the flower-pot be pretty or ugly, but I was determined not to say it was pretty."

"But why," said Henry, "did you look so heroically severe about the matter?"

"The reason I looked grave," said Forester, "was because I was afraid your sister Flora would be spoiled by all the foolish compliments that were paid to her and her flower-pot."

"You are very considerate, and Flora, I am sure, is much obliged to you," said Dr. Campbell, smiling, "for being so clear-sighted to the dangers of female vanity. You would not, then, with a safe conscience, trust the completion of her education to her mother, or to myself?"

"I am sure, sir," said Forester, who now for the first time seemed sensible that he had not spoken with perfect propriety, "I would not interfere impertinently for the world. You are the best judges, only I thought parents were apt to be partial. Henry has saved my life, and I am interested for everything that belongs to him. So I hope, if I said anything rude, you will attribute it to a good motive. I wish the flower-pot had never made its appearance, for it has made me appear very impertinent."

Flora laughed with so much good humour at his odd method of expressing his contrition, that even Forester acknowledged the influence of engaging manners and sweetness of temper. He lifted up the flower-pot, so as completely to screen his face, and whilst he appeared to be examining it, he said, in a low voice, to Henry, "She is above the foibles of her sex."

"Oh, Mr. Forester, take care!" cried Flora.

"Of what?" said Forester, starting.

"It is too late now," said Flora.

And it was too late. Forester, in his awkward manner of lifting the flower-pot and its painted case, had put his thumbs into the mould with which the flower-pot had been newly filled. It was quite soft and wet. Flora, when she called to him, saw the two black thumbs just ready to stamp themselves upon her work; and her warning only accelerated its fate, for the instant she spoke the thumbs closed upon the painted covering, and Forester was the last to perceive the mischief that he had done.

There was no possibility of effacing the stains, nor was there time to repair the damage, for the ball was to commence in a few hours, and Flora was obliged to send her disfigured work, without having had the satisfaction of hearing the ejaculation which Forester pronounced in her praise behind the flower-pot.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BALL.

HENRY seized the moment when Forester was softened by the mixed effect of Dr. Campbell's raillery and Flora's good humour to persuade him that it would be perfectly consistent with sound philo-

sophy to dress himself for a ball, nay, even to dance a country dance. The word *reel*, to which Forester had taken a dislike, Henry prudently forbore to mention; and Flora, observing and artfully imitating her brother's prudence, substituted the word *heys* instead of *reels* in her conversation. When all the party were ready to go to the ball, and the carriages at the door, Forester was in Dr. Campbell's study, reading the natural history of the elephant.

"Come," said Henry, who had been searching for him all over the house, "we are waiting for you. I'm glad to see you dressed. Come!"

"I wish you would leave me behind," said Forester, who seemed to have relapsed into his former unsociable humour, from having been left half an hour in his beloved solitude; nor would Henry probably have prevailed if he had not pointed to the print of the elephant.* "That mighty animal, you see, is so docile that he lets himself be guided by a young boy," said Henry, "and so must you."

As he spoke, he pulled Forester gently, who thought he could not show less docility than his favourite animal. When they entered the ball-room, Archibald Mackenzie asked Flora to dance, whilst Forester was considering where he should put his hat. "Are you going to dance without me? I thought I had asked you to dance with me. I intended it all the time we were coming in the coach."

Flora thanked him for his kind intentions; whilst Archibald, with a look of triumph, hurried his partner away, and the dance began. Forester saw this transaction in the most serious light, and it afforded him subject for meditation till at least half a dozen country dances had been finished. In vain the "Berwick Jockey," the "Highland Laddie," and the "Flowers of Edinburgh" were played; "they suited not the gloomy habit" of his soul. He fixed himself behind a pillar, proof against music, mirth, and sympathy; he looked upon the dancers with a cynical eye. At length he found an amusement that gratified his present splenetic humour: he applied both his hands to his ears, effectually to stop out the sound of the music, that he might enjoy the ridiculous spectacle of a number of people capering about without any apparent motive. Forester's attitude caught the attention of some of the company; indeed, it was strikingly awkward. His elbows stuck out from his ears, and his head was sunk beneath his shoulders. Archibald Mackenzie was delighted beyond measure at his figure, and pointed him out to his acquaintance with all possible expedition. The laugh and the whisper circulated with rapidity. Henry, who was dancing, did not perceive what was going on, till his partner said to him, "Pray, who is that strange mortal?"

"My friend," cried Henry. "Will you excuse me for one instant?" and he ran up to Forester, and roused him from his singular attitude. "He is," continued Henry, as he returned to his partner, "an excellent young man, and he has superior abilities: we must not quarrel with him for trifles."

With what different eyes different people behold the same objects! Whilst Forester had been stopping his ears, Dr. Campbell, who had

* Cabinet of Quadrupeds.

more of the nature of the laughing than of the weeping philosopher, had found much benevolent pleasure in contemplating the festive scene. Not that any folly or ridicule escaped his keen penetration ; but he saw everything with an indulgent eye ; and if he laughed, laughed in such a manner, that even those who were the objects of his pleasantry could scarcely have forbore to sympathize in his mirth. Folly, he thought, could be felt as properly, and quite as effectually corrected, by the tickling of a feather as by the lash of the satirist. When Lady Margaret M'Greggor and Lady Mary M'Intosh, for instance, had almost forced their unhappy partners into a quarrel to support their respective claims to precedence, Dr. Campbell, who was appealed to as the relation of both the furious fair ones, decided the difference expeditiously, and much to the amusement of the company, by observing, that as the pretensions of each of the ladies were incontrovertible and precisely balanced, there was but one possible method of adjusting their precedence--by their age. He was convinced, he said, that the youngest lady would, with pleasure, yield precedence to the elder. The contest was now which should stand the lowest, instead of which should stand the highest, in the dance ; and when the proofs of seniority could not be settled, the fair ones drew lots for their places, and submitted that to chance which could not be determined by prudence.

Forester stood beside Dr. Campbell whilst all this passed, and wasted a considerable portion of virtuous indignation upon the occasion. "And look at that absurd creature !" exclaimed Forester, pointing out to Dr. Campbell a girl who was footing and pounding for fame at a prodigious rate. Dr. Campbell turned from the pounding lady to observe his own daughter, Flora, and a smile of delight came over his countenance ; for "*parents are apt to be partial*," especially those who have such daughters as Flora. Her light figure and graceful agility attracted the attention even of many impartial spectators ; but she was not intent upon admiration ; she seemed to be dancing in the gaiety of her heart ; and that was a species of gaiety in which every one sympathized, because it was natural, and of which every one approved, because it was innocent. There was a certain delicacy mixed with her sportive humour, which seemed to govern without restraining the tide of her spirits. Her father's eye was following her, as she danced to a lively Scotch tune, when Forester pulled Dr. Campbell's cane, on which he was leaning, and exclaimed, "Doctor, I've just thought of an excellent plan for a tragedy."

"A tragedy !" repeated Dr. Campbell, with unfeigned surprise ; "are you sure you don't mean a comedy ?"

Forester persisted that he meant a tragedy, and was proceeding to open the plot. "Don't force me to your tragedy now," said Dr. Campbell, "or it will infallibly be condemned. I cannot say that I have my *bushkin* on ; and I advise you to take yours off. Look ! is that the Tragic Muse ?"

Forester was astonished to find that so great a man as Dr. Campbell had so little the power of abstraction ; and he retired to muse upon the opening of his tragedy in a recess under the music-gallery. But here he was not suffered long to remain undisturbed ; for near this spot Sir

Philip Gosling presently stationed himself; and Archibald Mackenzie, who left off dancing as soon as Sir Philip entered the room, came to the half-intoxicated baronet; and they, with some other young men worthy of their acquaintance, began so loud a contest concerning the number of bottles of claret which a man might, could, or should drink at a sitting, that even Forester's powers of abstraction failed, and his Tragic Muse took her flight.

"Supper! supper! Thank God!" exclaimed Sir Philip, as supper was now announced. "I'd never set my foot in a ball-room," added he, with several suitable oaths, "if it was not for the supper."

"Is that a rational being?" cried Forester to Dr. Campbell, after Sir Philip had passed them.

"Speak a little lower," said Dr. Campbell, "or he will infallibly prove his title to rationality by shooting you, or by making you shoot him, through the head."

"But, sir," said Forester, holding Dr. Campbell fast, whilst all the rest of the company were going down to supper, "how can you bear such a number of foolish, disagreeable people with patience?"

"What would you have me do?" said Dr. Campbell. "Would you have me get up and preach in the middle of a ball-room? Is it not as well, since we are here, to amuse ourselves with whatever can afford us any amusement, and to keep in good humour with all the world, especially with ourselves? and had we not better follow the crowd to supper?"

Forester went down to supper; but as he crossed an antechamber which led into the supper-room, he exclaimed, "If I were a legislator, I would prohibit balls."

"And if you were a legislator," said Dr. Campbell, pointing to a tea-kettle which was on the fire in the antechamber, and from the spout of which a grey cloud of vapour issued—"if you were a legislator, would not you have stoppers wedged tight into the spout of all tea-kettles in your dominions?"

"No, sir," said Forester; "they would burst."

"And do you think that folly would not burst, and do more mischief than a tea-kettle in the explosion, if you confined it so tight?"

Forester would willingly have stayed in the antechamber to begin a critical dissection of this allusion; but Dr. Campbell carried him forwards into the supper-room. Flora had kept a seat for her father, and Henry met them at the door.

"I was just coming to see for you, sir," said he to his father. "Flora began to think you were lost."

"No," said Dr. Campbell; "I was only detained by a would-be Cato, who wanted me to quarrel with the whole world instead of eating my supper. What would you advise me to eat, Flora?" said he, seating himself beside her.

"Some of this trifle, papa;" and as she lightly removed the flowers with which it was ornamented, her father said—"Yes, give me some trifle, Flora. Some characters are like that trifle—flowers and light froth at the top, and solid good sweetmeat beneath."

Forester immediately stretched out his plate for some trifle. "But I don't see any use in the flowers, sir," said he.

"Nor any beauty?" said Dr. Campbell.

Forester picked the *troublesome* flowers out of his trifle, and ate a quantity of it sufficient for a stoic. Towards the end of the supper, he took some notice of Henry, who had made several ineffectual efforts to amuse him by such slight strokes of wit as seemed to suit the time and place. Time and place were never taken into Forester's consideration. He was secretly displeased with his friend Henry, for having danced all the evening instead of sitting still; and he looked at Henry's partner with a scrutinizing eye. "So," said he, at last, "I observe I have not been thought worthy of your conversation to-night: this is what *gentlemen, polite gentlemen* who dance *reels*, call friendship!"

"If I had thought that you would have taken it ill that I should dance reels," said Henry, laughing, "I would have made the sacrifice of a reel at the altar of friendship; but we don't come to a ball to make sacrifices to friendship, but to divert ourselves."

"If we can," said Forester, sarcastically. And here he was prevented from reproaching his friend any longer, for a party of gentlemen began to sing catches at the desire of the rest of the company.

Forester was now intent upon criticising the nonsensical words that were sung, and he was composing an essay upon the power of the ancient bards and the effect of national music, when Flora's voice interrupted him. "Brother," said she, "I have won my wager." The wager was that Forester would not, during supper, observe the geranium that was placed in the middle of the table.

As soon as the company were satisfied, both with their supper and their songs, Henry, whose mind was always *present*, and who in the midst of luxury and festivity was awake to the feelings of benevolence, seized the moment when there was silence to turn the attention of the company towards the object upon which his own thoughts were intent. The lady patroness, the mistress of the canary-bird, had performed her promise: she had spoken to several of her acquaintance concerning the tyrannical schoolmistress; and now, fixing the attention of the company upon the geranium, she appealed to Henry Campbell and begged him to explain its history. A number of eager eyes turned upon him instantly; and Forester felt that if he had been called upon in such a manner, he could not have uttered a syllable. He now felt the great advantage of being able to speak, without hesitation or embarrassment, before numbers. When Henry related the poor little girl's story, his language and manner were so unaffected and agreeable, that he interested every one who heard him in his cause. A subscription was immediately raised; everybody was eager to contribute something to the child who had been so ready for her old grandmother's sake to part with her favourite geranium. The lady who superintended the charity school agreed to breakfast the next morning at Dr. Campbell's, and to go from his house to the school precisely at the hour when the schoolmistress usually set her unfortunate scholars to their extra task of spinning.

Forester was astonished at all this; he did not consider that negligence and inhumanity are widely different. The lady patronesses had, perhaps, been rather negligent in contenting themselves with seeing the

charity children *show well* in procession to church, and they had not sufficiently inquired into the conduct of the schoolmistress ; but as soon as the facts were properly stated, the ladies were eager to exert themselves, and candidly acknowledged that they had been to blame in trusting so much to the reports of the superficial visitors, who had always declared that the school was going on perfectly well.

"More people who are in the wrong," said Dr. Campbell to Forester, "would be corrected, if some people who are in the right had a little candour and patience joined to their other virtues."

As the company rose from the supper-table, several young ladies gathered round the geranium to admire Flora's pretty flower-pot ; the black stains, however, struck every eye. Forester was standing by rather embarrassed. Flora, with her usual good-nature, refrained from all explanation, though the exclamations of—"How was that done?" "Who could have done that?" were frequently repeated.

"It was an accident," said Flora ; and to change the conversation, she praised the beauty of the geranium ; she plucked one of the fragrant leaves, but as she was going to put it amongst the flowers in her bosom, she observed she had dropped her moss rose. It was a rarity at this time of the year ; it was a rose which Henry Campbell had raised in a conservatory of his own construction.

"Oh, my brother's beautiful rose !" exclaimed Flora.

Forester, who had been much pleased by her good-nature about the stains on the flower-pot, now, contrary to his habits, sympathized with her concern for the loss of her brother's moss rose ; he even exerted himself so far as to search under the benches and under the supper-table. He was fortunate enough to find it, and, eager to restore the prize, he, with more than his usual gallantry but not with less than his customary awkwardness, crept from under the table, and stretching half his body over a bench, pushed his arm between two young ladies into the midst of the group which surrounded Flora. As his arm extended, his wrist appeared ; and at the sight of that wrist, all the young ladies shrank back with unequivocal tokens of disgust. They whispered, they tittered, and many expressive looks were lost upon our hero, who still resolutely held out the hand upon which every eye was fixed.

"Here's your rose ! Is not this the rose ?" said he, still approaching the dreaded hand to Flora, whose hesitation and blushes surprised him.

Mackenzie burst into a loud laugh, and, in a whisper which all the ladies could hear, told Forester that "Miss Campbell was afraid to take the rose out of his hands, lest she should catch a rash from him which he had caught from the carter who brought him to Edinburgh, or from some of his companions at the cobbler's."

Forester flung the rose he knew not where, sprang over the bench, rushed between Flora and another lady, made towards the door in a straight line, pushing everything before him, till a passage was made for him by the astonished crowd, who stood out of his way as if he had been a mad dog.

"Forester !" cried Henry and Dr. Campbell, who were standing upon the steps of the door, speaking about the ladies' carriages, "what's the matter ? Where are you going ? The carriage is coming to the door."

"I had rather walk. Don't speak to me," said Forester. "I've been insulted—I am in a passion ; but I can command myself. I did not knock him down. Pray let me pass !"

Our hero broke from Dr. Campbell and Henry with the strength of an enraged animal from his keepers, and he must have found his way home by instinct, for he ran on without considering how he went. He snatched the light from the servant who opened the door at Dr. Campbell's, hurried to his own apartment, locked, double-locked, and bolted the door, flung himself into a chair, and taking breath, exclaimed—"Thank God, I've done no mischief ! Thank God, I didn't knock him down ! Thank God, he is out of my sight ! and I am cool now—quite cool ! Let me recollect it all."

Upon the coolest recollection, Forester could not reconcile his pride to his present circumstances. "Archibald spoke the truth. Why am I angry ? why *was* I angry, I mean ?" He reasoned much with himself upon the nature of true and false shame ; he represented to himself that the disorder which disfigured his hands was thought shameful only because it was *vulgar* ; that what was vulgar was not therefore immoral ; that the young tittering ladies who shrank back from him were not supreme judges of right and wrong ; that he ought to despise their opinions ; and he despised them, with all his might, for two or three hours, as he walked up and down his room with unremitting energy. At length our peripatetic philosopher threw himself upon his bed, determined that his repose should not be disturbed by such trifles. He had by this time worked himself up to such a pitch of magnanimity that he thought he could, with composure, meet the disapproving eyes of millions of his fellow-creatures ; but he was alone when he formed this erroneous estimate of the strength of the human mind. Wearied with passion and reason, he fell asleep, dreamed that he was continually presenting flowers which nobody would accept, wakened at the imaginary repetition of Archibald's laugh, composed himself again to sleep, and dreamed that he was in a glover's shop, trying on gloves, and that, amongst a hundred pairs which he pulled on, he could not find one that would fit him. Just as he tore the last pair in his hurry, he awakened, shook off his foolish dream, saw the sun rising between two chimneys many feet below his window, recollected that in a short time he should be summoned to breakfast, that all the lady patronesses were to be at this breakfast, that he could not breakfast in gloves, that Archibald would perhaps again laugh, and Flora perhaps again shrink back. He reproached himself for his weakness in foreseeing and dreading this scene. His aversion to lady patronesses and to balls was never at a more formidable height. He sighed for liberty and independence, which he persuaded himself were not to be had in his present situation. In one of his long walks, he remembered to have seen, at some miles' distance from the town of Edinburgh, on the road to Leith, a gardener and his boy, who were singing at their work. These men appeared to Forester to be yet happier than the cobbler, who formerly was the object of his admiration ; and he was persuaded that he should be much happier at the gardener's cottage than he could ever be at Dr. Campbell's house.

"I am not fit," said he to himself, "to live amongst *idle gentlemen* and *ladies*. I should be happy if I were a useful member of society. A gardener is a useful member of society ; and I will be a gardener, and live with gardeners."

Forester threw off the clothes which he had worn the preceding night at the fatal ball, dressed himself in his old coat, tied up a small bundle of linen, and took the road to Leith.

CHAPTER IX.

BREAKFAST.

WHEN Henry found that Forester was not in his room in the morning, he concluded that he had rambled out towards Salisbury Craigs, whither he talked the preceding day of going to botanize.

"I am surprised," said Dr. Campbell, "that the young gentleman is out so early, for I have a notion he has not had much sleep since we parted, unless he walks in his sleep, for he has been walking over my poor head half the night."

Breakfast went on—no Forester appeared. Lady Catherine began to fear that he had broken his neck upon Salisbury Craigs, and related all the falls she had ever had, or had ever been near having, in carriages, on horseback, or otherwise. She then entered into the geography of Salisbury Craigs, and began to dispute upon the probability of his having fallen to the east or to the west.

"My dear Lady Catherine," said Dr. Campbell, "we are not sure that he has been upon Salisbury Craigs ; whether he have fallen to the east or to the west, we cannot, therefore, conveniently settle."

But Lady Catherine, whose prudential imagination travelled fast, went on to inquire of Dr. Campbell to whom the great Forester estate would go, in case of any accident having happened, or happening, to the young gentleman, before he should come of age.

Dr. Campbell was preparing to give her ladyship satisfaction upon this point, when a servant put a letter into his hands. Henry looked in great anxiety. Dr. Campbell glanced his eye over the letter, put it into his pocket, and desired the servant to show the person who brought the letter into his study.

"It's only a little boy," said Archibald ; "I saw him as I passed through the hall."

"Cannot a little boy go into my study?" said Dr. Campbell, coolly.

Archibald's curiosity was strongly excited, and he slipped out of the room a few minutes afterward, resolved to speak to the boy, and to discover the purpose of his embassy. But Dr. Campbell was behind him before he was aware of his approach ; and just as Archibald began to cross-examine the boy in these words—"So, you came from a young man who is about my size?" Dr. Campbell put both his hands upon his shoulders, saying, "He came from a young man who does not in the least resemble you, believe me, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie."

Archibald started, turned round, and was so abashed by the civilly

contemptuous look with which Dr. Campbell pronounced these words, that he retired from the study without even attempting any of his usual equivocating apologies for his intrusion. Dr. Campbell now read the letter which he had in his pocket. It was as follows :

“DEAR SIR,—Though I have quitted your house thus abruptly, I am not insensible of your kindness. For the step I have taken, I can offer no apology merely to my guardian ; but you have treated me, Dr. Campbell, as your friend, and I shall lay my whole soul open to you.

“Notwithstanding your kindness—notwithstanding the friendship of your son Henry, whose excellent qualities I know how to value—I must ingenuously own to you that I have been far from happy in your house. I feel that I cannot be at ease in the vortex of dissipation ; and the more I see of the higher ranks of society, the more I regret that I was *born a gentleman*. Neither my birth nor my fortune shall, however, restrain me from pursuing that line of life which I am persuaded leads to virtue and tranquillity. Let those who have no virtuous indignation obey the voice of Fashion ! and, at her commands, let her slaves eat the bread of idleness till it palls upon the sense ! I reproach myself with having yielded, as I have done of late, my opinions to the persuasions of friendship ; my mind has become enervated, and I must fly from the fatal contagion. Thank Heaven, I have yet the power to fly—I have yet sufficient force to break my chains—I am not yet reduced to the mental degeneracy of the base monarch who hugged his fetters because they were of gold.

“I am conscious of powers that fit me for something better than to waste my existence in a ball-room ; and I will not sacrifice my liberty to the absurd ceremonies of daily dissipation. I, that have been the laughingstock of the mean and frivolous, have yet sufficient manly pride unextinguished in my breast to assert my claim to your esteem ; to assert that I never have committed, or shall designedly commit, any action unworthy of the friend of your son.

“I do not write to Henry, lest I should any way involve him in my misfortunes. He is formed to shine in the *polite* world, and his connection with me might tarnish the lustre of his character in the eyes of the ‘*nice-judging fair*.’ I hope, however, that he will not utterly discard me from his heart, though I cannot dance a reel. I beg that he will break open the lock of the trunk that is in my room, and take out of it my ‘*Goldsmith’s Animated Nature*,’ which he seemed to like.

“In my table-drawer there are my ‘*Martin’s Letters on Botany*,’ in which you will find a number of plants that I had dried for Flora—*Miss Flora Campbell*, I should say. After what passed last night, I can scarcely *hope* they will be accepted : I would rather have them burned than refused ; therefore, please to burn them, and say nothing more upon the subject. Dear sir, do not judge harshly of me : I have had a severe conflict with myself before I could resolve to leave you. But I would rather that you should judge of me with severity, than that you should extend to me the same species of indulgence with which you last night viewed the half-intoxicated baronet.

“I can bear anything but contempt.

“Yours, &c.,

“FORESTER.

“P.S.—I trust that you will not question the bearer; he knows where I am: I therefore put you on your guard. I mean to earn my own bread as a gardener; I have always preferred the agricultural to the commercial system.”

To this letter, in which the mixture of sense and extravagance did not much surprise Dr. Campbell, he returned the following answer:

“My dear cobbler, gardener, orator, or by whatever other name you choose to be addressed,—I am too old to be surprised at anything, otherwise I might have been rather surprised at some things in your eloquent letter. You tell me that you have the power to fly, and that you do not hug your chains, though they are of gold. Are you an alderman, or Dædalus? or are these only figures of speech? You inform me that you cannot live in the vortex of dissipation, or eat the bread of idleness, and that you are determined to be a gardener. These things seem to have no necessary connection with each other. Why you should reproach yourself so bitterly for having spent one evening of your life in a ball-room,—which I suppose is what you allude to when you speak of a vortex of dissipation,—I am at a loss to discover. And why you cannot, with so much honest pride yet unextinguished in your breast, find any occupation more worthy of your talents and as useful to society as that of a gardener, I own puzzles me a little. Consider these things coolly. Return to dinner, and we will compare, at our leisure, the advantages of the mercantile and the agricultural system. I forbear to question your messenger, as you desire; and I shall not show your letter to Henry till after we have dined. I hope by that time you will insist upon my burning it, which, at your request, I shall do with pleasure, although it contains several good sentences. As I am not yet sure you have *departed this life*, I shall not enter upon my office as executor. I shall not break open the lock of your trunk (of which I hope you will some time, when your mind is less exalted, find the key), nor shall I stir in the difficult case of Flora’s legacy. When next you write your will, let me, for the sake of your executor, advise you to be more precise in your directions, for what can be done if you order him to give and burn the same thing in the same sentence? As you have, amongst your other misfortunes, the misfortune to be born heir to five or six thousand a year, you should learn a little how to manage your own affairs, lest you should, amongst your *poor* or *rich* companions, meet with some not quite so honest as yourself.

“If, instead of returning to dine with us, you should persist in your gardening scheme, I shall have less esteem for your good sense; but I shall forbear to reproach you. I shall leave you to learn by your own experience, if it be not in my power to give you the advantages of mine gratis. But, at the same time, I shall discover where you are, and shall inform myself exactly of all your proceedings. This, as your guardian, is my duty. I should further warn you, that I shall not, whilst you choose to live in a rank below your own, supply you with your customary yearly allowance. Two hundred guineas a year would be an extravagant allowance in your present circumstances. I do not

mention money with any idea of influencing your generous mind by mercenary motives ; but it is necessary that you should not deceive yourself by inadequate experiments. You cannot be rich and poor at the same time. I gave you, the day before yesterday, five ten-guinea notes for your last quarterly allowance. I suppose you have taken these with you, therefore you cannot be in any immediate distress for money. I am sorry, I own, that you are so well provided ; because a man who has fifty guineas in his pocket-book cannot distinctly feel what it is to be compelled to earn his own bread.

“Do not, my dear ward, think me harsh : my friendship for you gives me courage to inflict present pain, with a view to your future advantage. You must not expect to see anything of your friend Henry until you return to us. I shall, as his father and your guardian, request that he will trust implicitly to my prudence upon this occasion ; that he will make no inquiries concerning you ; and that he will abstain from all connection with you whilst you absent yourself from your friends. You cannot live amongst the vulgar (by the vulgar, I mean the ill-educated, the ignorant, those who have neither noble sentiments nor agreeable manners) and at the same time enjoy the pleasures of cultivated society. I shall wait, not without anxiety, till your choice be decided.—Believe me to be your sincere friend and guardian,

“H. CAMPBELL, Sen.”

As soon as Dr. Campbell had dispatched this letter he returned to the company. The ladies, after breakfast, proceeded to the charity school ; but Henry was so anxious to learn what was become of his friend Forester, that he could scarcely enjoy the effects of his own benevolent exertions. It was with difficulty, such as he had never before experienced, that Dr. Campbell obtained from him the promise to suspend all intercourse with Forester. Henry's first impulse, when he read the letters, which his father now found it prudent to show him, was to search for his friend instantly. “I am sure,” said he, “I shall be able to find him out ; and if I can but see him and speak to him, I know I could prevail upon him to return to us.”

“Yes,” said Dr. Campbell, “perhaps you might persuade him to return ; but that is not the object : unless his understanding be convinced, what should we gain ?”

“It should be convinced. I *could* convince him,” cried Henry.

“I have, my dear son,” said Dr. Campbell, smiling, “the highest opinion of your logic and eloquence ; but are your reasoning powers stronger to-day than they were yesterday ? Have you any new arguments to produce ? I thought you had exhausted your whole store without effect.”

Henry paused.

“Believe me,” continued his father, lowering his voice, “I am not insensible to your friend's good, and I will say *great*, qualities. I do not leave him to suffer evils without feeling as much perhaps as you can do ; but I am convinced that the solidity of his character and the happiness of his whole life will depend upon the impression that is now made upon his mind by *realities*. He will see society as it is. He has

abilities and generosity of mind which will make him a first-rate character, if his friends do not spoil him out of false kindness, Henry."

Henry at these words held out his hand to his father, and gave him the promise which he desired.

"But," added he, "I still have hopes from your letter. I should not be surprised to see Forester at dinner to-day."

"I should," said Dr. Campbell.

Dr. Campbell, alas! was right. Henry looked eagerly towards the door every time it opened when they were at dinner; but he was continually disappointed. Flora, whose gaiety usually enlivened the evenings, and agreeably relieved her father and brother after their morning studies, was now silent.

Whilst Lady Catherine's volubility overpowered even the philosophy of Dr. Campbell, she wondered—she never ceased wondering—that Mr. Forester did not appear, and that the Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, and Henry and Flora, were not more alarmed. She proposed sending twenty different messengers after him. She was now convinced that he had not fallen from Salisbury Craigs, because Dr. Campbell assured her ladyship that he had a letter from him in his pocket, and that he was safe; but she thought there was imminent danger of his enlisting in a frolic, or, perhaps, marrying some cobbler's daughter in a pet. She turned to Archibald Mackenzie, and exclaimed—"He was at a cobbler's; it could not be merely to mend his shoes. What sort of a lassie is the cobbler's daughter? or has the cobbler a daughter?"

"She is hump-backed, luckily," said Dr. Campbell, coolly.

"That does not signify," said Lady Catherine; "I'm convinced she is at the bottom of the whole mystery—for I once heard Mr. Forester say—and I'm sure you must recollect it, Flora, my dear, for he looked at you at the time—I once heard him say that personal beauty was no merit, and that ugly people ought to be liked—or some such thing—out of humanity. Now, out of humanity, with his odd notions, it's ten to one, Dr. Campbell, he marries this hump-backed cobbler's daughter: I'm sure, if I was his guardian, I could not rest an instant with such a thought in my head."

"Nor I," said Dr. Campbell, quietly; and in spite of her ladyship's astonishment, remonstrances, and conjectures, he maintained his resolute composure.

CHAPTER X.

THE GARDENER.

THE gardener that lived on the road to Leith, who had struck Forester's fancy, was a square, thick, obstinate-eyed, hard-working, ignorant, elderly man, whose soul was intent upon his petty daily gains, and whose honesty was of that "coarse-spun vulgar sort,"* which alone can be expected from men of uncultivated minds. Mr. M'Evoy, for that was the gardener's name, was both good-natured and selfish; his

* Mrs. Barbauld's Essay on the Inconsistency of Human Wishes.

views and ideas all centred in his own family, and his affection was accumulated and reserved for two individuals—his son and his daughter. The son was not so industrious as the father; he was ambitious of seeing something of the world, and he consorted with all the young apprentices who would condescend to forget that he was a country boy, and to remember that he expected, when his father should die, to *be rich*. Mr. M'Evoy's daughter was an ugly, cross-looking girl, who spent all the money that she could either earn or save upon ribbons and fine gowns, with which she fancied she could supply all the defects of her person.

This powerful motive for her economy operated incessantly upon her mind, and she squeezed all that could possibly be squeezed for her private use from the frugal household. The boy whose place Forester thought himself so fortunate to supply, had left the gardener because he could not bear to work and be scolded without eating or drinking.

The gardener willingly complied with our hero's first request; he gave him a spade, and he set him to work. Forester dug with all the energy of an enthusiast, and dined like a philosopher upon colcannon; but colcannon did not charm him so much the second day as it had done the first; and the third day it was yet less to his taste; besides, he began to notice the difference between oaten and wheaten bread. He however recollected that Cyrus lived, when he was a lad, upon water-cresses—the black broth of the Spartans he likewise remembered, and he would not complain; he thought that he should soon accustom himself to his scanty homely fare. A number of the disagreeable circumstances of poverty he had not estimated when he entered upon his new way of life; and though at Dr. Campbell's table he had often said to himself, "I could do very well without all these things," yet till he had actually tried the experiment, he had not *clear* ideas upon the subject. He missed a number of little pleasures and conveniences which he had scarcely noticed whilst they had every day presented themselves as matters of course. The occupation of digging was laborious, but it afforded no exercise to his mind, and he felt most severely the want of Henry's agreeable conversation—he had no one with whom he could now talk of the water-cresses of Cyrus or the black broth of the Spartans; he had no one with whom he could dispute concerning the Stoic or the Epicurean doctrines, the mercantile or the agricultural system. Many objections to the agricultural system which had escaped him, occurred now to his mind; and his compassion for the worms, whom he was obliged to cut in pieces continually with his spade, acted every hour more forcibly upon his benevolent heart. He once attempted to explain his feelings for the worms to the gardener, who stared at him with all the insolence of ignorance, and bid him mind his work, with a tone of authority which ill suited Forester's feelings and love of independence.

"Is ignorance thus to command knowledge? Is reason thus to be silenced by boorish stupidity?" said Forester to himself, as he recollected the patience and candour with which Dr. Campbell and Henry used to converse with him. He began to think that in cultivated literary society he had enjoyed more liberty of mind, more freedom of opinion, than he could taste in the company of an illiterate gardener.

The gardener's son, though his name was Colin, had no Arcadian simplicity—nothing which could please the classic taste of Forester, or which could recall to his mind the Eclogues of Virgil, or the Golden Age, “the Gentle Shepherd,”* or the Ayrshire ploughman.† Colin's favourite holiday's diversion was playing at *golf*. This game, which is played with a bat loaded with lead, and with a ball which is harder than a cricket-ball, requires much strength and dexterity. Forester used sometimes to accompany the gardener's son to *the Links*,‡ where numbers of people of different descriptions are frequently seen practising this diversion. Our hero was ambitious of excelling at the game of *golf*; and as he was not particularly adroit, he exposed himself in his first attempts to the diversion of the spectators, and he likewise received several severe blows. Colin laughed at him without mercy, and Forester could not help comparing the rude expressions of his new companion's untutored vanity with the unassuming manners and unaffected modesty of Henry Campbell. Forester soon took an aversion to the game of *golf*, and recollected Scotch reels with less contempt.

One evening, after having finished his task of digging—for digging was now become a task—he was going to take a walk to a lake near Edinburgh, when Colin, who was at the same instant setting out for the Links, roughly insisted upon Forester's accompanying him. Our hero, who was never much disposed to yield to the tastes of others, positively refused the gardener's son, with some imprudent expressions of contempt. From this moment Colin became his enemy, and by a thousand malicious devices contrived to show his vulgar hatred.

Forester now, to his great surprise, discovered that hatred could exist in a cottage. Female vanity, he likewise presently perceived, was not confined to the precincts of a ball-room; he found that Miss M'Evoy spent every leisure moment in the contemplation of her own coarse image in a fractured looking-glass. He once ventured to express his dislike of a many-coloured plaid in which Miss M'Evoy had arrayed herself for a *dance*; and the fury of her looks, and the loud-toned vulgarity of her conceit, were strongly contrasted with the recollection of Flora Campbell's gentle manners and sweetness of temper. The painted flower-pot was present to his imagination, and he turned from the lady who stood before him with an air of disgust, which he had neither the wish nor the power to conceal. The consequences of offending this high-spirited damsel our hero had not sufficiently considered: the brother and sister, who seldom agreed in anything else, now agreed, though from different motives, in an eager desire to torment Forester. Whenever he entered the cottage, either to rest himself, or to partake of those “savoury messes which the *neat-handed* Phillis dresses,” he was received with sullen silence or with taunting reproach. The old gardener, stupid as he was, Forester thought an agreeable companion compared with his insolent son and his vixen daughter. The happiest hours of the day, to our hero, were those which he spent at his work; his affections, repressed and disappointed, became a source of misery to him.

* Ramsay.

† Burns.

‡ A lee or common near Edinburgh.



"The gardener's son, though his name was Colin, had no Arcadian simplicity."—p. 32

"Is there nothing in this world to which I can attach myself?" said Forester, as he one day leaned upon his spade in a melancholy mood. "Must I spend my life in the midst of absurd altercations? Is it for this that I have a heart and an understanding? No one here comprehends one word I say; I am an object of contempt and hatred, whilst my soul is formed for the most benevolent feelings, and capable of the most extensive views. And of what service am I to my fellow-creatures? Even this stupid gardener, even a common labourer, is as useful to society as I am. Compared with Henry Campbell, what am I? Oh, Henry! Flora! could you see me at this instant, you would—pity me."

But the fear of being an object of pity wakened Forester's pride, and, though he felt that he was unhappy, he could not bear to acknowledge that he had mistaken the road to happiness. His imaginary picture of rural felicity was not, to be sure, realized; but he resolved to bear his disappointment with fortitude, to fulfil his engagements with his master the gardener, and then to seek some other more eligible situation. In the meantime his benevolence tried to expand itself upon the only individual in this family who treated him tolerably well. He grew fond of the old gardener, because there was nothing else near him to which he could attach himself—not even a dog or a cat. The old man, whose temper was not quite so enthusiastical as Forester's, looked upon him as an industrious simple young man, above the usual class of servants, and rather wished to keep him in his service because he gave him less than the current wages. Forester, after his late reflections upon digging, began to think that by applying his understanding to the business of gardening, he might perhaps make some discoveries which should excite his master's everlasting gratitude, and immortalize his own name. He pledged a shirt and a pair of stockings at a poor bookseller's stall for some volumes upon gardening; and these, in spite of the ridicule of Colin and Miss M'Evoy, he studied usually at his meals. He at length met with an account of some experiments upon fruit-trees, which he thought would infallibly make the gardener's fortune.

"Did not you tell me," said Forester to the gardener, "that cherries were sometimes sold very high in Edinburgh?"

"Five a penny," said the gardener; and he wished, from the bottom of his heart, that he had a thousand cherry-trees, but he possessed only one.

He was considerably alarmed when Forester proposed to him, as the certain means of making his fortune, to strip the bark off this cherry-tree, assuring him that a similar experiment had been tried, and had succeeded; that his cherry-tree would bear twice as many cherries if he would only strip the bark from it. "Let me try one branch for an experiment—I *will* try one branch!"

But the gardener peremptorily forbade all experiments, and, shutting Forester's book, bade him leave such nonsense and mind his business.

Provoked by this instance of tyrannical ignorance, Forester forgot his character of a *servant-boy*, and at length called his master an obstinate fool.

No sooner were these words uttered than the gardener emptied the

remains of his watering-pot coolly in Forester's face, and, first paying him his wages, dismissed him from his service.

Miss M'Evoy, who was at work, seated at the door, made room most joyfully for Forester to pass, and observed that she had long since prophesied he would not *do* for them.

Forester was now convinced that it was impossible to reform a positive old gardener, to make him try new experiments upon cherry-trees, or to interest him for the progress of science. He deplored the perversity of human nature, and he began, when he reflected upon the characters of Miss M'Evoy and her brother, to believe that they were beings distinct from the rest of their species; he was, at all events, glad to have parted with such odious companions. On his road from Leith to Edinburgh he had time for various reflections.

"Thirty shillings, then, with hard bodily labour, I have earned for one month's service!" said Forester to himself. "Well, I will keep to my resolution. I will live upon the money I earn, and upon that alone; I will not have recourse to my bank-notes till the last extremity." He took out his pocket-book, however, and looked at them, to see that they were safe. "How wretched," thought he, "must be that being who is obliged to purchase, in his utmost need, the assistance of his fellow-creatures with such vile trash as this! I have been unfortunate in my first experiment; but all men are not like this selfish gardener and his brutal son, incapable of disinterested friendship."

Here Forester was interrupted in his meditations by a young man, who accosted him with—"Sir, if I don't mistake, I believe I have a key of yours."

Forester looked up at the young man's face, and recollected him to be the person who had nearly lost his life in descending for his key into the brewing-vat.

"I knew you again, sir," continued the brewer's clerk, "by your twirling those scissors upon your finger, just as you were doing that day at the brewery."

Forester was unconscious till this moment that he had a pair of scissors in his hand: whilst the gardener was paying him his wages, to relieve his *mauvaise honte*, our hero took up Miss M'Evoy's scissors, which lay upon the table, and twirled them upon his finger, as he used to do with a key. He was rather ashamed to perceive that he had not yet cured himself of such a silly habit. "I thought the lesson I got at the brewery," said he, "would have cured me for ever of this foolish trick; but the diminutive chains of habit, as somebody says, are scarcely ever heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken."

"Sir!" said the astonished clerk.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said our hero, who now perceived by his countenance that this observation on the peculiar nature of the chains of habit was utterly unintelligible to him. "Pray, sir, can you tell me what o' clock it is?"

"Half after four, I am, sir," said the clerk, producing his watch with the air of a man who thought a watch a matter of some importance. "Hum! He can't be a gentleman: he has no watch!" argued he with

himself; and he looked at Forester's rough apparel with astonishment. Forester had turned back towards Leith, that he might return Miss M'Evoy her scissors. The brewer's clerk was going to Leith, to collect some money for his master. As they walked on, the young man talked to our hero with good nature, but with a species of familiarity which was strikingly different from the respectful manner in which he formerly addressed Forester, when he had seen him in a better coat, and in the company of a young gentleman.

"You have left Dr. Campbell's, then?" said he, looking with curiosity. Forester replied that he had left Dr. Campbell's because he preferred earning his own bread to living an idle life amongst gentlemen and ladies.

The clerk at this speech looked earnestly in Forester's face, and began to suspect that he was deranged in his mind.

As the gravity of our hero's looks and the sobriety of his demeanour did not give any strong indications of insanity, the clerk, after a few minutes' consideration, inclined to believe that Forester concealed the truth from him; that probably he was some dependent of Dr. Campbell's family; that he had displeased his friends, and had been discarded in disgrace. He was confirmed in these suppositions by Forester's telling him that he had just left the service of a gardener; that he did not know where to find a lodging for the night; and that he was in want of some employment by which he might support himself independently.

The clerk, who remembered with gratitude the intrepidity with which Forester had hazarded his life to save him the morning that he was at the brewery, and who had also some compassion for a young gentleman reduced to poverty, told him that if he could write a good hand, knew anything of accounts, and could get a character for *punctuality* (meaning to include honesty in this word) from any creditable people, he did not doubt that his master, who had large concerns, might find employment for him as an under-clerk. Forester's pride was not agreeably soothed by the manner of this proposal, but he was glad to hear of *a situation*, to use the clerk's genteel expression; and he moreover thought that he should now have an opportunity of comparing the commercial and agricultural system.

The clerk hinted that he supposed Forester would choose to make himself smart before he called to offer himself at the brewery, and advised him to call about six, as by that time in the evening his master was generally at leisure.

A dinner at a public house (for our hero did not know where else to dine), and the further expense of a new pair of shoes and some other articles of dress, almost exhausted his month's wages. He was very unwilling to make any of these purchases, but the clerk assured him that they were indispensable; and, indeed, at last his appearance was scarcely upon a par with that of his friendly adviser.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BET.

BEFORE we follow Forester to the brewery, we must request the attention of our readers to the history of a bet of Mr. Archibald Mackenzie's.

We have already noticed the rise and progress of this young gentleman's acquaintance with Sir Philip Gosling. Archibald—

“Whose every frolic had some end in view,
Ne'er play'd the fool, but play'd the rascal too”—(ANONYMOUS)

cultivated assiduously the friendship of this weak, dissipated, vain young baronet, in hopes that he might, in process of time, make some advantage of his folly. Sir Philip had an unfortunately high opinion of his own judgment—an opinion which he sometimes found it difficult to inculcate upon the minds of others, till he hit upon the compendious method of laying high wagers in support of all his assertions. Few people chose to venture a hundred guineas upon the turn of a straw. Sir Philip, in all such contests, came off victorious; and he plumed himself much upon the successes of his purse. Archibald affected the greatest deference for Sir Philip's judgment; and, as he observed that the baronet piqued himself upon his skill as a jockey, he flattered him indefatigably upon this subject. He accompanied Sir Philip continually in his long visits to the livery-stables; and he made himself familiarly acquainted with the keeper of the livery-stable, and even with the ostlers. So low can interested pride descend! All these pains Archibald took, and more, for a very small object. He had set his fancy upon Sawney, one of his friend's horses; and he had no doubt but that he should either induce Sir Philip to make him a present of this horse, or that he should jockey him out of it by some well-timed bet.

In counting upon the baronet's generosity, Archibald was mistaken. Sir Philip had that species of *good-nature* which can lend, but not that which can give. He offered to lend the horse to Archibald most willingly; but the idea of giving it was far distant from his imagination. Archibald, who at length despaired of his friend's generosity, had recourse to his other scheme of the wager. After having judiciously lost a few guineas to Sir Philip in wagers, to confirm him in his extravagant opinion of his own judgment, Archibald, one evening, when the fumes of wine and vanity, operating together, had somewhat exalted the man of judgment's imagination, urged him by artful, hesitating contradiction, to assert the most incredible things of one of his horses to whom he had given the name of Favourite. Archibald knew, from the *best authority*—from the master of the livery-stables, who was an experienced jockey—that Favourite was by no means a match for Sawney: he therefore waited quietly till Sir Philip Gosling laid a very considerable wager upon the head of his “Favourite.” Archibald immediately declared that he could not in conscience—that he could not for the honour of Scotland—give up his friend Sawney.

"Sawney!" cried Sir Philip: "I'll bet fifty guineas that Favourite beats him hollow, at a walk, trot, or gallop, whichever you please."

Archibald artfully affected to be startled at this defiance; and, seemingly desirous to draw back, pleaded his inability to measure purses with such a rich man as Sir Philip.

"Nay, my boy," replied Sir Philip; "that excuse shan't stand you in stead. You have a pretty little pony there, that Lady Catherine has just given you;—if you won't lay me fifty guineas, will you risk your pony against my judgment?"

Archibald had now brought his friend exactly to the point at which he had been long aiming. Sir Philip staked his handsome horse Sawney against Archibald's sorry pony, upon this wager—that Favourite should, at the first trials, beat Sawney at a walk, a trot, and a gallop.

Warmed with wine and confident in his own judgment, the weak baronet insisted upon having the bet immediately decided. The gentlemen ordered out their horses, and the wager was to be determined upon the sands of Leith.

Sir Philip Gosling, to his utter astonishment, found himself for once mistaken in his judgment. The treacherous Archibald coolly suffered him to exhale his passion in unavailing oaths, and at length rejoiced to hear him consoling himself with the boast, that this was the first wager upon horseflesh that he had ever lost in his life. The master of the livery-stables stared with well-affected incredulity when Sir Philip, upon his return from the sands of Leith, informed him that Favourite had been beaten hollow by Sawney; and Archibald, by his additional testimony, could scarcely convince him of the fact, till he put two guineas into his hand, when he recommended *his* new horse Sawney to his particular care. Sir Philip, who was not gifted with quick observation, did not take notice of this last convincing argument. Whilst this passed, he was talking eagerly to the ostler, who confirmed him in his opinion, which he still repeated as loud as ever, "that Favourite ought to have won." This point Archibald prudently avoided to contest, and he thus succeeded in duping and flattering his friend at once.

"Sawney for ever!" cried Archibald, as soon as Sir Philip had left the stables. "Sawney for ever!" repeated the ostler, and reminded Mackenzie that he had promised him half a guinea. Archibald had no money in his pocket, but he assured the ostler that he would remember him the next day. The next day, however, Archibald, who was expert in parsimonious expedients, considered that he had better delay giving the ostler his half-guinea till it had been earned by his care of Sawney.

It is the usual error of cunning people to take it for granted that others are fools. This ostler happened to be a match for our young laird in cunning; and as soon as he perceived that it was Archibald's intention to cheat him of the interest of his half-guinea, he determined to revenge himself in his *care* of Sawney. We shall hereafter see the success of his devices.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SADDLE AND BRIDLE.

SCARCELY had Archibald Mackenzie been two days in possession of the long-wished-for object of his mean soul, when he became dissatisfied with his old saddle and bridle, which certainly did not, as Sir Philip observed, suit his new horse. The struggles in Archibald's mind betwixt his taste for expense and his habits of saving were often rather painful to him. He had received from Lady Catherine a ten-guinea note when he first came to Dr. Campbell's, and he had withstood many temptations to change it. One morning (the day that he had accompanied Henry and Forester to the watchmaker's) he was so strongly charmed by the sight of a watch-chain and seals, that he actually took his bank-note out of his scrutoire at his return home, put it into his pocket when he dressed for dinner, and resolved to call that evening at the watchmaker's, to indulge his fancy by purchasing the watch-chain, and to gratify his family pride by getting his coat of arms splendidly engraved upon the seal. He called at the watchmaker's in company with Sir Philip Gosling, but he could not agree with him respecting the price of the chain and seals, and Archibald consoled himself with the reflection that his bank-note would still remain. He held the note in his hand while he higgled about the price of the watch-chain.

"Oh, d—n the expense," cried Sir Philip.

"Oh, I mind ten guineas as little as any man," said Archibald, thrusting the bank-note, in imitation of the baronet, with affected carelessness into his waistcoat-pocket. He was engaged that night to go to the play with Sir Philip, and he was much hurried in dressing. His servant observed that his waistcoat was stained, and looked out another for him.

Now, this man sometimes took the liberty of wearing his master's clothes; and when Archibald went to the play, the servant dressed himself in the stained waistcoat, to appear at a ball which was to be given that night in the neighbourhood by some "gentleman's gentleman." The waistcoat was rather too tight for the servant,—he tore it, and instead of sending it to the washerwoman's to have the stain washed out, as his master had desired, he was now obliged to send it to the tailor's to be mended.

Archibald's sudden wish for a new saddle and bridle for Sawney could not be gratified without changing the bank-note; and, forgetting that he had left it in the pocket of his waistcoat the night that he went to the play, he searched for it in the scrutoire in which he was accustomed to keep his treasures. He was greatly disturbed when the note was not to be found in the scrutoire: he searched over and over again,—not a pigeon-hole, not a drawer remained to be examined. He tried to recollect when he had last seen it, and at length remembered that he put it into his waistcoat-pocket when he went to the watchmaker's; that he had taken it out to look at whilst he was in the shop; but whether he

had brought it home safely or no he could not precisely ascertain. His doubts upon this subject, however, he cautiously concealed, resolved, if possible, to make somebody or other answerable for his loss. He summoned his servant, told him that he had left a ten-guinea bank-note in his waistcoat-pocket the night that he went to the play, and that, as the waistcoat was given into his charge, he must be answerable for the note. The servant boldly protested that he neither could nor would be at the loss of a note which he had never seen.

Archibald now softened his tone, for he saw that he had no chance of bullying the servant. "I desired you to send it to the washerwoman's," said he.

"And so I did, sir," said the man.

This was true, but not the whole truth. He had previously sent the waistcoat to the tailor's, to have the rent repaired which it received the night that he wore it at the ball. These circumstances the servant thought proper to suppress, and he was very ready to agree with his master in accusing the poor washerwoman of having stolen the note. The washerwoman was extremely industrious and perfectly honest: she had a large family that depended upon her labour and upon her character for support. She was astonished and shocked at the charge that was brought against her, and declared that, if she were able, she would rather pay the whole money at once than suffer any suspicion to go abroad against her. Archibald rejoiced to find her in this disposition, and he assured her that the only method to avoid disgrace, a lawsuit, and ruin, was instantly to pay, or to promise to pay, the money. It was out of her power to pay it, and she would not promise what she knew she could not perform.

Archibald redoubled his threats; the servant stood by his master. The poor woman burst into tears; but she steadily declared that she was innocent, and no promise could be extorted from her even in the midst of her terror. Though she had horrible, perhaps not absolutely visionary, ideas of the dangers of a lawsuit, yet she had some confidence in the certainty that justice was on her side. Archibald said that she might *talk* about justice as much as she pleased, but that she must prepare to submit to *the law*. The woman trembled at the sound of these words; but, though ignorant, she was no fool, and she had a friend in Dr. Campbell's family, to whom she resolved to apply in her distress. Henry Campbell had visited her little boy when he was ill, and had made him some small present; and though she did not mean to encroach upon Henry's good-nature, she thought that he had so much *learning*, that he certainly could, without its costing her anything, put her in the right way to avoid the *law*, with which she had been threatened by Archibald Mackenzie and his servant.

Henry heard the story with indignation such as Forester would have felt in similar circumstances; but prudence tempered his enthusiastic feelings; and prudence renders us able to assist others, whilst enthusiasm frequently defeats its own purposes, and injures those whom it wildly attempts to serve.

Henry, knowing the character of Archibald, governed himself accordingly: he made no appeal to his feelings, for he saw that the person

must be deficient in humanity who could have threatened a defenceless woman with such severity; he did not speak of justice to the tyrannical laird, but he spoke of *law*. He told Archibald, that being thoroughly convinced of the woman's innocence, he had drawn up a state of her case, which she, in compliance with his advice, was ready to lay before Counsellor —, naming the first counsel in Edinburgh.

The young laird repeated, with a mixture of apprehension and suspicion, "Drawn up a case?—No! you can't know how to draw up cases. You are not a lawyer; you only say this to bully me."

Henry replied that he was no lawyer; that he could, notwithstanding, state plain facts in such a manner, he hoped, as to make a case intelligible to any sensible lawyer; that he meant to show what he had written to his father.

"You'll show it to me first, won't you?" said Archibald, who wished to gain time for consideration.

Henry put the paper which he had drawn up into his hands, and waited with a determined countenance beside him whilst he perused the case. Archibald saw that Henry had abilities and steadiness to go through with the business; the facts were so plainly and forcibly stated, that his hopes even from law began to falter. He therefore talked about humanity; said he pitied the poor woman—could not bear to think of distressing her; but that, at the same time, he had urgent occasion for money—that, if he could even recover five guineas of it, it would be something. He added that he had debts which he could not in honour delay to discharge.

Now, Henry had five guineas, which he had reserved for the purchase of some additions to his cabinet of mineralogy, and he offered to lend this money to Archibald, to pay *the debts that he could not in honour delay to discharge*, upon express condition that he should say nothing more to the poor woman concerning the bank-note.

To this condition Archibald most willingly acceded; and as Henry, with generous alacrity, counted the five guineas into his hand, this mean, incorrigible being said to himself, "What fools these bookish young men are, after all! Though he can draw up cases so finely, I've taken him in at last; and I wish it was ten guineas instead of five!"

Fatigued with the recital of the various petty artifices of this avaricious and dissipated young laird, we shall now relieve ourselves by turning from the history of meanness to that of enthusiasm. The faults of Forester we hope and wish to see corrected; but who can be interested for the selfish Archibald Mackenzie!

CHAPTER XIII.

FORESTER A CLERK.

WE left Forester when he was just going to offer himself as clerk to a brewer. The brewer was a prudent man; and he sent one of his men with a letter to Dr. Campbell, to inform him that a young

lad, whom he had formerly seen in company with Mr. Henry Campbell, and who, he understood, was the doctor's ward, had applied to him, and that he should be very happy to take him into his service if his friends approved of it and could properly recommend him. In consequence of Dr. Campbell's answer to the brewer's letter, Forester, who knew nothing of the application to his friends, obtained the vacant clerkship. He did not, however, long continue in his new *situation*. At first he felt happy when he found himself relieved from the vulgar petulance of Miss M'Evoy and her brother Colin: in comparison with their rude ill humours, the clerks who were his present companions appeared patterns of civility. By hard experience Forester was taught to know that obliging manners in our companions add something to the happiness of our lives. "My mind to me a kingdom is" was once his constant answer to all that his friend Henry could urge in favour of the pleasures of society; but he now began to suspect that, separated from social intercourse, his mind, however enlarged, would afford him but a dreary kingdom.

He flattered himself that he could make a friend of the clerk who had found his key: this young man's name was Richardson; he was good-natured, but ignorant; and neither his education nor his abilities distinguished him from any other clerk in similar circumstances. Forester invited him to walk to Arthur's Seat, after the *monotonous* business of the day was over; but the clerk preferred walking on holidays in Prince's Street; and after several ineffectual attempts to engage him in moral and metaphysical arguments, our hero discovered the depth of his companion's ignorance with astonishment. Once, when he found that two of the clerks, to whom he had been talking of Cicero and Pliny, did not know anything of these celebrated personages, he said with a sigh,—

"But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul."

The word *penury*, in this stanza, the clerks at least understood, and it excited their noble rage: they hinted that it ill became a person who did not dress nearly as well as themselves to give himself such airs, and to taunt his betters with poverty; they said that they supposed, because he was an Englishman, as they perceived by his accent, he thought he might insult Scotchmen as he pleased. It was vain for him to attempt any explanation; their pride and their prejudices combined against him; and though their dislike to him was not so outrageous as that of the gardener, gentle Colin, yet it was quite sufficient to make him uneasy in his situation. Richardson was as steady to him as could reasonably be expected; but he showed so little desire to have "*the ample page, rich with the spoils of time*," unrolled to him, that he excited our young scholar's contempt. No friendships can be more unequal than those between ignorance and knowledge. We pass over the journal of our hero's hours, which were spent in casting up and verifying accounts; this occupation, at length, he decided must be extremely injurious to the human understanding. "All the higher faculties

of my soul," said he to himself, "are absolutely useless at this work, and I am reduced to a mere machine." But there were many other circumstances in the *mercantile system* which Forester had not foreseen, and which shocked him extremely. The continual attention to petty gain, the little artifices which a tradesman thinks himself justified in practising upon his customers, could not be endured by his ingenuous mind. One morning the brewery was in an uncommon bustle; the clerks were all in motion. Richardson told Forester that they expected a visit in a few hours from the gauger and the supervisor, and that they were preparing for their reception. When the nature of these preparations was explained to Forester; when he was made to understand that the business and duty of a brewer's clerk was to assist his master in evading certain clauses in certain Acts of Parliament; when he found that to trick a gauger was thought an excellent joke, he stood in silent moral astonishment. He knew about as much of the revenue laws as the clerks did of Cicero and Brutus; but his sturdy principles of integrity could not bend to any of the arguments, founded on expediency, which were brought by his companions in their own and their master's justification. He declared that he must speak to his master upon the subject immediately. His master was as busy as he could possibly be; and when Forester insisted upon seeing him, he desired that he would speak as quickly as he could, for that he expected the supervisor every instant. Our hero declared that he could not, consistently with his principles, assist in evading the laws of his country. The brewer stared, and then laughed; assured him that he had as great a respect for the laws as other people; that he did nothing but what every person in his situation was obliged to do in their own defence. Forester resolutely persisted in his determination against all clandestine practices. The brewer cut the matter short by saying he had not time to argue, but that he did not choose to keep a clerk who was not in his interests; that he supposed the next thing would be to betray him to his supervisor.

"I am no traitor," exclaimed Forester. "I will not stay another instant with a master who suspects me."

The brewer suffered him to depart without reluctance; but what exasperated Forester the most was the composure of his friend Richardson during this scene. Richardson did not offer to shake hands with him when he saw him going out of the house, for Richardson had a good place, and did not choose to quarrel with his master for a person whom he now verily believed to be, as he had originally suspected, insane.

"This is the world! this is friendship!" said Forester to himself.

His generous and enthusiastic imagination supplied him with eloquent invectives against human nature, even whilst he ardently desired to serve his fellow-creatures. He wandered through the streets of Edinburgh, indulging himself alternately in misanthropic reflections and benevolent projects. One instant he resolved to study the laws, that he might reform the revenue laws; the next moment he recollected his old passion for a desert island, and he regretted that he could not be shipwrecked in Edinburgh.

The sound of a squeaking fiddle roused Forester from his reverie: he looked up and saw a thin pale man fiddling to a set of dancing dogs that he was exhibiting upon the flags for the amusement of a crowd of men, women, and children. It was a deplorable spectacle: the dogs appeared so wretched in the midst of the merriment of the spectators that Forester's compassion was moved, and he exclaimed, "Enough, enough!—they are quite tired. Here are some halfpence."

The showman took the halfpence; but several fresh spectators were yet to see the sight, and though the exhausted animals were but little inclined to perform their antic feats, their master twitched the rope that was fastened round their necks so violently that they were compelled to renew their melancholy dance.

Forester darted forward, stopped the fiddler's hand, and began an expostulation, not one word of which was understood by the person to whom it was addressed. A stout lad, who was very impatient at this interruption of his diversion, began to abuse Forester, and presently from words he proceeded to blows.

Forester, though a better orator, was by no means so able a boxer as his opponent. The battle was obstinately fought on both sides; but at length our young Quixote received what has no name in heroic language, but in the vulgar tongue is called a black eye, and, covered with blood and bruises, he was carried by some humane passenger into a neighbouring house: it was a printer and bookseller's shop. The bookseller treated him with humanity, and after advising him not to be so hastily engaged to be the champion of dancing dogs, inquired who he was, and whether he had any friends in Edinburgh to whom he could send.

This printer, from having been accustomed to converse with a variety of people, was a good judge of the language of gentlemen; and though there was nothing else in Forester's manners which could have betrayed him, he spoke in such good language that the bookseller was certain that he had received a liberal education.

Our hero declined telling his history, but the printer was so well pleased with his conversation that he readily agreed to give him employment; and as soon as he recovered from his bruises Forester was eager to learn the art of printing.

"The art of printing," said he, "has emancipated mankind, and printers ought to be considered as the most respectable benefactors of the human race."

Always warm in his admiration of every new phantom that struck his imagination, he was now persuaded that printers' devils were angels, and that he should be supremely blessed in a printer's workshop.

"What employment so noble," said he, as he first took the composing-stick in his hand,—“what employment so noble as that of disseminating knowledge over the universe!”

CHAPTER XIV.

FORESTER A PRINTER.

IT was some time before our hero acquired dexterity in his new trade; his companions formed with amazing celerity whole sentences, whilst he was searching for letters, which perpetually dropped from his awkward hands; but he was ashamed of his former versatility, and he resolved to be steady to his present way of life. His situation at this printer's was far better suited to him than that which he had quitted with so much disgust at the brewer's. He rose early, and, by great industry, overcame all the difficulties which at first so much alarmed him. He soon became the most useful apprentice in the office. His diligence and good behaviour recommended him to his master's employers. Whenever any work was brought, Forester was sent for. This occasioned him to be much in the shop, where he heard the conversation of many ingenious men who frequented it; and he spent his evenings in reading. His understanding had been of late uncultivated; but the fresh seeds that were now profusely scattered upon the vigorous soil took root and flourished.

Forester was just at that time of life when opinions are valued for being *new*. He heard varieties of the most contradictory assertions, in morals, in medicine, in politics. It is a great advantage to a young man to hear opposite arguments, to hear all that can be said upon every subject.

Forester no longer obstinately adhered to the set of notions which he had acquired from his education: he heard many whom he could not think his inferiors in abilities, debating questions which he formerly imagined scarcely admitted of philosophic doubt. His mind became more humble; but his confidence in his own powers, after having compared himself with numbers, if less arrogant, was more secure and rational: he no longer considered a man as a fool the moment he differed with him in opinion; but he was still a little inclined to estimate the abilities of authors by the party to which they belonged. This failing was increased, rather than diminished, by the company which he now kept.

Amongst the young students who frequented Mr. —'s, the bookseller, was Mr. Thomas —, who, from his habit of *blurting* out strange opinions in conversation, acquired the name of Tom Random. His head was confused between politics and poetry; his arguments were paradoxical, his diction florid, and his gesture something between the spouting action of a player and the threatening action of a pugilist.

Forester was immediately caught by the oratory of this genius, from the first day he heard him speak.

Tom Random asserted that "this great globe, and all that it inhabits" must inevitably be doomed to destruction, unless certain ideas of his own, in the government of the world, were immediately adopted by universal acclamation.

It was not approbation, it was not esteem, which Forester felt for his

new friend ; it was, for the first week, blind, enthusiastic admiration : everything that he had seen or heard before appeared to him trite and obsolete ; every person who spoke temperate common sense he heard with indifference or contempt ; and all who were not zealots in literature or in politics he considered as persons whose understandings were so narrow or whose hearts were so depraved as to render them "unfit to hear themselves convinced."

Those who read and converse have a double chance of correcting their errors.

Forester, most fortunately, about this time happened to meet with a book which in some degree counteracted the inflammatory effects of Random's conversation, and which had a happy tendency to sober his enthusiasm, without lessening his propensity to useful exertions. This book was the "Life of Dr. Franklin."

The idea that this great man began by being a *printer* interested our hero in his history ; and whilst he followed him *step* by *step* through his instructive narrative, Forester sympathized in his feelings, and observed how necessary the smaller virtues of order, economy, industry, and patience were to Franklin's great character and splendid success. He began to hope that it would be possible to do good to his fellow-creatures without overturning all existing institutions.

About this time another fortunate coincidence happened in Forester's education. One evening, his friend Tom Random, who was printing a pamphlet, came, with a party of his companions, into Mr. — the bookseller's shop, enraged at the decision of a prize in a literary society to which they belonged.

All the young partizans who surrounded Mr. Random loudly declared that he had been treated with the most flagrant injustice, and the author himself was too angry to affect any modesty upon the occasion.

"Would you believe it?" said he to Forester, "my essay has not been thought worthy of the prize! The medal has been given to the most wretched, tame, commonplace performance you ever saw. Everything in this world is done by corruption, by party, by secret influence!"

At every pause the irritated author wiped his forehead, and Forester sympathized in his feelings.

In the midst of the author's exclamations, a messenger came with the manuscript of the prize essay, and with the orders of the society to have a certain number of copies printed off with all possible expedition.

Random snatched up the manuscript, and, with all the fury of criticism, began to read aloud some of the passages which he disliked.

Though it was marred in the reading, Forester could not agree with his angry friend in condemning the performance. It appeared to him excellent writing and excellent sense.

"Print it—print it, then, as fast as you can ; that is your business—that's what you are paid for. Every one for himself," cried Random, insolently throwing the manuscript to Forester ; and as he flung out of the shop with his companions, he added, with a contemptuous laugh, "A printer's devil setting up for a critic ! He may be a capital judge of pica and roman, perhaps ; but let not the compositor go beyond his stick."

"Is this the man," said Forester, "whom I have heard so eloquent in the praise of candour and liberality? Is this the man who talks of universal toleration and freedom of opinion, and who yet cannot bear that any one should differ from him in criticising a sentence? Is this the man who would have equality amongst all his fellow-creatures, and who calls a compositor a printer's devil? Is this the man who cants about the *pre-eminence of mind* and the *perfections of intellect*, who takes advantage of his rank, of his *supporters*, of the cry of his partizans, to bear down the voice of reason? 'Let not the compositor go beyond his composing-stick;' and why not? why should not he be a judge of writing?" At this reflection Forester eagerly took up the manuscript which had been flung at his feet. All his indignant feelings instantly changed into delighted exultation: he saw the hand, he read the name, of Henry Campbell. The title of the manuscript was "*An Essay on the Best Methods of Reforming Abuses.*" This was the subject proposed by the society; and Henry had written upon the question with so much moderation, and yet with such unequivocal decision—had shown himself the friend of rational liberty—that all the members of the society who were not borne away by their prejudices were unanimous in their preference of this performance.

Random's declamation only inflamed the minds of his own partizans. Good judges of writing exclaimed as they read it, "This is all very fine, but what would this man be at? His violence hurts the cause he wishes to support."

Forester read Henry Campbell's essay with all the avidity of friendship: he read it again and again: his generous soul was incapable of envy; and whilst he admired, he was convinced by the force of reason.

His master desired that he would set about the essay early in the morning; but his eagerness for his friend Henry's fame was such that he sat up above half the night hard at work at it. He was indefatigable the next day at the business, and, as all hands were employed on the essay, it was finished that evening.

Forester rubbed his hands with delight when he had set the name of Henry Campbell in the title-page; but an instant afterwards he sighed bitterly.

"I am only a printer," said he to himself. "These just arguments, these noble ideas, will instruct and charm hundreds of my fellow-creatures. No one will ever ask, 'Who set the types?'"

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Tom Random and two of his partizans: he was extremely displeased to find that the printers had not been going on with his pamphlet; his personal disappointments seemed to increase the acrimony of his zeal for the public good; he declaimed upon politics—upon the necessity for the immediate publication of his sentiments for the salvation of the state. His action was suited to his words: violent, and blind to consequences, with one sudden kick, designed to express his contempt for the opposite party, this political Alnaschar unfortunately overturned the forme which contained the types for the newspaper of the next day, which was just going to the press—a newspaper in which he had written splendid paragraphs.

Forester, happily for his philosophy, recollected the account which Franklin, in his history of his own life, gives of the patience with which he once bore a similar accident. The printers, with secret imprecations against oratory, or at least against those orators who think that action is everything, set to work again to repair the mischief.

Forester, much fatigued, at length congratulated himself upon having finished his hard day's work; when a man from the shop came to inquire whether three hundred cards, which had been ordered the week before to be printed off, were finished. The man to whom the order was given had forgotten it, and he was going home; he decidedly answered, "No; the cards can't be done till to-morrow; we have left work for this night, thank God."

"The gentleman says he must have them," expostulated the messenger.

"He *must* not, he cannot have them. I would not print a card for his Majesty at this time of night," replied the sullen workman, throwing his hat upon his head in token of departure.

"What are these cards?" said Forester.

"Only a dancing-master's cards for his ball," said the printer's journeyman. "I'll not work beyond my time for any dancing-master that wears a head."

The messenger then said he was desired to ask for the manuscript card.

This card was hunted for all over the room, and at last Forester found it under a heap of refuse papers. His eye was caught with the name of his old friend Monsieur Pasgrave, the dancing-master whom he had formerly frightened by the skeleton with the fiery eyes.

"I will print the cards for him myself; I am not at all tired," cried Forester, who was determined to make some little amends for the injury which he had formerly done to the poor dancing-master. He resolved to print the cards for nothing, and he stayed up very late to finish them. His companions all left him, for they were in a great hurry to see, what in Edinburgh is a rare sight, the town illuminated.

These illuminations were on account of some great naval victory.

Forester, steady to Monsieur Pasgrave's cards, did what no other workman would have done—he finished for him on this night of public joy his three hundred cards. Every now and then, as he was quietly at work, he heard the loud huzzas in the street. His waning candle sunk in the socket as he had just packed up his work.

By the direction at the bottom of the cards, he learned where M. Pasgrave lodged; and, as he was going out to look at the illuminations, he resolved to leave them himself at the dancing-master's house.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

THE illuminations were really beautiful. He went up to the Castle, whence he saw a great part of the old town, and all Princes Street, lighted up in the most splendid manner. He crossed the Earth-mound

into Princes Street. Walking down Princes Street, he saw a crowd of people gathered before the large illuminated window of a confectioner's shop. As he approached nearer, he distinctly heard the voice of Tom Random, who was haranguing the mob. The device and motto which the confectioner displayed in his window displeased this gentleman, who, beside his public-spirited abhorrence of all men of a party opposite to his own, had likewise private cause of dislike to this confectioner, who had refused him his daughter in marriage.

It was part of Random's new system of political justice to revenge his own quarrels.

The mob, who are continually, without knowing it, made the instruments of private malice, when they think they are acting in a public cause, readily joined in Tom Random's cry of "Down with the motto!—down with the motto!"

Forester, who by his lesson from the dancing dogs had learned a little prudence, and who had just printed H. Campbell's "Essay on the Best Means of Reforming Abuses," did not mix with the rabble, but joined in the entreaties of some peaceable passengers, who prayed that the poor man's windows might be spared. The windows were, notwithstanding, demolished with a terrible crash, and the crowd, then alarmed at the mischief they had done, began to disperse. The constables, who had been sent for, appeared. Tom Random was taken into custody. Forester was pursuing his way to the dancing-master's, when one of the officers of justice exclaimed, "Stop!—stop him!—he's one of 'em—he's a great friend of Mr. Random's—I've seen him often parading arm-in-arm in High Street with him."

This, alas! was too true: the constable seized Forester, and put him, with Tom Random and the ringleaders of the riot, into a place of confinement for the night.

Poor Forester, who was punished for the faults of his former friend and present enemy, had, during this long night, leisure for much wholesome reflection upon the danger of forming imprudent intimacies. He resolved never to walk again in High Street arm-in-arm with such a man as Tom Random."

The constables were rather hasty in the conclusions they drew from this presumptive evidence.

Our hero, who felt the disgrace of his situation, was not a little astonished at Tom Random's consoling himself with drinking instead of philosophy. The sight of this enthusiast, when he had completely intoxicated himself, was a disgusting but useful spectacle to our indignant hero. Forester was shocked at the union of gross vice and rigid pretensions to virtue: he could scarcely believe that the reeling, stammering idiot whom he now beheld was the same being from whose lips he had heard declamations upon the *omnipotence of intellect*—from whose pen he had seen projects for the government of empires.

The dancing-master, who, in the midst of the illuminations, had regretted that his cards could not be printed, went early in the morning to inquire about them at the printer's.

The printer had learnt that one of his boys was taken up amongst the rioters: he was sorry to find that Forester had gotten himself into

such a scrape ; but he was a very cautious, snug man, and he did not choose to interfere : he left him quietly to be dealt with according to law.

The dancing-master, however, was interested in finding him out, because he was informed that Forester had sat up almost all night to print his cards, and that he had them now in his pocket.

M. Pasgrave at length gained admittance to him in his confinement ; the officers of justice were taking him and Random before Mr. W——, a magistrate, with whom examinations had been lodged by the confectioner who had suffered in his windows.

Pasgrave, when he beheld Forester, was surprised to such a degree that he could scarcely finish his bow, or express his astonishment, either in French or English.—“ Eh, Monsieur !—*mon Dieu—bon Dieu !*—I beg ten million pardons ! I am come to search for a printer who has my cards in his pocket.”

“ Here are your cards,” said Forester ; “ let me speak a few words to you.” He took M. Pasgrave aside. “ I perceive,” said he, “ that you have discovered who I am. Though in the service of a printer, I have still as much the feelings and principles of a gentleman as I had when you saw me in Dr. Campbell’s house. I have particular reasons for being anxious to remain undiscovered by Dr. Campbell or any of his family—you may depend upon it that my reasons are not dishonourable. I request that you will not, upon any account, betray me to that family. I am going before a magistrate, and am accused of being concerned in a riot, which I did everything in my power to prevent.”

“ Ah ! Monsieur,” interrupted the dancing-master, “ but you see de grand inconvenience of concealing your *rank* and name. You who are *comme il faut*, are confounded with the mob. Permit me at least to follow you to Mr. W——, the magistrate ; I have de *honneur* to teach *les demoiselles*, his daughters, to dance—dey are to be at my ball : dey take one half-dozen tickets ; I must call dere wid my cards, and I shall, if you will give me leave, accompany you now, and mention dat I know you to be *un homme comme il faut*, above being guilty of an unbecoming action. I flatter myself I have some interest wid de ladies of de family, and dat dey will do me de favour to speak to *monsieur leur cher père sur votre compte*.”

Forester thanked the good-natured dancing-master, but he proudly said that he should trust to his own innocence for his defence.

M. Pasgrave, who had seen something more of the world than our hero, and who was interested for him because he had once made him a present of an excellent violin, and because he had sat up half the night to print the ball cards, resolved not to leave him entirely to his innocence for a defence ; he followed Forester to Mr. W——’s. The magistrate was a slow, pompous man—by no means a good physiognomist, much less a good judge of character. He was proud of his authority, and glad to display the small portion of legal knowledge which he possessed. As soon as he was informed that some young men were brought before him who had been engaged the preceding night in a riot, he put on all his magisterial terrors, and assured the confectioner, who had a private audience of him, that he should have justice, and that the per-

son or persons concerned in breaking his window or windows should be punished with the utmost severity that the law would allow. Contrary to the humane spirit of the British law, which supposes every man to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty, this harsh magistrate presumed that every man who was brought before him was guilty till he was proved to be innocent. Forester's appearance was not in his favour : he had been up all night, his hair was dishevelled, his linen was neither fine nor white, his shoes were thick-soled and dirty, his coat was that in which he had been at work at the printer's the preceding day—it was in several places daubed with printer's ink—and his unwashed hands bespoke his trade. Of all these circumstances the slow, circumspect eye of the magistrate took cognizance, one by one. Forester observed the effect which this survey produced upon his judge ; and he felt that appearances were against him, and that appearances are sometimes of consequence. After having estimated his poverty by these external symptoms, the magistrate looked for the first time in his face, and pronounced that he had one of the worst countenances he ever beheld. This judgment, once pronounced, he proceeded to justify by wresting to the prisoner's disadvantage every circumstance that appeared. Forester's having been frequently seen in Tom Random's company was certainly against him ; the confectioner perpetually repeated that they were constant companions, that they were intimate friends, that they were continually walking together every Sunday, and that they often had come arm-in-arm into his shop, talking politics—that he believed Forester to be of the same way of thinking with Mr. Random ; and that he saw him close behind him, at the moment the stones were thrown that broke the windows. It appeared that Mr. Random was at that time active in encouraging the mob. To oppose the angry confectioner's conjectural evidence, the lad who threw the stone, and who was now produced, declared that Forester held back his arm, and said, " My good lad, don't break this man's windows. Go home quietly—here's a shilling for you." The person who gave this honest testimony, in whom there was a strange mixture of the love of mischief and the spirit of generosity, was the very lad who fought with Forester, and beat him, about the dancing dogs. He whispered to Forester, " Do you remember me ? I hope you don't bear malice." The magistrate, who heard this whisper, immediately construed it to the prisoner's disadvantage.—" Then, sir," said he, addressing himself to our hero, " this gentleman, I understand, claims acquaintance with you. His acquaintance really does you honour, and speaks strongly in favour of your character. If I mistake not, this is the lad whom I sent to the Tolbooth some little time ago for a misdemeanour ; and he is not, I apprehend, a stranger to the stocks."

Forester commanded his temper as well as he was able, and observed, that whatever might be the character of the young man who had spoken in his favour, his evidence would perhaps be thought to deserve some credit when the circumstances of his acquaintance with the witness were known. He then related the adventure of the dancing dogs, and remarked, that the testimony of an enemy came with double force in his favour. The language and manner in which Forester spoke sur-

prised all who were present; but the history of the battle of the dancing dogs appeared so ludicrous and so improbable, that the magistrate decidedly pronounced it to be "a fabrication, a story invented to conceal the palpable collusion of the witnesses." Yet, though he one moment declared that he did not believe the story, he the next inferred from it that Forester was disposed to riot and sedition, since he was ready to fight with a vagabond in the streets for the sake of a parcel of dancing dogs.

M. Pasgrave, in the meantime, had with great good-nature been representing Forester in the best light he possibly could to the young ladies, the magistrate's daughters. One of them sent to beg to speak to their father. M. Pasgrave judiciously dwelt upon his assurances of Forester's being a gentleman: he told Mr. W—— that he had met him in one of the best families in Edinburgh; that he knew he had some private reasons for concealing that he was a gentleman: "Perhaps the young gentleman was reduced to temporary distress," he said; but whatever might be these reasons, M. Pasgrave vouched for his having very respectable friends and connections. The magistrate wished to know the family in which M. Pasgrave had met Forester; but he was, according to his promise, impenetrable on this subject. His representations had, however, the desired effect upon Mr. W——: when he returned to the examination of our hero, his opinion of his countenance somewhat varied. He dispatched his other business; bailed Tom Random on high sureties; and when Forester was the only person that remained, he turned to him with great solemnity, bade him sit down, informed him that he knew him to be a gentleman; that he was greatly concerned that a person like him, who had respectable friends and connections, should involve himself in such a disagreeable affair; that it was matter of grief and surprise to him to see a young gentleman in such apparel; that he earnestly recommended it to him to accommodate matters with his friends, and above all things to avoid the company of seditious persons. Much good advice, but in a dictatorial tone, and in cold, pompous language, he bestowed upon the prisoner, and at length dismissed him. "How different," said Forester to himself, "is this man's method of giving advice from Dr. Campbell's!"

This lesson strongly impressed, however, upon our hero's mind the belief that external appearance, dress, manners, and the company we keep, are the usual circumstances by which the world judges of character and conduct. When he was dismissed from Mr. W——'s august presence, the first thing he did was to inquire for Pasgrave: he was giving the magistrate's daughters a lesson, and could not be interrupted; but Forester left a note for him, requesting to see him at ten o'clock the next day, at Mr. ——, the bookseller's. New mortifications awaited our hero. On his return to his master the bookseller's, he was very coldly received. Mr. —— let him know, in unqualified terms, that he did not like to employ any one in his work who got into quarrels at night in the public streets. Forester's former favour with his master, his industry and talents, were not considered without envy by the rest of the journeymen printers, and they took advantage of his absence to misrepresent him to the bookseller: however, when Forester came to relate

his own story, his master was convinced that he was not to blame, that he had worked extremely hard the preceding day, and that, far from having been concerned in a riot, he had done everything in his power to prevent mischief. He desired to see the essay which was printed with so much expedition; it was in the hands of the corrector of the press: the sheets were sent for, and the bookseller was in admiration at the extraordinary correctness with which it was printed; the corrector of the press scarcely had occasion to alter a word, a letter, or a stop. There was a quotation in the manuscript from Juvenal. Henry Campbell had, by mistake, omitted to name the satire and line, and the author from which it was taken, though he had left a blank in which they were to be inserted. The corrector of the press, though a literary gentleman, was at a stand. Forester immediately knew where to look for the passage in the original author; he found it, and inserted the book and line in their proper place. His master did not suffer this to pass unobserved; he hinted to him that it was a pity a young man of his abilities and knowledge should waste his time in the mere technical drudgery of printing. "I should be glad, now," continued the bookseller, "to employ you as a corrector of the press, and to advance you according to your merits in the world; *but*," glancing his eye at Forester's dress, "you must give me leave to say that some attention to outward appearance is necessary in our business. Gentlemen call here, as you well know, continually, and I like to have the people about me make a creditable appearance. You have earned money since you have been with me,—surely you can afford yourself a decent suit of clothes and a cleaner shirt. I beg your pardon for speaking so freely; but I really have a regard for you, and wish to see you get forward in life."

CHAPTER XVI.

FORESTER A CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS.

FORESTER had not, since he left Dr. Campbell's, been often spoken to in a tone of friendship. The bookseller's well-meant frank remonstrance made its just impression, and he resolved to make the necessary additions to his wardrobe; nay, he even went to a hairdresser, to have his hair cut and brought into decent order. His companions the printers had not been sparing in their remarks upon the meanness of his former apparel, and Forester pleased himself with anticipating the respect they would feel for him when he should appear in better clothes. "Can such trifles," said he to himself, "make such a change in the opinion of my fellow-creatures? And why should I fight with the world for trifles? My real merit is neither increased nor diminished by the dress I may happen to wear; but I see that, unless I waste all my life in combating the prejudices of superficial observers, I should avoid all those peculiarities in my external appearance which prevent whatever good qualities I have from obtaining their just respect." He was surprised at the blindness of his companions, who could not discover his merit through the roughness of his manners and the dis-

advantages of his dress ; but he determined to shine out upon them in the superior dress and character of a corrector of the press. He went to a tailor's, and bespoke a suit of clothes. He bought new linen, and our readers will perhaps hear with surprise that he actually began to consider very seriously whether he should not take a few lessons in dancing. He had learned to dance formerly, and was not naturally either inactive or awkward ; but his contempt for the art prevented him for some years from practising it, and he had nearly forgotten his wonted agility. Henry Campbell once, when Forester was declaiming against dancing, told him that if he had learned to dance, and excelled in the art, his contempt for the trifling accomplishment would have more effect upon the minds of others, because it could not be mistaken for envy. This remark made a deep impression upon our hero, especially as he observed that his friend Henry was not in the least vain of his personal graces, and had cultivated his understanding, though he could dance a Scotch reel. Scotch reels were associated in Forester's imagination with Flora Campbell ; and in balancing the arguments for and against learning to dance, the recollection of Archibald Mackenzie's triumphant look when he led her away as his partner at the famous ball had more influence perhaps upon Forester's mind than his pride and philosophy apprehended. He began to have some confused design of returning at some distant period to his friends ; and he had hopes that he should appear in a more amiable light to Flora after he had perfected himself in an accomplishment which he fancied she had admired prodigiously. His esteem for the lady was rather diminished by this belief ; but still a sufficient quantity remained to excite in him a strong ambition to please. The agony he felt the night he left the ball-room was such that he could not even now recollect the circumstances without confusion and anguish of mind. His hands were now such as could appear without gloves, and he resolved to commence the education of his feet.

M. Pasgrave called upon him in consequence of the message which he left at the magistrate's ; his original design in sending for the dancing-master was, to offer him some acknowledgment for his obliging conduct. "M. Pasgrave," said he, "you have behaved towards me like a man of honour ; you have kept my secret ; I am convinced that you will continue to keep it inviolate." As he spoke, he produced a ten-guinea bank-note, for at length he had prevailed upon himself to have recourse to his pocket-book, which till this day had remained unopened. Pasgrave stared at the note, and withdrew his hand at first, when it was offered ; but he yielded at length, when Forester assured him that he was not in any distress, and that he could perfectly well afford to indulge his feelings of gratitude. "Nay," continued Forester, who, if he had not always practised the maxims of politeness, notwithstanding possessed that generosity of mind and good sense on which real politeness must depend, "you shall not be under any obligation to me, M. Pasgrave ; I am just going to ask a favour from you : you must teach me to dance." "Wid de utmost pleasure !" exclaimed the delighted dancing-master ; and the hours for his attendance were soon settled. Whatever Forester attempted, he pursued with energy. M. Pasgrave, after giving him a few lessons, prophesied that he would do him infinite

credit; and Forester felt a secret pride in the idea that he should surprise his friends, some time or other, with his new accomplishment.

He continued in the bookseller's service, correcting the press for him, much to his satisfaction; and the change in his personal appearance pleased his master, as it showed attention to his advice. Our hero from time to time exercised his talents in writing; and as he inserted his compositions under a fictitious signature in his master's newspaper, he had an opportunity of hearing the most unprejudiced opinions of a variety of critics, who often came to read the papers at Mr. — the bookseller's. He stated, in short essays, some of those arguments concerning the advantages and disadvantages of politeness, luxury, the love of society, misanthropy, &c., which had formerly passed between him and Henry Campbell; and he listened to the remarks that were made upon each side of the questions. How it happened we know not; but after he had taken lessons for about six weeks from M. Pasgrave, he became extremely solicitous to have a solution of all his stoical doubts, and to furnish himself with the best possible arguments in favour of civilized society. He could not bear the idea that he yielded his opinions to anything less than strict demonstration; he drew up a list of queries, which concluded with the following question: "What should be the distinguishing characteristics of the higher classes of people in society?"—This query was answered in one of the public papers a few days after it appeared in Mr. —'s paper, and the answer was signed *H. C., a Friend to Society*. Even without these initials, Forester would easily have discovered it to be Henry Campbell's writing; and several strokes seemed to be so particularly addressed to him, that he could not avoid thinking Henry had discovered the querist. The impression which arguments make upon the mind varies with time and changes of situation. Those arguments in favour of subordination in society, in favour of agreeable manners, and attention to the feelings of others in the small as well as in the great concerns of life, which our hero had heard with indifference from Dr. Campbell and Henry in conversation, struck him, when he saw them in a printed essay, with all the force of conviction; and he wondered how it had happened that he never before perceived them to be conclusive.

He put the newspaper which contained this essay into his pocket; and after he had finished his day's work, and had taken his evening lesson from M. Pasgrave, he went out with an intention of going to a favourite spot upon Arthur's Seat, to read the essay again at his leisure.

But he was stopped at the turn from the North Bridge into High Street by a scavenger's cart. The scavenger, with his broom, which had just swept the High Street, was clearing away a heap of mud. Two gentlemen on horseback, who were riding like postilions, came up during this operation—Sir Philip Gosling and Archibald Mackenzie. Forester had his back towards them, and he never looked round, because he was too intent upon his own melancholy thoughts. Archibald was mounted upon Sawney, the horse which he had so *fairly* won from his friend Sir Philip. The half-guinea which had been promised to the ostler had not yet been paid; and the ostler, determined to revenge himself upon Archibald, invented an ingenious method of gratifying his resentment:

he taught Sawney to rear and plunge whenever his legs were touched by the broom with which the stables were swept. When Sawney was perfectly well trained to this trick, the cunning ostler communicated his design, and related his cause of complaint against Archibald, to a scavenger who was well known at the livery-stables. The scavenger entered into his friend the ostler's feelings, and promised to use his broom in his cause whenever a convenient and public opportunity should offer. The hour of retribution was now arrived: the scavenger saw his young gentleman in full glory, mounted upon Sawney. He kept his eye upon him whilst, in company with the baronet, he came over the North Bridge. There was a stop from the meeting of carts and carriages. The instant Archibald came within reach of the broom, the scavenger slightly touched Sawney's legs; Sawney plunged and reared, and reared and plunged; the scavenger stood grinning at the sight. Forester attempted to seize the horse's bridle, but Sawney, who seemed determined upon the point, succeeded. When Forester snatched at his bridle, he reared, then plunged, and Archibald Mackenzie was fairly lodged in the scavenger's cart. Whilst the well-dressed laird floundered in the mud, Forester gave the horse to the servant, who had now ridden up; and, satisfied that Mackenzie had received no material injury, inquired no further. He turned to assist a poor washerwoman, who was lifting a large basket of clean linen into her house, to get it out of the way of the cart. As soon as he had helped her to lift the basket into her passage, he was retiring, when he heard a voice at the back door, which was at the other end of the passage. It was the voice of a child, and he listened, for he thought he had heard it before. "The door is locked," said the washerwoman. "I know who it is that is knocking: it is only a little girl who is coming for a cap which I have there in the basket." The door was unlocked, and Forester saw the little girl to whom the fine geranium belonged. What a number of ideas she recalled to his mind! She looked at him and hesitated, curtsied, then turned away, as if she was afraid she was mistaken, and asked the washerwoman if she had plaited her grandmother's cap. The woman searched in her basket, and produced the cap, nicely plaited. The little girl in the meantime considered Forester with anxious attention. "I believe," said she, timidly, "you are, or you are very like, the gentleman who was so good as to——" "Yes," interrupted Forester, "I know what you mean. I am the man who went with you to try to obtain justice from your tyrannical schoolmistress. I did not do you any good. Have you seen—have you heard anything of——?" Such a variety of recollection pressed upon Forester's heart that he could not pronounce the name of Henry Campbell, and he changed his question. "Is your old grandmother recovered?" "She is quite well, thank you, sir; and she is grown young again since you saw her. Perhaps you don't know how good Mr. Henry and the young lady have been to us? We don't live now in that little close dark room at the watchmaker's. We are as happy, sir, as the day is long." "But what of Henry?—what of——?" "Oh, sir, but if you were not very busy, or in a great hurry,—it is but a little way off,—if you *could* come and look at our new house—I don't mean *our* house, for it is not ours; but we take care of it, and we have two

little rooms to ourselves; and Mr. Henry and Miss Flora very often come to see us. I wish you could come to see how nice our rooms are! The house is not far off—only at the back of the meadows.” “Go, show me the way: I’ll follow you,” said Forester, after he had satisfied himself that there was no danger of his meeting any of Dr. Campbell’s family.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEADOWS.

OUR hero accompanied the little girl with eager, benevolent curiosity. “There,” said she, when they came to the meadows, “do you see that white house with the paling before it?” “But that cannot be your house.” “No, no, sir; Dr. Campbell and several gentlemen have the large room, and they come there twice a week to teach something to a great many children. Grandmother can explain all that better to you, sir, than I can; but all I know is, that it is our business to keep the room aired and swept, and to take care of the glass things which you’ll see; and you shall see how clean it is—it was / swept it this morning.”

They had now reached the gate which was in the paling before the house. The old woman came to the door, clean, neat, and cheerful. She recollected to have seen Forester in company with Henry Campbell at the watchmaker’s, and this was sufficient to make him a welcome guest. “God bless the family, and all that belongs to them, for ever and ever!” said the woman. “This way, sir.” “Oh, don’t look into our little rooms yet; look at the great room first, if you please, sir,” said the child.

There was a large table in the middle of this long room, and several glass retorts and other chemical vessels were ranged upon shelves; wooden benches were placed on each side of the table. The grandmother, to whom the little girl had referred for a clear explanation, could not, however, tell Forester very exactly the uses of the retorts; but she informed him that many of the manufacturers in Edinburgh sent their sons hither twice a week; and Dr. Campbell and Mr. Henry Campbell, and some other gentlemen, came by turns to instruct them. Forester recollected now that he once heard Henry talking to his father about a scheme for teaching the children of the manufacturers of Edinburgh some knowledge of chemistry, such as they might afterwards apply advantageously to the arts and every-day business of life.

“I have formed projects, but what good have I ever actually done to my fellow-creatures?” said Forester to himself. With melancholy steps he walked to examine everything in the room. “Dr. Campbell sits in this arm-chair, does not he? and where does Henry sit?” The old woman placed the chairs for him as they were usually placed. Upon one of the shelves there was a slate, which, as it had been written upon, the little girl had put by very carefully; there were some calculations upon the weight of different gases, and the figures Forester knew to be Henry’s: he looked at everything that was Henry’s with pleasure. “Because I used to be so rough in my manner to him,” said Forester

to himself, "I daresay that he thinks I have no feeling, and I suppose he has forgotten me by this time. I deserve, indeed, to be forgotten by everybody! How could I leave such friends?" On the other side of the slate poor Forester saw his own name written several times over, in his friend's handwriting, and he read two lines of his own poetry, which he remembered to have repeated to Henry the day that they walked to Arthur's Seat. Forester felt much pleasure from this little proof of his friend Henry's remembrance. "Now won't you look at our nice rooms?" said the child, who had waited with some impatience till he had done pondering upon the slate.

The little rooms were well arranged, and their neatness was not now as much lost upon our hero as it would have been some months before. The old woman and her granddaughter, with all the pride of gratitude, exhibited to him several little presents of furniture which they had received from Dr. Campbell's family. "Mr. Henry gave me this!—Miss Flora gave me that!" was frequently repeated. The little girl opened the door of her *own* room. On a clean white deal bracket, which "*Mr. Henry had put up with his own hands*," stood the well-known geranium, in its painted flower-pot. Forester saw nothing else in the room, and it was in vain that both the old woman and her granddaughter talked to him at once; he heard not a word that was said to him. The flowers were all gone, and the brown calyxes of the geranium-flowers reminded him of the length of time which had elapsed since he had first seen them. "I am sorry there are no flowers to offer you," said the little girl, observing Forester's melancholy look; "but I thought you did not like geraniums, for I remember when I gave you a fine flower in the watchmaker's shop, you pulled it to pieces, and threw it on the ground." "I should not do so now," said Forester. The black marks on the painted flower-pot had been entirely effaced. Forester turned away, endeavoured to conceal his emotion, and took leave of the place as soon as the grateful inhabitants would suffer him to depart. The reflection that he had wasted his time, that he had never done any good to any human being, that he had lost opportunities of making both himself and others happy, pressed upon his mind; but his stoical pride still resisted the thought of returning to Dr. Campbell's. "It will be imagined that I yield my opinions from meanness of spirit," said he to himself. "Dr. Campbell certainly has no further regard or esteem for me; neither he nor Henry have troubled themselves about my fate. They are doing good to more deserving objects; they are intent upon literary pursuits, and have not time to bestow a thought on me; and Flora, I suppose, is as gay as she is good. I alone am unhappy,—a wanderer, an outcast, a useless being!"

Forester, whilst he was looking at the geranium, or soon afterwards, missed his handkerchief. The old woman and her granddaughter searched for it all over the house, but in vain. He then thought he must have left it at the washerwoman's, where he met the little girl. He called to inquire for it upon his return to Edinburgh. When he returned to this woman's house for his handkerchief, he found her sitting upon a low stool in her laundry, weeping bitterly; her children stood round her. Forester inquired into the cause of her distress; and she

told him that, a few minutes after he left her, the young gentleman who had been thrown from his horse into the scavenger's cart was brought into her house whilst his servant went home for another suit of clothes for him. "I did not at first guess that I had ever seen the young gentleman before," continued she; "but when the mud was cleared from his face, I knew him to be Mr. Archibald Mackenzie. I am sure I wish I had never seen his face then, or at any time. He was in a very bad humour after his tumble; and he began again to threaten me about a ten-guinea bank-note which he and his servant declare they sent in his waistcoat-pocket to be washed. I'm sure I never saw it. Mr. Henry Campbell quieted him about it for awhile; but just now he began again with me; and he says he has spoken to an attorney, and that he will make me pay the whole note; and he swore at me as if I had been the worst creature in the world; and God knows I work hard for my children, and never wronged any one in my days!"

Forester, who forgot all his own melancholy reflections as soon as he could assist any one who was in distress, bade the poor woman dry her tears, and assured her that she had nothing to fear, for he would instantly go to Dr. Campbell, and get him to speak to Mackenzie. "If it is necessary," and he, "I'll pay the money myself." She clasped her hands joyfully as he spoke, and all her children joined in an exclamation of delight. "I'll go to Dr. Campbell's this instant," said our hero, whose pride now yielded to the desire of doing justice to this injured woman: he totally forgot himself, and thought only of her. "I'll go with you to Dr. Campbell's, and I will speak to Mr. Mackenzie immediately."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SUMMONS.

WHILST Forester was walking through the streets, with the energy which the hope of serving his fellow-creatures always excited in his generous mind, he even forgot a favourite scheme which had for some weeks past occupied his imagination. He had formed the design of returning to his friends, an altered being in his external appearance: all his apparel was now finished, and ready for the grand day when he intended to present himself to Dr. Campbell, or rather to Flora Campbell, in the character of a well-bred gentleman. He had laid aside the dress and manners of a gentleman, from the opinion that they were degrading to the character of a man. As soon as this prejudice had been conquered, he was ready to resume them. Many were the pleasing anticipations in which he indulged himself: the looks of each of his friends, the generous approving eye of Henry, the benevolent countenance of Dr. Campbell, the arch smile of Flora, were all painted by his fancy; and he invented every circumstance that was likely to happen—every word that would probably be said by each individual. We are sure that our readers will give our enthusiastic hero credit for forgetting these pleasing reveries, for his forgetting himself, nay, even

Flora Campbell, when humanity and justice called upon him for exertion.

When he found himself in George's Square, within sight of Dr. Campbell's house, his heart beat violently; and he suddenly stopped to recollect himself. He had scarcely stood a few instants, when a hard, stout-looking man came up to him, and asked him if his name were Forester. He started, and answered, "Yes, sir; what is your business with me?" The stranger replied by producing a paper, and desiring him to read it. The paper, which was half printed, half written, began with these words:

"You are hereby required to appear before me——" "What is all this?" exclaimed our hero. "It is a summons," replied the stranger. "I am a constable, and you will please to come with me before Mr. W——. This is not the first time you have been before him, I am told." To this last insolent taunt Forester made no reply; but, in a firm tone, said, "that he was conscious of no crime, but that he was ready to follow the constable, and to appear before Mr. W——, or any magistrate who wished to inquire into his conduct." Though he summoned all his fortitude, and spoke with composure, he was much astonished by this proceeding: he could not help reflecting that an individual in society who has friends, an established character, and a *home*, is in a more desirable situation than an unconnected being, who has no one to answer for his conduct, no one to rejoice in his success or to sympathize in his misfortunes. "Ah, Dr. Campbell! happy father! in the midst of your own family, you have forgotten your imprudent ward!" said Forester to himself. "You do not know how near he is to you! you do not know that he was just returning to you! you do not see that he is at this moment perhaps on the brink of disgrace!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BANK-NOTES.

FORESTER was mistaken in his idea that Dr. Campbell had forgotten him; but we shall not yet explain further upon this subject; we only throw out this hint that our readers may not totally change their good opinion of the doctor. We must now beg their attention to the continuation of the history of Archibald Mackenzie's bank-note.

Lady Catherine Mackenzie one day observed that the colours were changed in one spot on the right-hand pocket of her son's waistcoat. "My dear Archibald," said she, "what has happened to your smart waistcoat? what is that terrible spot?" "Really, ma'am, I don't know," said Archibald, with his usual soft voice and deceitful smile. Henry Campbell observed that it seemed as if the colours had been discharged by some acid. "Did you wear that waistcoat, Mr. Mackenzie," said he, "the night the large bottle of vitriolic acid was broken—the night that poor Forester's cat was killed? don't you remember?" "Oh, I did not at first recollect. I cannot possibly remember—indeed, it is so long ago—what waistcoat I wore on that particular night."

The extreme embarrassment in Archibald's manner surprised Henry. "I really don't perceive your *drift*," continued Mackenzie. "What made you ask the question so earnestly?"

He was relieved from his panic when Henry answered that he only wished to know whether it was probable that it was stained with vitriolic acid; "because," said he, "I think *that* is the pocket in which you said you left your ten-guinea note; then perhaps the note may have been stained." "Perhaps so," replied Mackenzie, drily. "And if it were, you could identify the note. You have forgotten the number; but if the note has been stained with vitriolic acid, we shall certainly be able to know it again: the acid would have changed the colour of the ink." Mackenzie eagerly seized this idea, and immediately, in pursuance of Henry's advice, went to several of the principal bankers in Edinburgh, and requested that if a note stained in such a manner should be presented to them, they would stop payment of it till Mackenzie should examine it. Some time elapsed, and nothing was heard of the note. Mackenzie gave up all hopes of recovering it; and in proportion as these hopes diminished, his old desire of making the poor washerwoman answerable for his loss increased. We have just heard this woman's account of his behaviour to her when he came into her house to be refitted, after his tumble from Sawney into the scavenger's cart. All his promises to Henry he thought proper to disregard: promises appeared to him mere matters of convenience; and the idea of "*taking in*" such a young man as Henry Campbell was to him an excellent joke. He resolved to keep the five guineas quietly which Henry lent him, and at the same time to frighten this innocent, industrious woman into paying him the value of his bank-note.

Upon Mackenzie's return to Dr. Campbell's after his fall from Sawney, the first thing he heard was that his note was found; that it had been stopped at the Bank of Scotland; and that one of the clerks of the bank, who brought it for his examination, had been some time waiting for his return from riding. When the note was produced, Henry saw that two or three of the words which had been written in ink—the name of the person to whom it was payable, and the date of the month and year—were so pale as to be scarcely visible, and that there was a round hole through one corner of the paper. This round hole puzzled Henry; but he had no doubt that the ink had been thus nearly obliterated by vitriolic acid. He poured a few drops, diluted with water, upon some printing; and the ink was quickly turned to nearly the same pale colour as that in Mackenzie's note. The note was easily traced, as it had not passed through many hands—our readers will be sorry to hear it—to M. Pasgrave, the dancing-master. Mackenzie and the clerk went directly to his house, found him at home, and without much preface informed him of their business. The dancing-master trembled from head to foot, and, though innocent, exhibited all the signs of guilt. He had not the slightest knowledge of business; and the manner and language of the banker's clerk who accompanied Mackenzie terrified him beyond measure, because he did not comprehend one word in ten that he said about checks, entries, and day-books; and he was nearly a quarter of an hour before he could recover sufficient presence of mind

to consider from whom he received the note. At length, after going over in an unintelligible manner all the puzzled accounts of monies received and paid, which he kept in his head, he declared that he clearly recollected to have received the ten-guinea note at Mr. Macpherson, the tailor's; that he went a few weeks ago to settle his year's account with him; and that, in change for a twenty-pound note, he received that which the banker's clerk now produced. To Mackenzie it was perfectly indifferent who was found guilty, so that he could recover his money. "Settle it as you will amongst you," said he; "the money must be refunded, or I must have you all before a magistrate directly." Pasgrave, in great perturbation, set out for Mr. Macpherson's, showed him the note, and reminded him of the day when he paid his account. "If you received the note from us, sir," said the master tailor, very calmly, "it must be entered in our books, for we keep regular accounts." The tailor's foreman, who knew much more of the affair than his master, appealed with assumed security to the entry in the books. By this entry it appeared that M. Pasgrave settled his account the 17th of October, that he paid the balance by a twenty-pound note, and that he received in change a ten-guinea note on Sir Arthur Forbes's bank.

"You see, sir," said the tailor, "this cannot possibly be Mr. Mackenzie's; for his note is on the Bank of Scotland. Our entry is as full as possible; and I am ready to produce my books, and to abide by them, in any court of justice in the world." M. Pasgrave was totally at a loss; he could only repeat, that he remembered to have received Mackenzie's note from one of the tailor's men, who brought it to him from an inner room. The foreman boldly asserted that he brought the change exactly as his master gave it to him, and that he knew nothing more of the matter. But, in fact, he knew a great deal more. He had found the note in the pocket of Mackenzie's waistcoat, which his servant had left to be mended, after he had torn it furtively, as has been already related. When his master called him into the inner room to give him the change for Pasgrave, he observed that there was a ten-guinea note wrapped up with some halfpence, and he thought it would be a prudent thing to substitute Mackenzie's note, which he had by him, in the place of this. He accordingly gave Pasgrave Mackenzie's note, and thrust the note which he had received from his master into a corner of his trunk, where he usually kept little windfalls that came to him by the negligence of customers—toothpick-cases, loose silver, odd gloves, &c., all which he knew how to dispose of. But this bank-note was a higher prize than usual, and he was afraid to pass it till all inquiry had blown over. He knew his master's regularity; and he thought that if the note was stopped afterwards at any of the banks, it could never be traced further than to M. Pasgrave. He was rejoiced to see that this poor man was in such trepidation of mind, that he could not in the least use his understanding; and he saw, with much satisfaction, that his master, who was a positive man, and proud of the accuracy of his books, was growing red in the face in their defence. Mackenzie, in the meantime, who had switched his boots with great impatience during their debate, interfered at last with—"Come, gentlemen, we can't stand here all day, to hear you give one another the lie.

One of you, it's plain, must shell out your corianders; but as you can't settle which, we must put you to your oath, I see." "Mr. W——'s is not far off, and I am ready to go before him with my books this instant," said the fiery master tailor. "My books were never called in question since I was in trade till this instant; and nobody but a French dancing-master, who understands no more of debtor and creditor than my goose, would stand out against such an entry as this."

To Mr. W——'s the tailor, his foreman, the dancing-master, the banker's clerk, and Mackenzie repaired. Pasgrave turned paler than ever dancer turned before, and gave himself, his character, and his wife and children all up for lost, when he heard that he was to be put upon his oath. He drew back when Mr. W—— held the book to him, and demanded whether he would swear to the person from whom he received the note. He said he could not swear; but to the best of his belief—*en conscience—en honneur—foi d'honnête homme*—he was convinced he received it from Mr. Macpherson's foreman. The foreman, who from one step in villany found himself hurried on to another and another, now scrupled not to declare that he was ready to take his oath that he delivered the note and change just as his master gave it to him to M. Pasgrave. The magistrate turned to the pale, conscientious, incapacitated dancing-master, and in a severe tone said, "Appearances are strangely against you, M. Pasgrave. Here's a young gentleman has lost a bank-note—it is stopped at the Bank of Scotland—it is traced home to you—you say you got it from Mr. Macpherson, or his foreman—his books are produced—the entry in them is clearly against you; for it states that the note given to you in change was one of Sir Arthur Forbes's bank, and this which I now hold in my hand is of the Bank of Scotland. Please now to tell how this note of the Bank of Scotland, which has been proved to be the property of Mr. Mackenzie, came into your possession. From whom did you receive it? or how did you come by it? I am not surprised that you decline taking an oath upon this occasion." "*Ah, monsieur, ayez pitié de moi!*" cried the innocent but terrified man, throwing himself upon one knee in an attitude which, on the stage, would have produced a sublime effect—"*Ah, monsieur, ayez pitié de moi!* I have no more dan de child no sense in affairs."

Mackenzie interrupted him with a brutal laugh. The more humane banker's clerk was moved by the simplicity of this avowed ignorance of business. He went up to the distracted dancer, and said, "It is not to be expected that everybody should understand business as *we* do, sir. If you are innocent, only give yourself time to recollect; and though it's unfortunate that you never keep any regular accounts, maybe we shall be able to make out this affair of the entry. If Mr. W—— will give me leave to take this pen and ink, and if you will try to recollect all the persons from whom you have received money lately——" "*Ah, mon Dieu! dat is impossible.*" Then he began to name the quarterly and half-quarterly payments that he had received from his various pupils. "Did any of them lately give you a ten-guinea note?" "*Ah, oui, je me rappelle—un jeune monsieur—un certain monsieur, qui ne veut pas que—qui est là incognito—*who I would not betray for de world, for he has behave wid de most *parfaite generosité* to me." "But did he

give you a ten-guinea bank-note? that is all we want to know," said the magistrate. "*Mais—oui—yes.*" "About what time?" said the clerk. It was about the beginning of October; and this was so near the time when he settled accounts with Mr. Macpherson, the tailor, that he even himself began to believe it possible that he had mistaken one note for the other. "When the young gentleman gave you the note," said the banker's clerk, "surely you must have looked at it—you must have observed these remarkable stains?" Pasgrave replied that he did look at it, he supposed; that he saw it was a ten-guinea note; it might be stained, it might not be stained; he could not pretend to be certain about it. He repeated his assurances that he was ignorant of business and everything in this world but dancing. "*Pour la danse, je m'y connais—pour les affaires, je n'en sais rien moi.*" He with his usual simplicity added, that if Mr. — would give him leave, he would go to the young gentleman, his friend, and learn from him exactly the number of the note which he had given him; that he was sure he could recollect his own note immediately. Mackenzie, who thought that this was merely pretence in order to escape, told him that he could not be suffered to go out upon his parole. "But," said Mr. W—, "tell us the name of this young gentleman who has so much generosity and who lives incognito. I don't like gentlemen who live incognito: I think I had a young man here before me about two months ago, charged with breaking a confectioner's windows in a riot, the night of the great illuminations—Hey? don't I remember some such thing? And you, M. Pasgrave, if I mistake not, interested yourself mightily about this young man; and told me and my daughters, sir, that he was a young gentleman incognito. I begin to see through this affair. Perhaps this is the same young gentleman from whom you received the note. And pray what value did you give for it?" Pasgrave, whose fear of betraying Forester now increased his confusion, stammered, and first said the note was a present, but afterward added, "I have been giving de young person lessons in dancing for dese six week."

"Well then, we must summon this young person," said Mr. W—. "Tell us his name, if you please," said Mackenzie. "I have some suspicion that I know your gentleman incognito." "You need not trouble him," said the magistrate; "I know the name already, and I know where the bird is to be found; his name, if he has not changed it since he was last in this room, is Forester." "Forester!" exclaimed Mackenzie; "I thought so! I always thought how he would turn out. I wonder what his friends the Campbells will have to say for him now!"

Mr. W—'s pen stopped. "His friends the Campbell's—humph! So the Campbells are his friends, are they?" repeated he. "They *were* his friends," answered Mackenzie; "but Mr. Forester thought proper, nobody knows why, to run away from them some months ago: the only reason I could ever learn was, that he did not like to live amongst gentlemen; and he has been living ever since incognito, amongst blackguards; and we see the fruits of it." Mackenzie eagerly handed the summons as soon as it was signed to a constable; and Mr. W— directed the constable to Mr. — the bookseller's, adding, "Booksellers and printers are dangerous persons." The constable, who had

seen Forester the night that he was confined with Tom Random, knew his face and person; and we have told our readers that he met Forester in George's Square going to Dr. Campbell's to vindicate the innocence of the poor washerwoman.

The tailor's foreman was not a little alarmed when the summons was sent for our hero; he dreaded that the voice of truth should be heard, and he skulked behind the rest of the company. What astonishment did Forester feel when he entered the room and saw the group that surrounded the justice's table!—Archibald Mackenzie, with an insulting sneer on his lips—Pasgrave, with eyes fixed upon him in despair—Mr. Macpherson, the tailor, pointing to an entry in his book—his foreman shrinking from notice—the banker's clerk, with benevolent scepticism in his countenance—and the justice, with a portentous scowl upon his brow.

"Come forward, Mr. Forester," said the magistrate, as our hero made a sudden pause of astonishment—"come forward, sir!" Forester advanced with calm intrepidity. "You are better dressed than when I had the honour of seeing you here some time ago, sir. Are you a printer still, or a gentleman? Your dress certainly bespeaks a change in your condition." "I am sure I should hardly know Mr. Forester again, he is grown such a beau—comparatively speaking, I mean," said Mackenzie. "But certainly, M. Pasgrave, you must have made some mistake. I don't know how to believe my senses! Is this the young gentleman to whom you alluded? Mr. Forester, do you know——"

"Give me leave, Mr. Mackenzie," interrupted the justice; "I shall examine this young incognito myself. I think I know how to come at the truth. Will you do me the favour, sir, to inform me whether you recollect anything of a ten-guinea bank-note which you gave or paid, some time in last October, to this gentleman?" pointing to M. Pasgrave. "I do," replied Forester, in a distinct, unembarrassed voice, "perfectly well remember giving M. Pasgrave a ten-guinea bank-note." "*Ah, monsieur, je ne suis pas un ingrat. Ne pensez pas que——*" "Oh, M. Pasgrave," interrupted Mackenzie, "this is no time for compliments and fine speeches; for God's sake, let us get to the bottom of this affair without further ceremony." "Sir," said the banker's clerk, "all we want to know is, the number of your note and the firm of the house. Was your note one of Sir Arthur Forbes's, or of the Bank of Scotland?" Forester was silent. "I do not recollect," said he, after some pause. "You don't recollect, sir," said the justice, "is something like an evasive answer. You must have a vast number of bank-notes, then, we must presume, if you can't recollect to what bank your ten-guinea note belonged." Forester did not understand this logic; but he simply repeated his assertion. "Pray, sir," said the tailor, who could no longer restrain his impatience—— "Pray, sir," said the magistrate, in a solemn manner, "be silent. I shall find out the truth. So, Mr. Forester, you cannot possibly recollect the house of your note? You will tell us next, I dare say, that you cannot possibly recollect how you came by it." "Sir," said Forester, "if it is necessary, I can readily tell you how I came by it." "It is very necessary, sir, for your own credit." "I received it from Dr. Campbell." "Dr. Campbell!" repeated the magis-

trate, changing his tone. "And I have some idea that the doctor gave me a list of the numbers of that and four other notes, with which I fortunately have not parted." "Some idea means nothing in a court of justice, sir. If you have any such paper, you can do us the favour to produce it." Now, this list was locked up in the trunk of which the key was dropped into the brewing-vat. Richardson, the clerk, had returned the key to him; but, such is the force of habit, he had not cured himself of the foolish trick of twirling it upon his thumb, and about two months ago he dropped it in one of his walks to Arthur's Seat. He long searched for it amongst the rocky fragments, but at last gave it up: he little imagined of how much consequence it might be to him. Dr. Campbell had once refused to break open the lock, and he felt very unwilling to apply to him in his present circumstances. However, he wrote a few lines to Henry Campbell; but as soon as he had written them, his pride revolted from the thought of supplicating the assistance of his friend in such a disgraceful situation. "If you don't choose to write," said the officious malevolence of Archibald, "I can, however, speak. I'll desire Dr. Campbell to open your trunk and search for the paper." He left the room before Forester could make any further opposition.

"I have answered, I hope, both distinctly and respectfully all the questions that you have asked me," said Forester, turning to Mr. W—. "I hope you will no longer keep me in the dark. Of what am I suspected?" "I will tell you, sir," replied the deliberate, unfeeling magistrate; "you are suspected of having, I will not say *stolen*,—but you are more than suspected of having come unfairly by a certain ten-guinea bank-note, which the young gentleman who has just left the room lost a few months ago." Forester, as this speech was slowly pronounced, sat down, folded his arms, and appeared totally insensible,—quite unconscious that he was in the presence of a magistrate, or that any human being was observing him. "*Ah, mon cher monsieur, pardonnez!*" cried Pasgrave, bursting into tears. "*N'en parlons plus*," added he, turning to the magistrate. "*Je payerai tout ce qu'il faut*. I will pay de ten guinea; I will satisfy everybody. I cannot never forgive myself if I bring him into any disgrace." "Disgrace!" exclaimed Forester, starting up and repeating the word in a tone which made every person in the room, not excepting the phlegmatic magistrate, start, and look up to him with a sudden feeling of inferiority. His ardent eye spoke the language of his soul: no words could express his emotion. The master tailor dropped his day-book. "Constable! Call a constable!" cried the justice. "Sir, you forget in whose presence you are: you think, I suppose, that your friends the Campbells will bear you out. Sir, I would have you to know that all the Campbells in Scotland can't bail you for a felony. Sir, philosophers should know these things. If you cannot clear yourself to my entire satisfaction, Mr. Forester, I shall commit you—in one word—to gaol. Yes, look as you please, sir—to gaol. And if the doctor, and his son, and all his family, come up to bail you, I shall, *meo periculo*, refuse their bail. The law, sir, is no respecter of persons; so none of your rhodomontades, young gentleman, in my presence, but step into this closet, if you please; and I advise you, bring your mind into a becoming temperament whilst I go to dinner. Gen-

tlemen," continued he to Macpherson and Pasgrave, "you'll be so good as to wait here in this apartment. Constable, look to your prisoner," pointing to the door of the closet. "John, let me know when Dr. Campbell arrives; and tell them to send up dinner directly," said the justice to his butler.

Whilst he dines, we must leave the tailor complaining that he was wasting precious time; the foreman in the panic of guilt; and the good-natured dancing-master half-distracted betwixt his fears and his ignorance. He looked from time to time through the keyhole of the closet in which Forester was confined, and exclaimed, "*Grand Dieu! comme il a l'air noble à cet instant! Ah, lui coupable!*"—he go to gaol?—it is impossible!"

"We shall see how that will be presently," said the foreman, who had hitherto preserved absolute silence. "I abide by my books," said the master tailor; "and I wish Dr. Campbell would make haste. *I have lost a day.*"

In spite of the tailor's imperial exclamation, he was obliged to wait some time longer. When Mackenzie arrived at Dr. Campbell's, Henry was not at home: he was gone to the house at the back of the meadows, to prepare some chemical experiments for the next day's lecture. Mackenzie, however, found Dr. Campbell at home in his study, and, in a soft, hypocritical voice, lamented that he was obliged to communicate some disagreeable circumstances relating to young Mr. Forester. "You do not, I presume, know where that unfortunate, misguided youth is at present,—at this moment, I mean?" "I do not know where he is at this moment," said Dr. Campbell, calmly; "but I know where he has been for some time—at Mr. — the bookseller's. I have had my eye upon him ever since he left this house. I have traced him from place to place. Though I have said little about him, Mr. Mackenzie, I have a great regard for my unfortunate ward." "I am sorry for it, sir," said Mackenzie; "this note will wound your feelings the more deeply." "What is the matter? pray speak at once," cried Dr. Campbell, who now forgot all his usual calmness. "Where is Forester?" "He is at this moment before Mr. W——, the magistrate, sir, charged with—but I own I cannot believe him guilty—" "Charged with what? For God's sake, speak plainly, Mr. Mackenzie!" "Then, in one word, sir, my lost bank note is traced home to Mr. Forester. M. Pasgrave says he received it from him." Surely, sir," said Dr. Campbell, with indignation, "you would not insinuate that Forester has stolen your bank-note?" "I insinuate nothing, doctor," said Archibald; "but I fear the thing is too plainly proved. My bank-note has certain stains, by which it has been identified. All that I know is, that Mr. W—— says he can take no bail, and that he must commit Mr. Forester to gaol unless he can clear himself. He says, that a few days before he left your house, you paid him his quarterly allowance of fifty guineas in five ten-guinea bank-notes." "He says true: I did so," said Dr. Campbell, eagerly. "And he says that you gave them to him wrapped in a piece of paper, on which the numbers of the notes were written." "I remember it distinctly. I desired him to take care of that paper." "He is not famous for taking care, you know, sir, of anything. He says he believes

he threw it into his trunk ; but he has lost the key of the trunk, I understand." "No matter ; we can break it open this instant, and search for the paper," cried Dr. Campbell, who was now extremely alarmed for his ward.

Mackenzie stood by without offering any assistance, whilst Dr. Campbell broke open the trunk and searched it with the greatest anxiety. It was in terrible disorder. The coat and waistcoat which Forester wore at the ball were crammed in at the top, and underneath appeared unfolded linen, books, boots, maps, shoes, cravats, fossils, and heaps of little rumpled bits of paper in which the fossils had once been contained. Dr. Campbell opened every one of these: the paper he wanted was not amongst them. He took everything out of the box, shook and searched all the pockets of his coat in which Forester used, before his reformation, to keep hoards of strange papers. No list of bank-notes appeared. At length Dr. Campbell espied the white corner of a paper-mark in a volume of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature." He pulled out this mark, and to his great joy he found it to be the very paper he wanted. "So it's found, is it?" said Mackenzie, disappointed, whilst Dr. Campbell seized his hat, left everything upon the floor, and was very near locking the door of the room upon Mackenzie. "Don't lock me in here, doctor, I am going back with you to Mr. W——'s," said Archibald. "Won't you stay? Dinner's going up ; Mr. W—— was going to his dinner when I came away." Without listening to him, Dr. Campbell just let him out, locked the door, and hurried away to his poor ward.

"I have let things go too far," said he to himself. "As long as Forester's credit was not in danger, as long as he was unknown, it was very well ; but now his character is at stake, he may pay too dear for his experience."

"Dr. Campbell," said the pompous magistrate, who hated philosophers, rising from table as Dr. Campbell entered, "do not speak to me of bailing this ward of yours ; it is impossible, sir. I know my duty." "I am not come to offer bail for my ward," said Dr. Campbell, "but to prove his innocence." "We must hope the best," said Mr. W——; and having forced the doctor to pledge him in a bumper of port, "Now I am ready to proceed again to the examination of all the parties concerned."

Dr. Campbell was shown into the room where Mr. Macpherson, his foreman, and Pasgrave were waiting. "*Ah, monsieur, Dieu merci vous voilà !*" exclaimed Pasgrave. "You may go," said Mr. W—— to the constable ; "but wait below stairs." He unlocked the closet door. Forester, at the sight of Dr. Campbell, covered his face with his hands ; but an instant afterwards he advanced with intrepidity. "You cannot, I am sure, believe me to be guilty of any meanness, Dr. Campbell," said he. "Imprudent I have been, and I suffer for my folly." "Guilty !" cried Dr. Campbell. "No ; I could almost as soon suspect my own son of such an action. But my belief is nothing to the purpose : we must *prove* your innocence." "*Ah, oui, monsieur* ; and mine too, for I am innocent, I can assure you," cried M. Pasgrave. "The whole business, sir," said the banker's clerk, who had by this time returned to hear the termination of the affair,—"*the whole thing can*

be settled in two minutes by a gentleman like you, who understands business. Mr. Forester cannot recollect the number or the firm of a ten-guinea bank-note which he gave to M. Pasgrave. M. Pasgrave cannot recollect either; and he is in doubt whether he received this stained note which Mr. Mackenzie lost from Mr. Forester or from Mr. Macpherson the tailor." "There can be no doubt about me," said Macpherson. "Dr. Campbell, will you be so good as to look at the entry? I acknowledge I gave M. Pasgrave a ten-guinea note; but here's the number of it—177, of Forbes's bank. Mr. Mackenzie's note, you see, is of the Bank of Scotland; and the stains upon it are so remarkable that, if I had ever seen it before, I should certainly remember it. I'll take my oath I never saw it before." "Sir," said Forester eagerly to Dr. Campbell, "you gave me five ten-guinea notes; here are four of them in this pocket-book; the fifth I gave to M. Pasgrave. Can you tell me the number of that note?" "I can," said Dr. Campbell, producing the paper which he found in "Goldsmith's Animated Nature." "I had the precaution to write down the numbers of all your notes myself. Here they are."

Forester opened his pocket-book. His four remaining notes were compared, and perfectly agreed with the numbers in the list. The fifth, the number of the note which he gave to Pasgrave, was 1,260, of the New Bank. "One of your ten-guinea notes," said Dr. Campbell to Pasgrave, "you paid into the Bank of Scotland; and this gentleman," pointing to the banker's clerk, "stopped it this morning. Now, you have had another ten-guinea note; what became of that?" Pasgrave, who understood Dr. Campbell's plain method of questioning him, answered immediately, "I did give the other to my hairdresser, not long ago, who live in —— Street." Dr. Campbell instantly went himself to the hairdresser, found that he had the note still in his possession, brought him to Mr. W——'s, and when the note was examined, it was found to be No. 1,260, of the New Bank, which exactly corresponded with the entry in the list of notes which Dr. Campbell had produced.

"Then all is right," said Dr. Campbell. "*Ah, oui! ah, non!*" exclaimed Pasgrave; "what will become of me?" "Compose yourself, my good sir," said Dr. Campbell. "You had but two ten-guinea notes, you are sure of that?" "But two—but two—I will swear but two." "You are now certain which of these two notes you had from my ward? The other, you say, you received from——" "From dis gentleman, I will swear," cried Pasgrave, pulling the tailor's foreman forwards. "I can swear now I am in no *embarras*; I am sure I did get the oder note from dis gentleman." The master tailor was astonished to see all the pallid marks of guilt in his foreman's countenance. "Did you change the note that I gave you in the inner room?" said Mr. Macpherson. The foreman, as soon as he could command his voice, denied the charge, and persisted in it that he gave the note and change which his master wrapped up, exactly as it was, to the dancing-master. Dr. Campbell proposed that the tailor's shop and the foreman's room should be searched. Mr. W—— sent proper people to Mr. Macpherson's; and whilst they are searching his house, we may inquire what has become of Henry Campbell.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CATASTROPHE.

HENRY CAMPBELL, the last time we heard of him, was at the house at the back of the meadows. When he went into the large room to his chemical experiments, the little girl, who was proud of having arranged it neatly, ran on before him, and showed him the places where all his things were put. "The writing and the figures are not rubbed off your slate; there it is, sir," said she, pointing to a high shelf. "But whose handkerchief is this?" said Henry, taking up a handkerchief which was under the slate. "Gracious! that must be the good gentleman's handkerchief: he missed it just as he was going out of the house. He thought he had left it at the washerwoman's, where I met him; and he's gone back to look for it there. I'll run with it to the washerwoman's; maybe she knows where to find him." "But you have not told me who he is: whom do you mean by the good gentleman?" "The good gentleman, sir, that I saw with you at the watchmaker's the day you helped me to carry the great geranium out of my grandmother's room." "Do you mean that Forester has been here?" exclaimed Henry. "I never heard his name, sir; but I mean that the gentleman has been here whom I call the good gentleman, because it was he who went with me to my cross schoolmistress to try to persuade her to use me well. She beat me, to be sure, after he was gone, for what he had said; but I'm not the less obliged to him, because he did everything, as he thought, for the best. And so I'll run with this handkerchief to the woman's, who will give it safe to him."

Henry recollected his promise to his father. It required all his power over himself to forbear questioning the child, and endeavouring to find out something more of his friend. He determined to mention the circumstance to his father and to Flora as soon as he returned home. He was always impatient to tell anything to his sister that interested himself or his friends; for Flora's gaiety was not of that unfeeling sort which seeks merely for amusement, and which, unmixed with sympathy for others, may divert in a companion, but disgusts in a friend.

Whilst Henry was reflecting upon the manner in which he might most expeditiously arrange his chemical experiments and return home, the little girl came running back with a face of great distress. As soon as she had breath to speak, she told Henry that when she went to the washerwoman's with the handkerchief, she was told "a sad piece of news,—that Mr. Forester had been taken up, and carried before Mr. W——, the magistrate. We don't know what he has done. I'm sure I don't think he can have done anything wrong." Henry no sooner heard these words, than he left all his retorts, rushed out of the house, hurried home to his father, and learned from Flora, with great surprise, that his father had already been sent for, and was gone to Mr. W——'s. She did not know the circumstances that Mackenzie related to Dr. Campbell; but she told him that her father seemed much alarmed, that

she met him crossing the hall, and that he could not stop to speak to her. Henry proceeded directly to Mr. W——'s, and he arrived there just as the people had returned from the search of the tailor's house. His opinion of Forester's innocence was so strong, that when he entered the room he instantly walked up to him and embraced him, with a species of frank confidence in his manner which, to Forester, was more expressive than anything that he could have said. The whole affair was quickly explained to him; and the people who had been sent to Mr. Macpherson's now came upstairs to Mr. W——, and produced a ten-guinea bank-note, which was found in the foreman's box. Upon examination, this note was discovered to be the very note which Mr. Macpherson sent with the change to Pasgrave. It was No. 177, of Sir Arthur Forbes's bank, as mentioned in the circumstantial entry in the day-book. The joy of the poor dancing-master, at this complete proof of his innocence, was rapturous and voluble. Secure of the sympathy of Forester, Henry, and Dr. Campbell, he looked at them by turns, whilst he congratulated himself upon this *éclaircissement*, and assured the banker's clerk that he would in future keep accounts. We are impatient to get rid of the guilty foreman. He stood, a horrible image of despair. He was committed to jail, and was carried away by the constables without being pitied by any person present. Everybody, however, was shocked.

Mackenzie broke silence first by exclaiming, "Well, now, I presume, Mr. W——, I may take possession of my own bank-note again." He took up all the notes which lay upon the table to search amongst them for his own. "Mine, you know, is stained," said Archibald. "But it is very singular," said Henry Campbell, who was looking over his shoulder, "that here are two stained notes. That which was found in the foreman's box is stained in one corner, exactly as yours was stained, Mr. Mackenzie."

Macpherson, the tailor, now stooped to examine it. "Is this No. 177, the note that I sent in change by my foreman to M. Pasgrave?—I'll take my oath it was not stained in that manner when I took it out of my desk. It was a new and quite clean note. It must have been stained since." "And it must have been stained with vitriolic acid," continued Henry. "Ay, there's cunning for you!" cried Archibald. "The foreman, I suppose, stained it that it might not be known again." "Have you any vitriolic acid in your house?" pursued Henry, addressing the master tailor. "Not I, indeed, sir. We have nothing to do with such things. They'd be very dangerous to us." "Pray," said Henry, "will you give me leave, Mr. W——, to ask the person who searched the foreman's box a few questions?" "Certainly, sir," said Mr. W——; "though I protest I cannot see what you are driving at." Henry inquired what was found in the box with the bank-note. The man who searched it enumerated a variety of things. "None of these," said Henry, "could have stained the note. Are you sure that there was nothing else?" "Nothing in the world—nothing but an old glass stopper, I believe." "I wish I could see that stopper," said Henry. "This note was rolled round it," said the man; "but I threw it into the box again. I'll go and fetch it, sir, if you have any curiosity to see

it." "Curiosity to see an old stopper? No!" cried Archibald Mackenzie, with a forced laugh: "what good would that do us? We have been kept here long enough. I move that we go home to our dinners." But Dr. Campbell, who saw that Henry had some particular reason for wishing to see this glass stopper, seconded his son. The man went for it; and when he brought it into the room, Henry Campbell looked at it very carefully, and then decidedly said, fixing his eyes upon Archibald Mackenzie, who in vain struggled to keep his countenance from changing, "This glass stopper, Mr. Mackenzie, is the stopper of my father's vitriolic acid bottle, that was broken on the night the cat was killed. This stopper has stained both the bank-notes. And it must have been in the pocket of your waistcoat." "My pocket?" interrupted Archibald; "how should it come into my pocket? It never was in *my* pocket, sir." Henry pointed to the stain on his waistcoat. He wore the very waistcoat in question. "Sir," said Archibald, "I don't know what you mean by pointing at my waistcoat. It is stained, it is true, and very likely by vitriolic acid; but as I have been so often in the doctor's laboratory when your chemical experiments have been going on, is it not very natural to suppose that a drop of one of the acids might have fallen on my clothes? I have seen your waistcoats stained, I am sure. Really, Mr. Campbell, you are unfriendly, uncharitable: your partiality for Mr. Forester should not blind you, surely. I know you want to exculpate him from having any hand in the death of that cat; but that should not, my dear sir, make you forget what is due to justice. You should not, permit me to say, endeavour to criminate an innocent person." "This is all very fine," said Henry, "and you may prove your innocence to me at once, Mr. Mackenzie, if you think proper, by showing that the waistcoat was really, as you assert, stained by a drop of vitriolic acid falling upon the outside of it. Will you show us the inside of the pocket?" Mackenzie, who was now in too much confusion to know distinctly what Henry meant to prove, turned the pocket inside out, and repeated, "That stopper was never inside my pocket, I'll swear." "Don't swear to that, for God's sake," said Henry: "consider what you are saying. You see that there is a hole burnt in this pocket. Now, if a drop of acid had fallen, as you said, upon the outside of the waistcoat, it must have been more burnt on the outside than on the inside." "I don't know—I can't pretend to be positive," said Archibald; "but what signifies all this rout about the stopper?" "It signifies a great deal to me," said Dr. Campbell, turning away from Mackenzie with contempt, and addressing himself to his ward, who met his approving eye with proud delight. "It signifies a great deal to me. Forgive me, Mr. Forester, for having doubted your word for a moment." Forester held his guardian's hand, without being able for some instants to reply. "You are coming home with us, Forester?" said Henry. "No," said Dr. Campbell, smiling; "you must not ask him to come home with us to-night—we have a little dance at our house to-night. Lady Catherine Mackenzie wished to take leave of her Edinburgh friends. She goes from us to-morrow. We must not expect to see Forester at a ball; but to-morrow morning—" "I see," said Forester, smiling, "you have no faith in my reformation. Well,

I have affairs to settle with my master the printer. I must go home and take leave of him. He has been a good master to me, and I must go and finish my task of correcting. Adieu." He abruptly left Dr. Campbell and Henry, and went to the bookseller's, to inform him of all that had passed, and to thank him for his kindness. "You will be at a loss to-morrow for a corrector of the press," said he. "I am determined you shall not suffer for my vagaries. Send home the proof-sheets of the work in hand to me at Dr. Campbell's, and I will return them to you punctually corrected. Employ me till you have provided yourself with another, I will not say a better, hand. I do not imagine," continued Forester, "that I can pay you for your kindness to me by presents; indeed, I know that you are in such circumstances that you disdain money; but I hope you will accept of a small mark of my regard—a complete fount of new types."

Whilst Forester's generous heart expanded with joy at the thoughts of returning once more to his friends, we are sorry to leave him to finish the history of Archibald Mackenzie. He sneaked home after Dr. Campbell and Henry, whose silent contempt he well understood. Dr. Campbell related all that had passed to Lady Catherine. Her ladyship showed herself more apprehensive that her son's meanness should be made known to the world than indignation or sorrow for his conduct. Archibald, whilst he was dressing for the ball, began to revolve in his mind certain words which his mother had said to him about his *having received the lie direct from Henry Campbell—his not having the spirit of a gentleman*. "She certainly meant," said he to himself, "that I ought to fight him. It's the only way I can come off, as he spoke so plainly before Mr. W—— and all those people; the banker's clerk, too, was by; and, as my mother says, it will be talked of. I'll get Sir Philip Gosling to go with my message. I think I've heard Dr. Campbell say he disapproved of duels. Perhaps Henry won't fight.—Has Sir Philip Gosling sent to say whether he would be with us at the ball to-night?" said Archibald to the servant who was dressing his hair. "No, sir," replied the servant; "Sir Philip's man has not been here, but Major O'Shannon has been here twice since you were away, to see you. He said he had some message to deliver from Sir Philip to you." "To me!—message to me!" repeated Archibald, turning pale. Archibald knew Major O'Shannon, who had of late insinuated himself into Sir Philip Gosling's favour, had a particular dislike to him, and had successfully bullied him upon one or two occasions. Archibald had that civil cowardice which made him excessively afraid of the opinion of the world; and Major O'Shannon, a gamester, who was jealous of his influence over the rich dupe, Sir Philip, determined to entangle him in a quarrel. The major knocked at the door a third time before Archibald was dressed, and when he was told that he was dressing and could not see any one, he sent up the following note:

"SIR,—The last time I met you at the livery-stables, in company with my friend Sir Philip Gosling, I had the honour of telling you my mind in terms sufficiently explicit concerning a transaction which cannot have escaped your memory. My friend, Sir Philip, declares you never hinted

that the pony was spavined. I don't pretend to be so good a jockey as you; but you'll excuse my again saying I can't consider your conduct as that of a gentleman. Sir Philip is of my mind; and if you resent my interference, I am ready to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman. If not, you will do well to leave Edinburgh, along with your mother, to-morrow morning; for Edinburgh is no place for cowards, as long as one has the honour of living in it, who calls himself (by courtesy)—

"Your humble servant,

"CORNELIUS O'SHANNON.

"P.S.—Sir Philip is at your service after your settling with me."

Archibald, oppressed with the sense of his own meanness, and somewhat alarmed at the idea of fighting three duels to retrieve his credit, thought it best to submit without a struggle in the first instance to that public disgrace which he had merited. He wrote a shabby apology to Major O'Shannon and Sir Philip, concluding with saying that rather than lose a friend he so much valued as Sir Philip Gosling, he was willing to forget all that had passed, and even to take back the pony and to return Sawney, if the matter could by this means be adjusted to his satisfaction. He then went to his mother, and talked to her in a high style of his desperate intentions with respect to Henry Campbell. "Either he or I must fall before we quit the ground," said the artful Archibald, well knowing that Lady Catherine's maternal tenderness would be awakened by these ideas. Other ideas were also awakened in the prudent mother's mind. Dr. Campbell was nearly related to a general officer, from whom she looked for promotion for her son. She repented upon reflection of what she had hastily said concerning *the lie direct* and *the spirit of a gentleman*; and she softened down her pride, and talked of her dislike to breaking up old family friendships. Thence she digressed into hints of the advantages that might accrue from cultivating Dr. Campbell's good opinion; admitted that Henry was strangely prejudiced in favour of his rough friend Forester; but observed that Mr. Forester, after all, though singular, was a young man of merit, and at the head of a very considerable estate.

"Archibald," said she, "we must make allowances and conciliate matters: unless you make this young gentleman your friend, you can never hope to be on an eligible footing with his guardian. His guardian, you see, is glad to get him back again, and, I daresay, has his reasons. I never saw him—and I know him well—in such spirits in my life, as he was when he came back to us to announce the probability of his ward's return to-morrow morning. The doctor, I daresay, has good reasons for what he does; and I understand his ward is reconciled to the idea of living in the world and enjoying his fine fortune like other people. So I hope you and he—and, of course, you and the doctor and Henry Campbell—will be very good friends. I shall leave you at Edinburgh for a few months, till we get your commission; and I shall beg the doctor to introduce you to his friend and relation, General D—. If he can do nothing for you, you may look towards the Church. I trust to your prudence not to think of Flora Campbell, though I leave you in the house with her; for you can't afford, Archibald, to marry a girl with

so small a fortune ; and, you may be sure, her friends have other views for her. Pray let me hear no more of duels and quarrels. And let us go down into the ball-room ; for Miss Campbell has been dressed and downstairs this half-hour, and I would not have you inattentive—that might displease as much as the other extreme. In short, I may safely leave you to your own discretion.” Lady Catherine, after this *prudent* exhortation, entered the ball-room, where all the company soon after assembled. Seated in gay ranges, the well-dressed belles were eager for the dancing to commence. Lady Catherine stood by Dr. Campbell ; and as soon as the ball began, when the music played and she saw every one absorbed in themselves or in their partners, she addressed herself to the doctor on the subject which was next her heart, or rather next her imagination. “The general is to be with you shortly, I understand,” said she. Dr. Campbell coldly answered in the affirmative. “To be candid with you, doctor, if you’ll sit down, I want to have a little chat with you about my Archibald. He is not everything I could wish, and I see you are displeased with him about this foolish business that has just happened. For my own part, I think him to blame ; but we must pardon—we must make allowances for the errors of youth ; and I need not, to a man of your humanity, observe what a cruel thing it is to prejudice the world against a young man, by telling little anecdotes to his disadvantage. Relations must surely uphold one another ; and I am convinced you will speak of Archibald with candour and friendship.”

“With candour and with truth,” replied Dr. Campbell ; “I cannot pretend to feel friendship merely on the score of relationship.”

The proud blood mounted into Lady Catherine’s face, and she replied, “Some consideration for one’s own relations, I think, is not unbecoming. Archibald, I should have thought, has as strong a claim upon Dr. Campbell’s friendship as the son of an utter stranger to the family. Old Mr. Forester had a monstrous fortune, ’t is true ; but his wife, who was no grand affair—I believe a merchant’s daughter—I’m told, brought him the greatest part of it ; and yet, without any natural connection between the families, or anything very desirable—setting fortune out of the question—you accept the guardianship of this young man, and prefer him, I plainly see, to my Archibald. I candidly ask you the question, and answer me candidly.”

“As you have explicitly asked the question, I will answer your ladyship candidly. I *do* prefer my ward to your son. I have avoided drawing comparisons between your son and Forester ; and I now wish to avoid speaking of Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, because I have little hopes of being of service to him.”

“Nay,” said Lady Catherine, softening her tone, “you know you have it in your power to be of the greatest service to him.”

“I have done all I could,” said Dr. Campbell, with a sigh ; “but habits of—”

“Oh, but I’m not talking of habits,” interrupted Lady Catherine. “I’ll make him alter his habits. We shall soon turn him into what you like : he’s very quick, and you must not expect every young man to be just cut out upon the pattern of our dear Henry. I don’t want to trouble

you to alter his habits, or to teach him chemistry, or any of those things. But you can, you know, without all that, do him an essential service."

"How?" said Dr. Campbell.

"Why, how? I don't know you this evening, you are so dry. Ken you not what I mean? Speak three words for him to your friend the general."

"Your ladyship must excuse me," said Dr. Campbell.

Lady Catherine was stunned by this distinct refusal. She urged Dr. Campbell to explain the cause of his dislike to her son.

"There is a poor washerwoman now below stairs," replied Dr. Campbell, "who can explain to you more than I wish to explain; and a story about a horse of Sir Philip Gosling's was told to me the other day by one of the baronet's friends, which I should be glad Mr. Archibald Mackenzie could contradict effectually."

"Archibald, come here," said Lady Catherine; "before the next dance begins I must speak to you. What is this about a horse of Sir Philip Gosling's?"

"Ma'am!" said Archibald, with great astonishment. At this instant one of Dr. Campbell's servants came into the room, and gave two notes to Archibald, which he said two gentlemen just left, and desired him to deliver to Mr. Mackenzie, whilst he was in the ball-room, if possible.

"What is it? What are they, child?" cried Lady Catherine. "I will see them." Her ladyship snatched the notes, read, and when she saw that her son, in the grossest terms, was called a coward for refusing the challenges of two such fashionable men as Sir Philip Gosling and Major O'Shannon, all her hopes of him were at an end. "Our family is disgraced for ever!" she exclaimed. And then, perceiving that she had uttered this unguarded sentence loud enough for several of the company to hear, she endeavoured to laugh, and fell into violent hysterics. She was carried out of the ball-room. A whisper now ran round the room of—"What's the matter with Lady Catherine Mackenzie?" It was at an unfortunate moment that she was carried out; for all the dancers had just seated themselves after a brisk country dance, and the eyes of all, the young and old, were upon her ladyship as she made her exit. A young man, a friend of Major O'Shannon's, who was present, whispered the secret to his partner, she of course to her next neighbour. Archibald saw that the contents of the notes were made public, and he quitted the apartment, "to inquire how his mother did."

The buzz of scandal was general for some moments; but a new object soon engrossed the attention of the company. "Pray," said a young lady, who was looping up Flora Campbell's gown, "who is this who is just coming into the room?" Flora looked up and saw a well-dressed stranger entering the room, who had much the appearance of a gentleman. He certainly resembled a person she had seen before; but she could scarcely believe that her eyes did not deceive her. Therefore she hesitatingly replied to the young lady's question, "I don't know—I am not sure." But she an instant afterwards saw her brother Henry and her father advance so eagerly to meet the stranger, that her doubts vanished; and as he now directed his steps towards the

spot where she was standing, she corrected her first answer to her companion's question, and said, "Yes, I fancy—it certainly is—Mr. Forester." Forester with an open countenance, slightly tinged with the blush of ingenuous shame, approached her, as if he was afraid she had not forgotten some things which he wished to be forgotten, and yet as if he was fully conscious that he was not wholly unworthy of her esteem. "Amongst other prejudices of which I have cured myself," said he to Dr. Campbell, "since we parted, I have cured myself of my foolish antipathy to Scotch reels." "That I can scarcely believe," said Dr. Campbell, with an incredulous smile.

"I will convince you of it," said Forester, "if you will promise to forget all my other follies."

"*All!*" said Dr. Campbell. "Convince me first, and then it will be time enough to make such a desperate promise."

Flora was rather surprised when our once cynical hero begged the favour of her hand, and led her to dance a reel. M. Pasgrave would have been in ecstasy if he had seen his pupil's performance.

"And now, my dear Forester," said Dr. Campbell, as his ward returned to claim his promise of a general amnesty, "if you do not turn out a coxcomb, if you do not 'mistake reverse of wrong for right,' you will infallibly be a very great man. Give me a pupil who can cure himself of any one foible, and I have hopes of him: what hopes must I have of him who has cured himself of so many!"





ANGELINA ;

Or, L'Amie Inconnue.

CHAPTER I.

AN ELOPEMENT.

BUT, my dear Lady Di, indeed you should not let this affair prey so continually upon your spirits," said Miss Burrage, in the condoling tone of a humble companion. "You really have almost fretted yourself into a nervous fever. I was in hopes that change of air and change of scene would have done everything for you, or I never would have consented to your leaving London; for you know your ladyship's always better in London than anywhere else. And I'm sure your ladyship has thought and talked of nothing but this sad affair since you came to Clifton."

"I confess," said Lady Diana Chillingworth, "I deserve the reproaches of my friends for giving way to my sensibility as I do upon this occasion; but I own I cannot help it. Oh, what will the world say!—what will the world say! The world will lay all the blame upon *me*; yet I'm sure I'm the last, the very last, person that ought to be blamed."

"Assuredly," replied Miss Burrage, "nobody can blame your ladyship; and nobody will, I am persuaded. The blame will all be thrown where it ought to be, upon the young lady herself."

"If I could but be convinced of that!" said her ladyship, in a tone of great feeling; "such a young creature, scarcely sixteen, to take such a step! I am sure I wish to Heaven her father had never made me her guardian. I confess I was most exceedingly imprudent, out of regard to her family, to take under my protection such a self-willed, unaccountable, romantic girl. Indeed, my dear," continued Lady Diana Chillingworth, turning to her sister, Lady Frances Somerset, "it was you that misled me. You remember you used to tell me that Anne Warwick had such great abilities——"

"That I thought it a pity they had not been well directed," said Lady Frances.

"And such generosity of temper, and such warm affections!" said Lady Di.

"That I regretted their not having been properly cultivated."

"I confess Miss Warwick was never a great favourite of mine," said Miss Burrage; "but now that she has lost her best friend——"

"She is likely to find a great number of enemies," said Lady Frances.

"She has been her own enemy, poor girl! I am sure I pity her," replied Miss Burrage; "but, at the same time, I must say that ever since she came to my Lady Di Chillingworth's, she has had good advice enough."

"Too much, perhaps; which is worse than too little," thought Lady Frances.

"Advice!" repeated Lady Di Chillingworth, "why, as to that, my conscience, I own, acquits me there; for, to be sure, no young person of her age, or of any age, had ever more advice, or more *good* advice, than Miss Warwick had from me. I thought it my duty to advise her; and advise her I did, from morning till night, as Miss Burrage very well knows, and will do me the justice, I hope, to say in all companies."

"*That* I shall certainly make it a principle to do," said Miss Burrage. "I am sure it would surprise and grieve you, Lady Frances, to hear the sort of foolish, imprudent things that Miss Warwick, with all her abilities, used to say. I recollect——"

"Very possibly," replied Lady Frances; "but why should we trouble ourselves to recollect all the foolish, imprudent things which this poor girl may have said? This unfortunate elopement is a sufficient proof of her folly and imprudence. With whom did she go off?"

"With nobody," cried Lady Diana; "there's the wonder."

"With nobody! Incredible! She had certainly some admirer—some lover, and she was afraid, I suppose, to mention the business to you."

"No such thing, my dear; there is no love at all in the case. Indeed, for my part, I cannot in the least comprehend Miss Warwick, nor never could. She used, every now and then, to begin and talk to me some nonsense about her hatred of the forms of the world, and her love of liberty, and I know not what; and then she had some female correspondent, to whom she used to write folio sheets, twice a week, I believe; but I could never see any of these letters. Indeed, in town, you know, I could not possibly have leisure for such things; but Miss Burrage, I fancy, has one of the letters, if you have any curiosity to see it. Miss Burrage can tell you a great deal more of the whole business than I can; for, you know, in London, engaged as I always was, with scarcely a moment ever to myself, how could I attend to all Anne Warwick's oddities? I protest I know nothing of the matter, but that one morning Miss Warwick was nowhere to be found, and my maid brought me a letter, of one word of which I could not make sense: the letter was found on the young lady's dressing-table, according to the usual custom of eloping heroines. Miss Burrage, do show Lady Frances the letters—you have them somewhere; and tell my sister all you know of the matter, for I declare I am quite tired of it; besides, I shall be wanted at the card-table."

Lady Diana Chillingworth went to calm her sensibility at the card-table, and Lady Frances turned to Miss Burrage for further information.

"All I know," said Miss Burrage, "is, that one night I saw Miss Warwick putting a lock of frightful hair into a locket, and I asked her whose it was. 'My amiable Araminta's,' said Miss Warwick. 'Is she pretty?' said I. 'I have never seen her,' said Miss Warwick, 'but I will show you a charming picture of her mind,' and she put this long letter into my hand. I'll leave it with your ladyship, if you please; it is a good, or rather a bad, hour's work to read it."

"*Araminta!*" exclaimed Lady Frances, looking at the signature of the letter. "This is only a *nom de guerre*, I suppose?"

"Heaven knows!" answered Miss Burrage; "but Miss Warwick always signed her epistles Angelina, and her *unknown friend's* were always signed Araminta. I do suspect that Araminta, whoever she is, was the instigator of this elopement."

"I wish," said Lady Frances, examining the post-mark of the letter,—"I wish that we could find out where Araminta lives; we might then, perhaps, recover this poor Miss Warwick, before the affair is talked of in the world—before her reputation is injured."

"It would certainly be a most desirable thing," said Miss Burrage; "but Miss Warwick has such odd notions that I question whether she will ever behave like other people; and, for my part, I cannot blame Lady Diana Chillingworth for giving her up. She is one of those young ladies whom it is scarcely possible to manage by common sense."

"It is certainly true," said Lady Frances, "that young women of Miss Warwick's superior abilities require something more than *common* sense to direct them properly. Young ladies who think of nothing but dress, public amusements, and forming what they call high connections, are undoubtedly most easily managed by the fear of what the world will say of them; but Miss Warwick appeared to me to have higher ideas of excellence, and I therefore regret that she should be totally given up by her friends."

"It is Miss Warwick who has given up her friends," said Miss Burrage, with a mixture of embarrassment and sarcasm in her manner; "it is Miss Warwick who has given up her friends, not Miss Warwick's friends who have given up Miss Warwick."

"The letter from the 'amiable Araminta,' which Miss Burrage left for the perusal of Lady Frances Somerset, contained three folio sheets, of which it is hoped the following abridgment will be sufficiently ample to satisfy the curiosity even of those who are lovers of long letters."

"Yes, my Angelina! our hearts are formed for that higher species of friendship of which common souls are inadequate to form an idea, however their fashionable puerile lips may, in the intellectual inanity of their conversation, profane the term. Yes, my Angelina, you are right! Every fibre of my frame, every energy of my intellect, tells me so. I read your letter by moonlight: the air balmy and pure as my Angelina's thoughts! the river silently meandering! the rocks! the woods! Nature in all her majesty—sublime confidante!—sympathizing with my supreme felicity. And shall I confess to you, friend of my soul! that I could not refuse myself the pleasure of reading to my Orlando some of those passages in your last, which evince so powerfully the

superiority of that understanding, which, if I mistake not strangely, is formed to combat, in all her Proteus forms, the system of social slavery? With what soul-rending eloquence does my Angelina describe the solitariness, the *isolation* of the heart, she experiences in a crowded metropolis! with what emphatic energy of inborn independence does she exclaim against the family phalanx of her aristocratic persecutors! Surely, surely she will not be intimidated from '*the settled purpose of her soul*,' by the phantom-fear of worldly censure. The garish-tinselled wand of fashion has waved in vain in the illuminated halls of folly-painted pleasure; my Angelina's eyes have withstood—yes, without a blink!—the dazzling enchantment. And will she—no, I cannot, I will not, think so for an instant!—will she now submit her understanding spellbound to the soporific charm of nonsensical words, uttered in an awful tone by that potent enchantress *Prejudice*? The declamation, the remonstrances, of self-elected judges of right and wrong should be treated with deserved contempt by superior minds, who claim the privilege of thinking and acting for themselves. The words *ward* and *guardian* appal my Angelina; but what are legal technical formalities, what are human institutions, to the view of shackle-scorning Reason? Oppressed, degraded, enslaved, must our unfortunate sex for ever submit to sacrifice their rights, their pleasures, their *will*, at the altar of public opinion, whilst the shouts of interested priests and idle spectators raise the senseless enthusiasm of the self-devoted victim, or drown her cries in the truth-extorting moment of agonizing nature? You will not perfectly understand, perhaps, to what these last exclamations of your Araminta allude; but, chosen friend of my heart! when we meet—and oh, let that be quickly! my cottage longs for the arrival of my unsophisticated Angelina!—when we meet, you shall know all. Your Araminta, too, has had her sorrows—enough of this! But her Orlando has a heart pure as the infantine god of love could in his most sportive mood delight to wound and own, joined to an understanding—shall I say it?—worthy to judge of your Araminta's. And will not my sober-minded Angelina prefer to all that palaces can afford such society in a cottage? I shall reserve for my next the description of a cottage, which I have in my eye, within view of—but I will not anticipate. Adieu, my amiable Angelina! I enclose, as you desire, a lock of my hair.

"Ever unalterably your affectionate, though almost heart-broken,
 ARAMINTA.

"April, 1800, *Angelina Bower*.

"So let me christen my cottage!"

What effect this letter may have on *sober-minded* readers in general can easily be guessed; but Miss Warwick, who was little deserving of this epithet, was so charmed with the sound of it, that it made her totally forget to judge of her amiable Araminta's mode of reasoning—"Garish-tinselled wands," "shackle-scorning Reason," "isolation of the heart," "soul-rending eloquence," with "rocks and woods, and a meandering river; balmy air, moonlight, Orlando, energy of intellect, a cottage, and a heart-broken friend," made, when all mixed together, strange confusion in Angelina's imagination. She neglected to observe

that her Araminta was, in the course of two pages, "almost heart-broken" and in the possession of "supreme felicity." Yet Miss Warwick, though she judged so like a simpleton, was a young woman of considerable abilities; her want of what the world calls common sense arose from certain mistakes in her education. She had passed her childhood with a father and mother who cultivated her literary taste, but who neglected to cultivate her judgment: her reading was confined to works of imagination; and the conversation which she heard was not calculated to give her any knowledge of realities. Her parents died when she was about fourteen, and she then went to reside with Lady Diana Chillingworth, a lady who placed her whole happiness in living in a certain circle of high company in London. Miss Warwick saw the follies of the society with which she now mixed; she felt insupportable *ennui* from the want of books and conversation suited to her taste; she heard with impatience Lady Diana's dogmatical advice; observed with disgust the meanness of her companion, Miss Burrage; and felt with triumph the superiority of her own abilities. It was in this situation of her mind that Miss Warwick happened, at a circulating library, to meet with a new novel called "The Woman of Genius." The character of Araminta, the heroine, charmed her beyond measure; and having been informed by the preface that the story was founded on facts in the life of the authoress herself, she longed to become acquainted with her, and addressed a letter to "The Woman of Genius" at her publisher's. The letter was answered in a highly flattering, and consequently very agreeable style, and the correspondence continued for nearly two years, till at length Miss W. formed a strong desire to see her *unknown friend*. The ridicule with which Miss Burrage treated everything and every idea that was not sanctioned by fashion, and her total want of any taste for literature, were continually contrasted in Miss Warwick's mind with the picture she had formed of her Araminta. Miss Burrage, who dreaded—though certainly without reason—that she might be supplanted in the good graces of Lady Diana, endeavoured by every petty means in her power to disgust her young rival with the situation in which she was placed. She succeeded beyond her hopes. Miss Warwick determined to accept of her *unknown friend's* invitation to Angelina Bower—a charming romantic cottage in South Wales, where, according to Araminta's description, she might pass her halcyon days in tranquil, elegant retirement. It was not difficult for our heroine, though unused to deception, to conceal her project from Lady Diana Chillingworth, who was much more observant of the appearance of her *protégé* in public than interested about what passed in her mind in private. Miss Warwick quitted her ladyship's house without the least difficulty, and the following is the letter which our heroine left upon her dressing-table. Under all the emphatic words, according to the custom of some letter-writers, were drawn emphatic lines :

"Averse as I am to everything that may have the appearance of a clandestine transaction, I have, however, found myself under the necessity of leaving your ladyship's house without imparting to you my intentions. Confidence and sympathy go hand in hand, nor can either

be *commanded* by the voice of authority. Your ladyship's opinions and mine, upon *all* subjects, differ so *essentially*, that I could never hope for your approbation, either of my *sentiments* or my conduct. It is my *unalterable determination* to *act* and *think* upon every occasion for myself; though I am well aware that they who start out of the common track, either in words or action, are exposed to the ridicule and persecution of vulgar or illiberal minds. They who venture to carry the *first* torch into *unexplored* or *unfrequented* passages in the mine of truth are exposed to the most imminent danger. Rich, however, are the treasures of the place, and cowardly the soul that hesitates! But I forget myself; '*Tais-toi, Jean Jacques, on ne comprend pas.*'

"It may be necessary to inform your ladyship that, disgusted with the frivolity of what is called fashionable life, and *unable to live* without the higher pleasures of friendship, I have chosen for my asylum the humble, tranquil cottage of a female friend, whose tastes, whose principles, have long been known to me; whose *genius* I admire! whose *virtues* I revere! whose example I *emulate*!

"Though I do not condescend to use the fulsome language of a *mean dependent*, I am not forgetful of the kindness I have received from your ladyship. It has not been without a *painful* struggle that I have broken my bonds asunder—the bonds of what is *falsely* called *Duty*. *Spontaneous* gratitude ever will have full, *indisputable*, *undisputed* power over the *heart* and *understanding*: of

"ANNE ANGELINA WARWICK.

"P.S.—It will be in vain to attempt to discover the place of my retreat. All I ask is, to be left in peace to enjoy in my retirement *perfect felicity*."

CHAPTER II.

ANGELINA SEEKS HER UNKNOWN FRIEND.

FULL of her hopes of finding "perfect felicity" in her retreat at Angelina Bower, exulting in the idea of the courage and magnanimity with which she had escaped from her "aristocratic persecutors," our heroine pursued her journey to South Wales.

She had the misfortune—and it is a great misfortune to a young lady of her way of thinking—to meet with no difficulties or adventures, nothing interesting, upon her journey: she arrived with inglorious safety at Cardiff. The inn at Cardiff was kept by a landlady of the name of Hoel. "Not high-born Hoel, alas!" said Angelina to herself, when the name was screamed in her hearing by a waiter as she walked into the inn. "Vocal no more to high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay!" A harper was sitting in the passage, and he tuned his harp to catch her attention as she passed.—"A harp!—Oh, play for me some plaintive air!" The harper followed her into a small parlour.

"How delightful!" said Miss Warwick, who, in common with other heroines, had the habit of talking to herself, or, to use more dignified terms, who had the habit of indulging in soliloquy—"how delightful

to taste at last the air of Wales ; but 't is a pity 't is not North instead of South Wales, and Conway instead of Cardiff Castle."

The harper, after he had finished playing a melancholy air, exclaimed, "That was but a melancholy ditty, miss. We'll try a merrier." And he began :

"Of a noble race was Shenkin."

"No more!" cried Angelina, stopping her ears. "No more, barbarous man! you break the illusion."

"Break the what?" said the harper to himself. "I thought, miss, that tune would surely please you, for it is a favourite one in these parts."

"A favourite with Welsh squires, perhaps," said our heroine ; "but, unfortunately, I am not a Welsh squire, and have no taste for your 'Bumper Squire Jones.'"

The man tuned his harp sullenly. "I am sorry for it, miss," said he : "more's the pity I can't please you better !"

Angelina cast upon him a look of contempt. "He no ways fills my idea of a bard—an ancient and immortal bard! He has no soul—fingers without a soul! No 'master's hand' or 'prophet's fire!' No 'deep sorrows;' no 'sable garb of woe!' No loose beard or hoary hair, 'streaming like a meteor to the troubled air!' No 'haggard eyes!'—Heigho!"

"It is time for me to be going," said the harper, who began to think, by the young lady's looks and manners, that she was not in her right understanding. "It is time for me to be going ; the gentlemen above, in the Dolphin, will be ready for me."

"A mere modern harper! He is not even blind!" Angelina said to herself, as he examined the shilling which she gave him. "Begone, for Heaven's sake!" added she aloud as he left the room ; "and leave me, leave me to repose."

She threw up the sash to taste the evening air ; but scarcely had she begun to repeat a sonnet to her Araminta ; scarcely had she repeated the two first lines—

"Hail, far-famed, fairest, unknown friend,
Our sacred silent sympathy of soul,"

when a ragged little Welsh boy, who was playing with his companions in a field at the back of Cardiff Inn, espied her, gave the signal to his playfellows, and immediately they all came running up to the window at which Angelina was standing, and with one loud shrill chorus of "Gi' me ha'penny!—Gi' me ha'penny!—Gi' me one ha'penny!" interrupted the sonnet. Angelina threw out some money to the boys, though she was provoked by their interruption ; her donation was, in the true spirit of a heroine, much greater than the occasion required ; and the consequence was that these urchins, by spreading the fame of her generosity through the town of Cardiff, collected a Lilliputian mob of petitioners, who assailed Angelina with fresh vehemence. Not a moment's peace, not a moment for poetry or reverie would they allow her ; so that she was impatient for her chaise to come to the door. Her Araminta's cottage was but six miles distant from Cardiff ; and, to speak in due sentimental language, every moment that delayed her

long-expected interview with her beloved unknown friend appeared to her an age.

"And what would you be pleased to have for supper, ma'am?" said the landlady. "We have fine Tenby oysters, ma'am; and if you'd like a Welsh rabbit——"

"Tenby oysters!—Welsh rabbits!" repeated Angelina in a disdainful tone. "Oh, detain me not in this cruel manner!—I want no Tenby oysters, I want no Welsh rabbits; only let me begone; I am all impatience to see a dear friend. Oh, if you have any feeling, any humanity, detain me not!" cried she, clasping her hands.

Miss Warwick had an ungovernable propensity to make a display of sensibility, a fine theatrical scene, upon every occasion—a propensity which she had acquired from novel-reading. It was never more unluckily displayed than in the present instance; for her audience and spectators, consisting of the landlady, a waiter, and a Welsh boy who just entered the room with a knife-tray in his hand, were all more inclined to burst into rude laughter than to join in gentle sympathy. The chaise did not come to the door one moment sooner than it would have done without this pathetic wringing of the hands. As soon as Angelina drove from the door the landlady's curiosity broke forth.

"Pray tell me, Hugh Humphries," said Mrs. Hoel, turning to the postilion who drove Angelina from Newport; "pray, now, does not this seem strange that such a young lady as this should be travelling about in such wonderful haste? I believe, by her flighty airs, she is upon no good errand; and I would have her to know, at any rate, that she might have done better than to sneer in that way at Mrs. Hoel of Cardiff, and her Tenby oysters and her Welsh rabbit. Oh! I'll make her repent her behaviour to Mrs. Hoel of Cardiff—'Not high-born Hoel,' forsooth! How does she know that? I should be glad to hear. The Hoels are as high-born, I'll venture to say, as my young miss herself, I've a notion; and would scorn, moreover, to have any runaway lady for a relation of theirs. Oh, she shall learn to repent her disrespects to Mrs. Hoel of Cardiff; I believe she shall soon meet herself in the public newspapers—her eyes and her nose, and her air and her inches, and her description at full length she shall see, and her friends shall see it too—and maybe they shall thank, and maybe they shall reward handsomely, Mrs. Hoel of Cardiff."

Whilst the angry Welsh landlady was thus forming projects of revenge for the contempt with which she imagined that her high birth and her Tenby oysters had been treated, Angelina pursued her journey towards the cottage of her unknown friend, forming charming pictures in her imagination of the manner in which her amiable Araminta would start and weep, and faint perhaps, with joy and surprise at the sight of her Angelina. It was a fine moonlight night—an unlucky circumstance, for the by-road which led to Angelina Bower was so narrow and bad, that if the night had been dark, our heroine must infallibly have been overturned, and this overturn would have been a delightful incident in the history of her journey; but Fate ordered it otherwise. Miss Warwick had nothing to lament but that her delicious reveries were interrupted for several miles by the Welsh postilion's expostulations with his horses.

"Good Heavens!" said she, "cannot the man hold his tongue? His uncouth vociferations distract me! So fine a scene, so placid the moonlight!—but there is always something that is not in perfect unison with one's feelings."

"Miss, if you please, you must 'light here and walk for a matter of a quarter of a mile, for I can't drive up to the house door, because there is no carriage-road down this lane; but if you be pleased, I'll go on before you—my horses will stand quite quiet here—and I'll knock the folks up for you, miss."

"Folks!—Oh, don't talk to me of knocking folks up," cried Angelina, springing out of the carriage. "Stay with your horses, man, I beseech you—you shall be summoned when you are wanted; I choose to walk up to the cottage alone."

"As you please, miss," said the postilion, "only *kur* had better take care of the dogs."

This last piece of sage counsel was lost upon our heroine; she heard it not; she was "rapt into future times."

"By moonlight will be our first interview, just as I pictured to myself. But can this be the cottage? It does not look quite so romantic as I expected, but 'tis the dwelling of my Araminta. Happy—thrice happy moment! Now for our secret signal: I am to sing the first, and my unknown friend the second part of the same air."

Angelina then began to sing the following stanza:

"Oh, waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae."

She sang, and paused in expectation of hearing the second part from her amiable Araminta, but no voice was heard.

"All is hushed," said Angelina. "Ever tranquil be her slumbers! Yet I must waken her: her surprise and joy at seeing me thus will be so great!—by moonlight too!"

She knocked at the cottage window—still no answer.

"All silent as night," said she,—

" 'When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.' "

Angelina, as she repeated these lines, stood with her back to the cottage window. The window opened, and a Welsh servant-girl put out her head. Her nightcap, if cap it might be called which shape had none, was half off; her black hair streamed over her shoulders, and her face was the face of vulgar superstitious amazement.

"Oh! 'tis our old ghost of Nelly Gwynne, all in white, walking and saying her prayers packwards! I heard 'em quite plain, as I hope to preathea!" said the terrified girl to herself; and shutting the window with a trembling hand, she hastened to waken an old woman who slept in the same room with her. Angelina, whose patience was by this time exhausted, went to the door of the cottage and shook it with all her force. It rattled loud, and a shrill scream was heard from within.

"A scream!" cried Angelina; "oh, my Araminta! All is hushed

again." Then, raising her voice, she called as loudly as she could at the window, "My Araminta! my unknown friend! be not alarmed, 'tis your Angelina!"

The door opened slowly and softly, and a slipshod beldame peeped out, leaning upon a stick; the head of Betty Williams appeared over the shoulder of this sibyl. Angelina was standing in a pensive attitude, listening at the cottage window. At this instant the postilion, who was tired of waiting, came whistling up the lane. He carried a trunk on his back and a bag in his hand. As soon as the old woman saw him, she held up her stick, exclaiming, "A man! a man! A ropper and murderer! Cot save us! and keep the toor fast polted."

They shut the door instantly.

"What is all this?" said Angelina, with dignified composure.

"A couple of fools, I take it, miss, who are afraid and in tread of roppers," said the postilion; "put I'll make 'em come out, I'll pe pound, plockheads!" So saying, he went to the door of Angelina Bower, and thundered and kicked at it, speaking all the time very volubly in Welsh. In about a quarter of an hour he made them comprehend that Angelina was a young lady come to visit their mistress. Then they came forth curtsying.

"My name's Betty Williams," said the girl, who was tying a clean cap under her chin. "Welcome to Llanwaetur, miss! Pe pleased to excuse our keeping hur waiting and polting the toor, and taking hur for a ghost and a ropper; put we know who you are now—the young lady from London, that we have been told to expect."

"Oh, then I have been expected—all's right! And my Araminta, where is she?—where is she?"

"Welcome to Llanwaetur, welcome to Llanwaetur, and Cot pless her pretty face," said the old woman, who followed Betty Williams out of the cottage.

"Hur's my grandmother, miss," said Betty.

"Very likely—but let me see my Araminta," cried Angelina; "cruel woman!—where is she, I say?"

"Cot pless hur!—Cot pless her pretty face," repeated the old woman, curtsying.

"My grandmother's as deaf as a post, miss—don't mind her; she can't tell Inglis well, put I can. Who would you pe pleased to have?"

"In plain English, then—the lady who lives in this cottage."

"Our Miss Hodges?"

This odious name of Hodges provoked Angelina, who was so used to call her friend Araminta, that she had almost forgotten her real name.

"Oh, miss!" continued Betty Williams, "Miss Hodges is gone to Pristol for a few days."

"Gone! how unlucky! My Araminta gone!"

"Put Miss Hodges will be pack on Tuesday; Miss Hodges did not expect hur till Thursday; put her ped is very well aired. Pe pleased to walk in, and I'll light hur a candle, and get hur a nightcap."

"Heigho! must I sleep again without seeing my Araminta? Well, but I shall sleep in a cottage for the first time in my life

'The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed.'

At this moment, Angelina, forgetting to stoop, hit herself a violent blow as she was entering Angelina Bower, the roof of which, indeed, was "too low for so lofty a head." A headache came on which kept her awake the greater part of the night. In the morning she set about to explore the cottage: it was nothing like the species of elegant retirement of which she had drawn such a charming picture in her imagination. It consisted of three small bed-chambers, which were more like what she had been used to call closets; a parlour, the walls of which were in many places stained with damp; and a kitchen, which smoked. The scanty moth-eaten furniture of the rooms was very different from the luxury and elegance to which Angelina had been accustomed in the apartments of Lady Diana Chillingworth. Coarse and ill dressed was the food, which Betty Williams—unlike, oh, how unlike! "the neat-handed Phillis"—with great bustle and awkwardness served up to her guest; but Angelina was no epicure. The first dinner which she ate on wooden trenchers delighted her; the second, third, fourth, and fifth appeared less and less delectable, so that, by the time she had boarded one week at her cottage, she was completely convinced that

"A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring,"

though delightful to Goldsmith's hermit, are not quite so satisfactory in actual practice as in poetic theory—at least to a young lady who had been habituated to all the luxuries of fashionable life. It was in vain that our heroine repeated—

"Man wants but little here below:"

she found that even the want of double-refined sugar, of green tea and Mocha coffee, was sensibly felt. Hour after hour and day after day passed with Angelina in anxious expectation of her Araminta's return home. Her time hung heavy upon her hands, for she had no companion with whom she could converse; and one odd volume of Rousseau's "Eloise," and a few well-thumbed German plays, were the only books which she could find in the house. There was, according to Betty Williams's report, "a vast sight of books in a press along with some tablecloths;" but Miss Hodges had the key of this press in her pocket. Deprived of the pleasures both of reading and conversation, Angelina endeavoured to amuse herself by contemplating the beauties of Nature. There were some wild solitary walks in the neighbourhood of Angelina Bower; but though our heroine was delighted with these, she wanted in her rambles some kindred soul to whom she might exclaim,* "How charming is solitude!"

The day after her arrival in Wales, she wrote a long letter to Araminta, which Betty Williams undertook to send by a careful lad, a particular friend of her own, who would deliver it without fail into Miss Hodges' own hands, and who would engage to bring an answer by three o'clock the next day. The careful lad did not return till four days afterwards, and he then could give no account of his mission, except that he had left the letter at Bristol with a particular friend of his own, who

* Voltaire.

would deliver it without fail into Miss Hodges' own hands if he could meet with her. The post seems to be the last expedient which a heroine ever thinks of for the conveyance of her letters ; so that, if we were to judge from the annals of romance, we should infallibly conclude there was no such thing as a post-office in England. On the sixth day of her abode at this comfortless cottage, the possibility of sending a letter to her friend by the post occurred to Angelina, and she actually discovered that there was a post-office at Cardiff. Before she could receive an answer to this epistle, a circumstance happened which made her determine to abandon her present retreat.

One evening she rambled out to a considerable distance from the cottage, and it was long after sunset ere she recollected that it would be necessary to return homewards before it grew dark. She mistook her way at last, and following a sheep-path down the steep side of a mountain, she came to a point at which she apparently could neither advance nor recede. A stout Welsh farmer, who was counting his sheep in a field at the top of the mountain, happened to look down its steep side in search of one of his flock that was missing. The farmer saw something white at a distance below him, but there was a mist—it was dusk in the evening, and whether it was a woman or a sheep he could not be certain. In the hope that Angelina was his lost sheep, he went to her assistance, and though upon a nearer view he was disappointed in finding that she was a woman, yet he had the humanity to hold out his stick to her, and he helped her up by it with some difficulty. One of her slippers fell off as she scrambled up the hill—there was no recovering it ; her other slipper, which was of the thinnest kid leather, was cut through by the stones ; her silk stockings were soon stained with the blood of her tender feet, and it was with real gratitude that she accepted the farmer's offer to let her pass the night at his farmhouse, which was within view. Angelina Bower was, according to his computation, about four miles distant, as well, he said, as he could judge of the place she meant by her description. She had unluckily forgotten that the common name of it was Llanwaetur. At the farmer's house she was, at first, hospitably received by a tight-looking woman ; but she had not been many minutes seated before she found herself the object of much curiosity and suspicion. In one corner of the room, at a small round table, with a jug of ale before him, sat a man who looked like the picture of a Welsh squire. A candle had just been lighted for his worship, for he was a magistrate and a great man in those parts ; for he could read the newspaper, and his company was therefore always welcome to the farmer, who loved to hear the news ; and the reader was paid for his trouble with good ale, which he loved even better than literature.

"What news, Mr. Evans?" said the farmer.

"What news!" repeated Mr. Evans, looking up from his paper, with a sarcastic smile, "why, news that might not be altogether so agreeable to the whole of this good company ; so 't is best to keep it to ourselves."

"Everything's agreeable to me, I'm sure," said the farmer—"everything's agreeable to me in the way of news."

"And to me, not excepting politics, which you gentlemen always think it so polite," said Mrs. Evans, "to keep to yourselves ; but you recollect, Mr. Evans, I was used to politics when I lived with my uncle at Cardiff—not having, though a farmer's wife, always lived in the country, as you see, ma'am, nor being quite illiterate. Well, Mr. Evans, let us have it. What news of the fleets?"

Mr. Evans made no reply, but pointed out a passage in the newspaper to the farmer, who leant over his shoulder, in vain endeavouring to spell and put it together. His smart wife, whose curiosity was at least equal to her husband's, ran immediately to peep at the wonderful paragraph ; and she read aloud the beginning of an advertisement :

"Suspected to have strayed or eloped from her friends or relations, a young lady, seemingly not more than sixteen years of age, dressed in white, with a straw hat, blue eyes, light hair——"

Angelina coloured so deeply whilst this was reading, and the description so exactly suited with her appearance, that the farmer's wife stopped short ; the farmer fixed his eyes upon her ; and Mr. Evans cleared his throat several times with much significance. A general silence ensued : at last, the three heads nodded to one another across the round table ; the farmer whistled and walked out of the room ; his wife fidgeted at a buffet, in which she began to arrange some cups and saucers ; and after a few minutes she followed her husband. Angelina took up the newspaper to read the remainder of the advertisement. She could not doubt that it was meant for her, when she saw that it was dated the very day of her arrival at the inn at Cardiff, and signed by the landlady of the inn, Mrs. Hoel. Mr. Evans swallowed the remainder of his ale, and then addressed Angelina in these words :

"Young lady, it is plain to see you know where the cap fits. Now, if you'll take my advice, you'll not make the match you have in your eye ; for, though a lord's son, he is a great gambler. I dined with one that has dined with him not long ago. My son, who has a living near Bristol, knows a great deal more about you than you'd think ; and 't is my advice to you—which I wouldn't be at the trouble of giving if you were not as pretty as you are—to go back to your relations, for he'll never marry you ; and marriage, to be sure, is your object. I have no more to say, but only this : I shall think it my duty, as a magistrate, to let your friends know as soon as possible where you are, coming under my cognizance as you do ; for a vagabond, in the eye of the law, is a person——"

Angelina had not patience to listen to any more of this speech ; she interrupted Mr. Evans with a look of indignation, assured him that he was perfectly unintelligible to her, and walked out of the room with great dignity. Her dignity made no impression upon the farmer or his wife, who now repented having offered her a night's lodging in their house ; in the morning they were as eager to get rid of her as she was impatient to depart. Mr. Evans insisted upon seeing her safe home, evidently for the purpose of discovering precisely where she lived. Angelina saw that she could no longer remain undisturbed in her retreat, and determined to set out immediately in quest of her unknown friend at Bristol. Betty Williams, who had a strong desire to have a jaunt

to Bristol—a town which she had never seen but once in her life—offered to attend Miss Warwick, assuring her that she perfectly well knew the house where Miss Hodges always lodged. Her offer was accepted; and what adventures our heroine met with in Bristol, and what difficulties she encountered before she discovered her Araminta, will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE STOLEN LACE.

ANGELINA went by water from Cardiff to Bristol. The water was rather rough, and, as she was unused to the motion of a vessel, she was both frightened and sick. She spent some hours very disagreeably, and without even the sense of acting like a heroine to support her spirits. It was late in the evening before she arrived at the end of her voyage; she was landed on the quay at Bristol. No hackney coach was to be had, and she was obliged to walk to the Bush. To find herself in the midst of a bustling vulgar crowd, by whom she was unknown, but not unnoticed, was new to Miss Warwick. Whilst she was with Lady Diana Chillingworth, she had always been used to see crowds make way for her; she was now surprised to feel herself jostled in the streets by passengers who were all full of their own affairs, hurrying different ways, in pursuit of objects which probably seemed to them as important as the search for an unknown friend appeared to Angelina.

Betty Williams's friend's friend, the careful lad who was to deliver the letter to Miss Hodges, was a waiter at the Bush. Upon inquiry it was found that he had totally forgotten his promise: Angelina's letter was, after much search, found in a bottle-drainer, so much stained with port wine that it was illegible. The man answered with the most provoking *nonchalance*, when Angelina reproached him for his carelessness, "that indeed no such person as Miss Hodges was to be found; that nobody he could meet with had ever heard the name." They who are extremely enthusiastic suffer continually from the total indifference of others to their feelings; and young people can scarcely conceive the extent of this indifference until they have seen something of the world. Seeing the world does not *always* mean seeing a certain set of company in London.

Angelina, the morning after her arrival at the Bush, took a hackney coach, and left the care of directing the coachman to Betty Williams, who professed to have a perfect knowledge of Bristol. Betty desired the man to drive to the drawbridge; and at the sound of the word drawbridge various associations of ideas with the drawbridges of ancient times were called up in Miss Warwick's imagination. How different was the reality from her castles in the air! She was roused from her reverie by the voices of Betty Williams and the coachman.

"Where *will* I drive ye to, I ask you?" said the coachman, who was an Irishman. "*Will* I stand all day upon the drawbridge, stopping the passage?"

"Trive on a step, and I will get out and see apout me," said Betty; "I know the look of the house as well as I know anything."

Betty got out of the coach, and walked up and down the street, looking at the houses like one bewildered.

"Bad luck to you for a Welshwoman as you are!" exclaimed the coachman, jumping down from his box. "Will I lave the young lady standing in the shstreet all day alone, for you to be making a fool this way of us both? Sorrow take me now if I do!"

"Pless us! pe not in a pet or a pucker, or how shall I recollect anypody or anything? Cood! cood! Stand you there while I just say over my alphapet: a, p, c, t, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, b. It was some name which pegins with *p* and ends with *t*, I pelieve."

"Here's a pretty direction, upon my troth: some name which begins with a *p* and ends with a *t*!" cried the coachman; and after he had uttered half a score of Hibernian execrations upon the Welshwoman's folly, he, with much good-nature, went along with her to read the names on the street doors. "Here's a name, now, that's the very thing for you; here's Pushit, now. Was the name Pushit? ricollict yourself, my good girl; was that your name?"

"Pushit! Oh, yes, I am sure and pelieve it was Pushit; Mrs. Pushit's house, Pristol, where our Miss Hodges lodges always."

"Mrs. Pushit! but this is quite another man! I tell you this is Sir John. Faith, now we are in luck!" continued the coachman; "here's another *P* just at hand: here's Mrs. Puffit. Sure, she begins with a *P* and ends with a *t*, and is a milliner into the bargain; so, sure enough, I'll engage the young lady lodges here. Puffit, hey? ricollict now, and don't be looking as if you'd just been pulled out of your sleep, and had niver been in a Christian town before now."

"Pless us! Cot pless us!" said the Welsh girl, who was quite overpowered by the Irishman's flow of words; and she was on the point of having recourse, in her own defence, to her native tongue, in which she could have matched either male or female in fluency; but, to Angelina's great relief, the dialogue between the coachman and Betty Williams ceased. The coachman drew up to Mrs. Puffit's; but as there was a handsome carriage at the door, Miss Warwick was obliged to wait in her hackney coach some time longer. The handsome carriage belonged to Lady Frances Somerset. By one of those extraordinary coincidences which sometimes occur in real life, but which are scarcely believed to be natural when they are related in books, Miss Warwick happened to come to this shop at the very moment when the persons she most wished to avoid were there. Whilst the dialogue between Betty Williams and the hackney coachman was passing, Lady Diana Chillingworth and Miss Burrage were seated in Mrs. Puffit's shop. Lady Diana was extremely busy, bargaining with the milliner; for, though rich and a woman of quality, her ladyship piqued herself upon making the cheapest bargains in the world.

"Your la'ship did not look at this eight-and-twenty shilling lace," said Mrs. Puffit; "'t is positively the cheapest thing your la'ship ever saw. Jesse, the laces in the little blue bandbox. Quick! for my Lady Di—quick!"

"But it is out of my power to stay to look at anything more now," said Lady Diana; "and yet," whispered she to Miss Burrage, "when one does go out a-shopping, one certainly likes to bring home a bargain."

"Certainly; but Bristol's not the place for bargains," said Miss Burrage. "You will find nothing tolerable, I assure you, my dear Lady Di, at Bristol."

"Why, my dear," said her ladyship, "were you ever at Bristol before? How comes it that I never heard that you were at Bristol before? Where were you, child?"

"At the Wells—at the Wells, ma'am," replied Miss Burrage, and she turned pale and red in the space of a few seconds; but Lady Diana, who was very near-sighted, was holding her head so close to the blue bandbox full of lace that she did not see the changes in her companion's countenance. The fact was that Miss Burrage was born and bred in Bristol, where she had several relations who were not in high life, and by whom she consequently dreaded to be claimed. When she first met Lady Diana Chillingworth at Buxton, she had passed herself upon her for one of the Burrages of Dorsetshire; and she knew that if her ladyship was to discover the truth, she would cast her off with horror. For this reason she had done everything in her power to prevent Lady Di from coming to Clifton, and for this reason she now endeavoured to persuade her that nothing tolerable could be met with at Bristol.

"I am afraid, Lady Di, you will be late at Lady Mary's," said she.

"Look at this lace, child, and give me your opinion. Eight-and-twenty shillings, Mrs. Puffit, did you say?"

"Eight-and-twenty, my lady; and I lose by every yard I sell at that price. Ma'am, you see," said Mrs. Puffit, appealing to Miss Burrage, "'t is real Valenciennes, you see?"

"I see 't is horrid dear," said Miss Burrage; then in a whisper to Lady Di, she added, "At Miss Trentham's, at the Wells, your ladyship will meet with such bargains."

Mrs. Puffit put her lace upon the alabaster neck of the large doll which stood in the middle of her shop. "Only look, my lady—only see, ma'am, how beautiful becoming 't is to the neck, and sets off a dress so, you know, ma'am. And" [turning to Miss Burrage] "eight-and-twenty, you know, ma'am, is really nothing for any lace you'd wear, but more particularly for real Valenciennes, which can scarce be had *real* for love or money since the French Revolution. Real Valenciennes!—and will wear or wash, and wash and wear (not that your ladyship minds that) for ever and ever, and is such a bargain, and so becoming to the neck, especially to ladies of your la'ship's complexion."

"Well, I protest I believe, Burrage—I don't know what to say, my dear—hey?"

"I'm told," whispered Miss Burrage, "that Miss Trentham's to have a lace raffle at the Wells next week."

"A raffle!" cried Lady Di, turning her back immediately upon the doll and the lace.

"Well," cried Mrs. Puffit, "instead of eight, say seven-and-twenty shillings, Miss Burrage, for old acquaintance' sake."

"Old acquaintance!" exclaimed Miss Burrage; "la! Mrs. Puffit, I don't remember ever being twice in your shop all the time I was at the Wells before."

"No, ma'am," said Mrs. Puffit, with a malicious smile, "but when you *was* living on Saint Augustin's Back."

"Saint Augustin's Back, my dear?" exclaimed Lady Diana Chillingworth, with a look of horror and amazement.

Miss Burrage, laying down a bank-note on the counter, made a quick and expressive sign to the milliner to hold her tongue.

"Dear Mrs. Puffit," cried she, "you certainly mistake me for some other strange person. Lady Di, now I look at it with my glass, this lace *is* very fine, I must agree with you, and not dear by any means for real Valenciennes. Cut me off three yards of this lace; I protest there's no withstanding it, Lady Di."

"Three yards at eight-and-twenty. Here, Jesse," said Mrs. Puffit. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, for my mistake: I suppose it was some other lady of the same name; there are so many Burrages. *Only* three yards did you say, ma'am?"

"Nay, I don't care if you give me four. I'm of the Burrages of Dorsetshire."

"A very good family, those Burrages of Dorsetshire, as any in England," said Lady Di. "And put up twelve yards of this for me, Mrs. Puffit."

"Twelve at eight-and-twenty,—yes, my lady: very much obliged to your ladyship; much obliged to you, Miss Burrage. Here, Jesse, this to my Lady Di Chillingworth's carriage."

Jesse called at the shop door in a shrill voice to a black servant of Lady Frances Somerset's, "Mr. Hector, Mr. Hector! Sir, pray put this parcel into the carriage for Lady Di Chillingworth."

Angelina, who was waiting in her hackney coach, started: she could scarcely believe that she heard the name rightly; but an instant afterwards the voice of Lady Diana struck her ear, and she sank back in great agitation. However, neither Miss Burrage nor Lady Di saw her: they got into their carriage and drove away.

Angelina was so much alarmed that she could scarcely believe that the danger was past when she saw the carriage at the farthest end of the street.

"Wouldn't you be pleased to 'light, ma'am?" said Jesse. "We don't bring things to the door."

"Who have we here?" cried Mrs. Puffit. "Who have we here?"

"Only some folks out of a hack that was kept waiting, and couldn't draw up whilst my Lady Di's carriage was at the door," said Jesse.

"A good pretty girl, the foremost," said Mrs. Puffit. "But, in the name of wonder, what's that odd fish coming behind her?"

"A queer-looking pair, in good truth!" said Jesse.

Angelina seated herself and gave a deep sigh. "Ribbons, if you please, ma'am," said she to Mrs. Puffit. "I must," thought she, "ask for something before I ask for my Araminta."

"Ribbons?—yes, ma'am; what sort?—Keep an eye upon the glass," whispered the milliner to her shop-girl, as she stooped behind the

counter for a drawer of ribbons; "keep an eye on the glass, Jesse. A doubtful character, I take it.—What colour, ma'am?"

"Blue, 'cerulean blue.' Here, child," said Angelina, turning to Betty Williams, "here's a ribbon for you."

Betty Williams did not hear her, for Betty was fascinated by the eyes of the great doll, opposite to which she stood fixed.

"Lord, what a fine lady! and how hur stares at Betty Williams!" thought she; "I wish hur would take hur eyes off me."

"Betty! Betty Williams! a ribbon for you," cried Angelina, in a louder tone.

Betty started. "Miss! a ribbon!" She ran forward, and in pushing by the doll threw it backwards; Mrs. Puffit caught it in her arms, and Betty stopping short, curtsied, and said to the doll, "Peg pardon, miss; peg pardon, miss; tit I hurt you? peg pardon. Pless us! 't is a toll, and no woman, I teclare."

The milliner and Jesse now burst into uncontrollable and, as Angelina feared, "unextinguishable laughter." Nothing is so distressing to a sentimental heroine as ridicule. Miss Warwick perceived that she had her share of that which Betty Williams excited, and she, who imagined herself to be capable of "combating, in all its Proteus forms, the system of social slavery," was unable to withstand the laughter of a milliner and her apprentice.

"Do you please to want anything else, ma'am?" said Mrs. Puffit, in a saucy tone,—*"Rouge, perhaps?"*

"I wish to know, madam," said Angelina, "whether a lady of the name of Hodges does not lodge here?"

"A lady of the name of Hodges?—no, ma'am; I'm very particular about lodgers; no such lady ever lodged with me. Jesse, to the door, quick! Lady Mary Tasselton's carriage."

Angelina hastily rose and departed. Whilst Jesse ran to the door, and whilst Mrs. Puffit's attention was fixed upon Lady Mary Tasselton's carriage, Betty Williams twitched from off the doll's shoulders the remainder of the piece of Valenciennes lace which had been left there. "Since hur's only wood, I'll make free," said she to herself, and she carried off the lace unobserved.

Angelina's impatience to find her Araminta was increased by the dread of meeting Lady Di Chillingworth in every carriage that passed, and in every shop where she might call. At the next house at which the coachman stopped, the words *Dinah Plait, relict of Jonas Plait, Cheesemonger*, were written in large letters over the shop door. Angelina thought she was in no danger of meeting her ladyship here, and she alighted. There was no one in the shop but a child of seven years old; he could not understand well what Angelina or Betty said, but he ran to call his aunt. Dinah Plait was at dinner, and when the child opened the door of the parlour, there came forth such a savoury smell, that Betty Williams, who was extremely hungry, could not forbear putting her head in to see what was upon the table.

"Pless hur! heggs and pacon and toasted cheese. Cot pless hur!"

"Aunt Dinah," said the child, "here are two women in some great distress, they told me, and astray and hungry."

"In some great distress, and astray and hungry? then let them in here, child, this minute."

There was seated at a small table, in a perfectly neat parlour, a Quaker, whose benevolent countenance charmed Angelina the moment she entered the room.

"Pardon this intrusion," said she.

"Friend, thou art welcome," said Dinah Plait, and her looks said so more expressively than her words. An elderly man rose, and leaving the corkscrew in the half-drawn cork of a bottle of cider, he set a chair for Angelina, and withdrew to the window.

"Be seated and eat, for verily thou seemest to be hungry," said Mrs. Plait to Betty Williams, who instantly obeyed, and began to eat like one that had been half famished.

"And now, friend, thy business, thy distress,—what is it?" said Dinah, turning to Angelina; "so young to have sorrows!"

"I had best to take myself away," said the elderly gentleman who stood at the window—"I had best take myself away, for Miss may not like to speak before me, tho' she might, for that matter."

"Where is the gentleman going?" said Miss Warwick. "I have but one short question to ask, and I have nothing to say that need—"

"I daresay, young lady, you can have nothing to say that you need be ashamed of, only people in distress don't like so well to speak before third folks, I *guess*; though, to say the truth, I have never known by my own experience what it was to be in much distress since I came into this world; but I am not the more hard-hearted for that, for I can guess, I say, pretty well, how those in distress feel when they come to speak. Do as you would be done by is my maxim till I can find a better; so I take myself away, leaving my better part behind me, if it will be of any service to you, madam."

As he passed by Miss Warwick, he dropped his purse into her lap, and he was gone before she could recover her surprise.

"Sir!—madam!" cried she, rising hastily, "here has been some strange mistake. I am not a beggar—I am much, very much obliged to you, but——"

"Nay, keep it, friend—keep it," said Dinah Plait, pressing the purse upon Angelina. "John Barker is as rich as a Jew, and as generous as a prince. Keep it, friend, and you'll oblige both him and me. 'Tis dangerous in this world for one so young and so pretty as you are to be in *great distress*; so be not proud."

"I am not proud," said Miss Warwick, drawing her purse from her pocket; "but my distress is not of a pecuniary nature. Convince yourself. I am in distress only for a friend—an *unknown* friend."

"Touched in her brain, I doubt," thought Dinah.

"Coot ale!" exclaimed Betty Williams—"coot heggs and pacon!"

"Does a lady of the name of Araminta—Miss Hodges, I mean—lodge here?" said Miss Warwick.

"Friend, I do not let lodgings; and I know of no such person as Miss Hodges."

"Well, I swear hur name, the coachman told me, did begin with a *p*, and end with a *t*," cried Betty Williams, "or I would never have let him knock at hur toor."

"O my Araminta! my Araminta!" exclaimed, Angelina, turning up her eyes towards heaven, "when, oh, when shall I find thee? I am the most unfortunate person upon earth."

"Had not hur petter eat a hegg and a pit of pacon? here's one pit left," said Betty; "hur must be hungry, for 't is two o'clock past, and we preakfasted at nine—hur must be hungry." And Betty pressed her to *try the pacon*; but Angelina put it away, or, in the proper style, motioned the bacon from her.

"I am in no want of food," cried she, rising. "Happy they who have no conception of any but corporeal sufferings. Farewell, madam! may the sensibility of which your countenance is so strongly expressive never be a source of misery to you!" and with that depth of sigh which suited the close of such a speech, Angelina withdrew.

"If I could but have felt her pulse," said Dinah Plait to herself, "I could have prescribed something that maybe would have done her good, poor distracted thing! Now it was well done of John Barker to leave this purse for her—but how is this, poor thing? she is not fit to be trusted with money; here she has left her own purse full of guineas."

Dinah ran immediately to the house door, in hopes of being able to catch Angelina; but the coach had turned down into another street and was out of sight. Mrs. Plait sent for her constant counsellor, John Barker, to deliberate on the means of returning the purse. It should be mentioned, to the credit of Dinah's benevolence, that at the moment when she was interrupted by the entrance of Betty Williams and Angelina, she was hearing the most flattering things from a person who was not disagreeable to her: her friend John Barker was a rich hosier, who had retired from business, and who, without any ostentation, had a great deal of real feeling and generosity. But the fastidious taste of *fine* or sentimental readers will probably be disgusted by our talking of the feelings and generosity of a drysalter and a cheesemonger's widow. It belongs only to a certain class of people to indulge in the luxury of sentiment. We shall follow our heroine, therefore, who, both from her birth and education, is properly qualified to have "exquisite feelings."

The next house at which Angelina stopped to search for her amiable Araminta was at Mrs. Porett's academy for young ladies.

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Hodges is here. Pray walk into this room, and you shall see the young lady immediately."

Angelina burst into the room instantly, exclaiming, "Oh, my Araminta! have I found you at last?"

She stopped short, a little confounded at finding herself in a large room full of young ladies who were dancing reels, and who all stood still at one and the same instant, and fixed their eyes upon her, struck with astonishment at her theatrical *entrée* and exclamation.

"Miss Hodges!" said Mrs. Porett—and a little girl of seven years old came forward. "Here, ma'am," said Mrs. Porett to Angelina, "here is Miss Hodges."

"Not *my* Miss Hodges!—not my Araminta, alas!"

"No, ma'am," said the little girl, "I am only Letty Hodges."

Several of her companions now began to titter.

"These girls," said Angelina to herself, "take me for a fool;" and,

turning to Mrs. Porett, she apologized for the trouble she had given in language as little romantic as she could condescend to use.

"Tid you pid me, miss, wait in the coach or the bassage?" cried Betty Williams, forcing her way in at the door, so as almost to push down the dancing-master, who stood with his back to it. Betty stared round, and dropped curtsey after curtsey, whilst the young ladies laughed and whispered, and whispered and laughed; and the words "odd—vulgar—strange—who is she?—what is she?" reached Miss Warwick.

"This Welsh girl," thought she, "is my torment. Wherever I go, she makes me share the ridicule of her folly."

Clara Hope, one of the young ladies, saw and pitied Angelina's confusion.

"Gif over, an ye have any gude-nature—gif over your whispering and laughing," said Clara to her companions; "ken ye not ye make her so bashful, she'd fain hide her face wi' her twa hands!"

But it was in vain that the good-natured Clara Hope remonstrated; her companions could not forbear tittering, as Betty Williams, upon Miss Warwick's laying the blame of the mistake on her, replied, in her strong Welsh accent, "I will swear almost the name was Porett or Plait where our Miss Hodges tid always lodge in Pristol. Porett, or Plait, or Puffit, or some of hur names that pekin with a *p* and ent with a *t*."

Angelina, quite overpowered, shrank back as Betty bawled out her vindication, and she was yet more confused when Monsieur Richelet, the dancing-master, at this unlucky instant came up to her, and, with an elegant bow, said, "It is not difficult to see by her air that mademoiselle dances superiorly. Mademoiselle, vould she do me de *plaisir*—de *honneur* to dance one minuet?"

"Oh, if she would but dance!" whispered some of the group of young ladies.

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Warwick.

"Not a minuet! den a *minuet de la cour*, or cotillon, or contre danse, or reel—vatever mademoiselle please—vill do us *honneur*."

Angelina, with a mixture of impatience and confusion, repeated, "Excuse me, sir; I am going—I interrupt—I beg I may not interrupt."

"A coot morrow to you all, creat and small," said Betty Williams, curtseying awkwardly at the door as she went out before Miss Warwick.

The young ladies were now diverted so much beyond the bounds of decorum, that Mrs. Porett was obliged to call them to order.

"Oh, my Araminta! what scenes have I gone through, to what derision have I exposed myself, for your sake!" said our heroine to herself.

Just as she was leaving the dancing-room, she was stopped short by Betty Williams, who, with a face of terror, exclaimed, "'T is a poy in the hall, that I tare not pass for my lifes; he has a pasket full of pees in his hand, and I cannot apide pees, ever since one tay when I was a chilt, and was stung on the nose py a pee. The poy in the hall has a pasketful of pees, ma'am," said Betty, with an imploring accent, to Mrs. Porett.

"A basketful of bees!" said Mrs. Porett, laughing. "Oh, you are mis-

taken: I know what the boy has in his basket,—they are only flowers, they are not bees; you may safely go by them.”

“Put I saw pees with my own eyes,” persisted Betty.

“Only a basketful of the bee orchis, which I commissioned a little boy to bring from St. Vincent’s Rocks for my young botanists,” said Mrs. Porett to Angelina; “you know, the flower is so like a bee that at first sight you might easily mistake it.” Mrs. Porett, to convince Betty Williams that she had no cause for fear, went on before her into the hall; but Betty still hung back, crying, “It is a pasketful of pees! I saw the pees with my own eyes.”

The noise she made excited the curiosity of the young ladies in the dancing-room; they looked out to see what was the matter.

“Oh, ’t is the wee-wee French prisoner-boy, with the bee orchises for us; there, I see him staunding in the hall,” cried Clara Hope; and instantly she ran, followed by several of her companions, into the hall.

“You see that they are not bees,” said Mrs. Porett to Betty Williams, as she took several of the flowers in her hand. Betty, half convinced, yet half afraid, moved a few steps into the hall.

“You have no cause for dread,” said Clara Hope; “poor boy! he has nought in his basket that can hurt anybody.”

Betty Williams’s heavy foot was now set upon the train of Clara’s gown, and, as the young lady sprang forwards, her gown, which was of thin muslin, was torn so as to excite the commiseration of all her young companions.

“What a terrible rent!—and her best gown!” said they. “Poor Clara Hope!”

“Pless us! peg pardon, miss!” cried the awkward, terrified Betty; “peg pardon, miss!”

“Pardon’s granted,” said Clara; and whilst her companions stretched out her train, deploring the length and breadth of her misfortune, she went on speaking to the little French boy. “Poor wee boy! ’t is a sad thing to be in a strange country, far away from one’s ane kin and happy hame,—poor wee thing!” said she, slipping some money into his hand.

“What a heavenly countenance!” thought Angelina, as she looked at Clara Hope. “Oh that my Araminta may resemble her!”

“*Plait-il*, take vat you vant,—tank you,” said the little boy, offering to Clara Hope his basket of flowers, and a small box of trinkets which he held in his hand.

“Here’s a many pretty toys—who’ll buy?” cried Clara, turning to her companions.

The young ladies crowded round the box and the basket.

“Is he in distress?” said Angelina; “perhaps I can be of some use to him!” And she put her hand into her pocket to feel for her purse.

“He is a very honest industrious little boy,” said Mrs. Porett, “and he supports his parents by his active ingenuity.”

“And, Louis, is your father sick still?” continued Clara Hope to the poor boy.

“*Bien malade! bien malade!* very sick! very sick!” said he.

The unaffected language of real feeling and benevolence is easily

understood, and is never ridiculous ; even in the broken French of little Louis, and the broad Scotch tone of Clara, it was both intelligible and agreeable.

Angelina had been for some time past feeling in her pockets for her purse.

"T is gone—certainly gone!" she exclaimed. "I've lost it! lost my purse! Betty, do you know anything of it? I had it at Mrs. Plait's. What shall I do for this poor little fellow? This trinket is of gold," said she, taking from her neck a locket. "Here, my little fellow, I have no money to give you, take this—nay, you must, indeed."

"Tanks! tanks! bread for my poor fader! Joy! joy!—too much joy!—too much!"

"You see you were wrong to laugh at her," whispered Clara Hope to her companions; "I liked her lukes from the first."

Natural feeling at this moment so entirely occupied and satisfied Angelina, that she forgot her sensibility for her unknown friend; and it was not until one of the children observed the lock of hair in her locket that she recollected her accustomed cant of:

"Oh, my *Araminta!* my *amiable Araminta!* could I part with that hair more precious than gold?"

"Pless us!" said Betty, "put if she has lost her purse, who shall pay for the coach, and what will pecome of our tinnners?"

Angelina silenced Betty Williams with peremptory dignity.

Mrs. Porett, who was a good and sensible woman, and who had been interested for our heroine by her good-nature to the little French boy, followed Miss Warwick as she left the room.

"Monsieur Richelet," said she, "I have a few words to say to this young lady," and Mrs. Porett opened the door of a little study. "Let me detain you but for a few moments," said she. "You have nothing to fear from any impertinent curiosity on my part; but perhaps I may be of some assistance to you." Miss Warwick could not refuse to be detained a few minutes by so friendly a voice.

"Madam, you have mentioned the name of Araminta several times since you came into this house," said Mrs. Porett, with something of embarrassment in her manner, for she was afraid of appearing impertinent. "I know, or at least I knew, a lady who writes under that name, and whose real name is Hodges."

"Oh, a thousand, thousand thanks!" cried Angelina; "tell me where I can find her!"

"Are you acquainted with her? You seem to be a stranger, young lady, in Bristol. Are you acquainted with Miss Hodges' *whole* history?"

"Yes, her *whole* history; every feeling of her soul, every thought of her mind," cried Angelina with enthusiasm; "we have corresponded for two years past."

Mrs. Porett smiled. "It is not always possible," said she, "to judge of ladies by their letters. I am not inclined to believe *above half* of what the world says, according to Lord Chesterfield's allowance for scandalous stories; but it may be necessary to warn you, as you seem very young, that——"

"Madam," cried Angelina, "young as I am, I know that superior

genius and virtue are the inevitable objects of scandal. It is in vain to detain me further."

"I am truly sorry for it," said Mrs. Porett; "but perhaps you will allow me to tell you that——"

"No, not a word; not a word more will I hear," cried our heroine; and she hurried out of the house, and threw herself into the coach. Mrs. Porett contrived, however, to make Betty Williams hear, that the most probable means of gaining any intelligence of Miss Hodges would be to inquire for her at the shop of Mr. Barker, who was her printer. To Mr. Barker's they drove, though Betty professed that she was half unwilling to inquire for Miss Hodges from any one whose name did not begin with *P* and end with a *t*.

"What a pity it is," said Mrs. Porett, when she returned to her pupils, "what a pity it is that this young lady's friends should permit her to go about in a hackney coach with such a strange vulgar servant-girl as that! She is too young to know how quickly, and often how severely, the world judges by appearances. Miss Hope, now we talk of appearances, you forget that your gown is torn, and you do not know, perhaps, that your friend Lady Frances Somerset——"

"Lady Frances Somerset!" cried Clara Hope, "I love to hear her very name."

"For which reason you interrupt me the moment I mention it. I have a great mind not to tell you, that Lady Frances Somerset has invited you to go to the play with her to-night: 'The Merchant of Venice,' and 'The Adopted Child.'"

"Gude-natured Lady Frances Somerset! I'm sure an' if Clara Hope had been your adopted child twenty times over, you cude not have been more kind to her *nor* you have been. No, not had she been your ane countrywoman, and of your ane clan; and all for the same reasons that make some neglect and look down upon her, because Clara is not meikle rich, and is far away from her ane friends. Gude Lady Frances Somerset! Clara Hope luvus you in her heart, and she's as blithe wi' the thought o' ganging to see you, as if she were going to dear Inverary."

It is a pity, for the sake of our story, that Miss Warwick did not stay a few minutes longer at Mrs. Porett's, that she might have heard this eulogium on Lady Frances Somerset, and might have a second time in one day discovered that she was on the very brink of meeting with the persons she most dreaded to see; but however temptingly romantic such an incident would have been, we must, according to our duty as faithful historians, deliver a plain unvarnished tale.

Miss Warwick arrived at Mr. Barker's, and as soon as she had pronounced the name of Hodges, the printer called to his devil for a parcel of advertisements, which he put into her hand; they were proposals for printing by subscription a new novel, "The Sorrows of Araminta."

"Oh, my Araminta! my amiable Araminia! have I found you at last? '*The Sorrows of Araminta, a novel, in nine volumes,*'—oh, charming!—'*together with a tragedy on the same plan.*' Delightful! '*Subscriptions received at John Barker's, printer and bookseller; and by Rachel Hodges*'—odious name!—'*at Mrs. Bertrand's.*'"

"*Bartrand!* There now, *you*, do ye hear that?—the lady lives at

Mrs. Bartrand's; how will you make out that Bartrand begins with a *p* and ends with a *t*, now?" said the hackney coachman to Betty, who was standing at the door.

"Pertrant! Why," cried Betty, "what would you have?"

"Silence! oh, silence!" said Miss Warwick, and she continued reading—"Subscriptions received at Mrs. Bertrand's."

"Pertrant, you hear, plockhead! you Irishman!" cried Betty.

"Bertrand! you have no ears! Welshwoman as you are!" retorted Terence O'Grady.

"Subscription two guineas for 'The Sorrows of Araminta,'" continued our heroine; but, looking up, she saw Betty Williams and the hackney coachman making menacing faces and gestures at one another.

"Fight it out in the passage, for Heaven's sake!" said Angelina; "if you must fight, fight out of my sight."

"For shame! before the young lady," said Mr. Barker, holding the hackney coachman; "have done disputing so loud."

"I've done, but she is wrong," cried Terence.

"I've done, put he is wrong," said Betty.

Terence was so much provoked by the Welshwoman, that he declared he would not carry her a step farther in his coach—that his *beasts* were tired, and that he must be paid his fare, for that he neither could nor would wait any longer. Betty Williams was desired by Angelina to pay him. She hesitated, but after being assured by Miss Warwick that the debt should be punctually discharged in a few hours, she acknowledged that she had silver enough "in a little box at the bottom of her pocket;" and, after much fumbling, she pulled out a snuff-box, which she said had been given to her by her "creat-crandmother." Whilst she was paying the coachman, the printer's devil observed one end of a piece of lace hanging out of her pocket: she had by accident pulled it out along with the snuff-box.

"And was this your great-grandmother's too?" said the printer's devil, taking hold of the lace.

Betty started; Angelina was busy making inquiries from the printer, and she did not see or hear what was passing close to her; the coachman was intent upon the examination of his shillings. Betty, with great assurance, reproved the printer's devil for touching such lace with his 'plack fingers.'

"'T was not my crandmother's—'t is the young lady's," said she: "let it pe, pray—look how you have placked it and marked it with plack fingers."

She put the stolen lace hastily into her pocket, and immediately went out, as Miss Warwick desired, to call another coach.

Before we follow our heroine to Mrs. Bertrand's, we must beg leave to go, and, if we can, to transport our readers with us, to Lady Frances Somerset's house at Clifton.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FEMALE SANCHE PANZA.

“WELL, how I am to get up this hill again, Heaven knows!” said Lady Diana Chillingworth, who had been prevailed upon to walk down Clifton Hill to the Wells. “Heigho! that sister of mine, Lady Frances, walks and walks, and talks and laughs, and admires the beauties of Nature, till I’m half dead.”

“Why, indeed, Lady Frances Somerset, I must allow,” said Miss Burrage, “is not the fittest companion in the world for a person of your ladyship’s nerves; but then it is to be hoped that the glass of water which you have just taken fresh at the pump will be of service, provided the racketing to Bristol to the play don’t counteract it, and undo all again.—How I dread going into that Bristol playhouse!” said Miss Burrage to herself: “some of my precious relations may be there to claim me. My Aunt Dinah—God bless her for a starched Quaker!—wouldn’t be seen at a play, I’m sure—so she’s safe; but the odious drysalter’s daughters might be there, dizen’d out, and between the acts their great tall figures might rise in judgment against me—spy me out—stare and curtsy, pop, pop, pop at me without mercy, or bawl out across the benches, ‘Cousin Burrage! Cousin Burrage!’ and Lady Diana Chillingworth to hear it! Oh, I should sink into the earth!—What amusement,” continued Miss Burrage, addressing herself to Lady Di, “what amusement Lady Frances Somerset can find at a Bristol playhouse, and at this time of year too, is to me really unaccountable.”

“I do suppose,” replied Lady Diana, “that my sister goes only to please that child (Clara Hope, I think they call her)—not to please me, I’m sure. But what is she doing all this time in the pump-room? does she know we are waiting for her? Oh, here she comes. Frances, I am half dead.”

“Half dead, my dear! Well, here is something to bring you to life again,” said Lady Frances. “I do believe I have found out Miss Warwick.”

“I am sure, my dear, *that* does not revive me: I’ve been almost plagued to death with her already,” said Lady Diana.

“There’s no living in this world without plagues of some sort or other, but the pleasure of doing good makes one forget them all. Here, look at this advertisement, my dear,” said Lady Frances; “a gentleman whom I have just met with in the pump-room was reading it in a newspaper when I came in, and a whole knot of scandalmongers were settling who it could possibly be. One smug little man, a Welsh curate, I believe, was certain it was the barmaid of an inn at Bath, who is said to have inveigled a young nobleman into matrimony. I left the Welshman in the midst of a long story about his father and a young lady who lost her shoe on the Welsh mountains, and I ran away with the paper to bring it to you.”

Lady Diana received the paper with an air of reluctance.

"Was not I very fortunate to meet with it?" said Lady Frances.

"I protest I see no good fortune in the business from beginning to end."

"Ah, because you are not come to the end yet: look—'t is from Mrs. Hoel, of the inn at Cardiff, and, by the date, she must have been there last week."

"Who? Mrs. Hoel?"

"Miss Warwick, my dear—I beg pardon for my pronoun. But do read this: eyes—hair—complexion—age—size; it certainly must be Miss Warwick."

"And what then?" said Lady Di, with provoking coldness, walking on towards home.

"Why, then, my dear, you know we can go to Cardiff to-morrow morning, find the poor girl, and before anybody knows anything of the matter, before her reputation is hurt or you blamed—before any harm can happen—convince the girl of her folly and imprudence, and bring her back to you and common sense."

"To common sense and welcome, if you can; but not to me——"

"Not to you! Nay, but, my dear, what will become of her?"

"Nay, but, my dear Frances, what will the world say?"

"Of her?"

"Of me?"

"My dear Di, shall I tell you what the world would say?"

"No, Lady Frances, I'll tell *you* what the world would say—that Lady Diana Chillingworth's house was an asylum for runaways."

"An asylum for nonsense! I beg your pardon, sister, but it always provokes me to see a person afraid to do what they think right, because, truly, 'The world will say it is wrong.' What signifies the uneasiness we may suffer from the idle blame or tittle-tattle of the day, compared with the happiness of a young girl's whole life, which is at stake?"

"Oh, Lady Frances, that is spoke like yoursell,—I luvè you in my heart—that's right! that's right!" thought Clara Hope.

Lady Diana fell back a few paces, that she might consult one whose advice she always found agreeable to her own opinions.

"In my opinion," whispered Miss Burrage to Lady Diana, "you are right—quite right—to have nothing more to do with the *happiness* of a young lady who has taken such a step."

They were just leaving St. Vincent's Parade, when they heard the sound of music upon the walk by the river-side, and they saw a little boy there seated at the foot of a tree, playing on a guitar, and singing,

"J'ai quitté mon pays et mes amis,
Pour jouer de ma guitare,
Qui va clin clin, qui va clin clin,
Qui va clin, clin, clin, clin."

"Ha! my wee-wee friend," said Clara Hope, "are you here? I was just thinking of you—just wishing for you. By gude luck, have you the weeny locket aboot you that the young lady gave you this morning?—the weeny locket, my bonny boy?"

"*Plait-il?*" said little Louis.

"He *don't* understand one word," said Miss Burrage, laughing sarcastically—"he don't understand one word of all your *bonnys* and *weewees* and *weenies*, Miss Hope; he, unfortunately, don't understand broad Scotch, and maybe he mayn't be so great a proficient as you are in *boarding-school* French; but I'll try if he can understand *me*, if you'll tell me what you want."

"Such a trinket as this," said Clara, showing a locket which hung from her neck.

"Ah, *oui*—yes, I comprehend now!" cried the boy, taking from his coat-pocket a small case of trinkets—"la voilà!—here is vat de young lady did give me—good young lady!" said Louis, and he produced the locket.

"I declare!" exclaimed Miss Burrage, catching hold of it, "'t is Miss Warwick's locket! I'm sure of it! Here's the motto—I've read it and laughed at it twenty times—'*L'Amie Inconnue*.'"

"When I heard you all talking just now about that description of the young lady in the newspaper, I cude not but fancy," said Clara Hope, "that the lady whom I saw this morning must be Miss Warwick."

"Saw—where?" cried Lady Frances, eagerly.

"At Bristol—at our academy—at Mrs. Porett's," said Clara; "but mark me, she is not there now: I do not ken where she may be now."

"*Moi, je sais!* I do know de demoiselle did stop in a coach at one house; I was in de street—I can show you de house."

"Can you so, my good little fellow?—then let us be gone directly!" said Lady Frances.

"You'll excuse me, sister," said Lady Di.

"Excuse you!—I will, but *the world* will not. You'll be abused, sister—shockingly abused."

This assertion made more impression upon Lady Di Chillingworth than could have been made either by argument or entreaty.

"One really does not know how to act: people take so much notice of everything that is said and done by persons of a certain rank. If you think that I shall be so much abused, I absolutely do not know what to say."

"But I thought," interposed Miss Burrage, "that Lady Frances was going to take you to the play to-night, Miss Hope?"

"Oh, never heed the play—never heed the play, or Clara Hope: never heed taking me to the play; Lady Frances is going to do a better thing. Come on, my bonny boy!" said she to the little French boy, who was following them.

We must now return to our heroine, whom we left on her way to Mrs. Bertrand's. Mrs. Bertrand kept a large confectionery and fruit-shop in Bristol.

"Please to walk through this way, ma'am. Miss Hodges is above stairs; she shall be apprized directly. Jenny, run upstairs," said Mrs. Bertrand to her maid—"run upstairs, and tell Miss Hodges here's a young lady wants to see her in a great hurry. You'd best sit down, ma'am," continued Mrs. Bertrand to Angelina, "till the girl has been up with the message."

"O my Araminta! how my heart beats!" exclaimed Miss Warwick.

"How my mouth waters!" cried Betty Williams, looking at the fruit and confectioneries.

"Would you, ma'am, be pleased," said Mrs. Bertrand, "to take a glass of ice this warm evening? cream ice or water ice, ma'am? pineapple or strawberry ice?" As she spoke, Mrs. Bertrand held a salver covered with ices towards Miss Warwick; but apparently she thought that it was not consistent with the delicacy of friendship to think of eating or drinking when she was thus upon the eve of her first interview with her Araminta. Betty Williams, who was of a different *nature* from our heroine, saw the salver recede with excessive surprise and regret. She stretched out her hand after it, and seized a glass of raspberry ice; but no sooner had she tasted it than she made a frightful face, and let the glass fall, exclaiming, "Pless us! 't is not as cood as cooseberry-fool."

Mrs. Bertrand next offered her a cheesecake, which Betty ate voraciously.

"She's actually a female Sancho Panza," thought Angelina. Her own more striking resemblance to the female Quixote never occurred to our heroine—so blind are we to our own failings.

"Who is the young lady?" whispered the mistress of the fruit-shop to Betty Williams, whilst Miss Warwick was walking—we should say *pacing*—up and down the room, in *anxious solicitude and evident agitation*.

"Hur's a young lady," replied Betty, stopping to take a mouthful of cheesecake between every member of her sentence, "a young lady—that has—lost hur——"

"Her heart?—so I thought."

"Hur purse!" said Betty, with an accent which showed that she thought this the more serious loss of the two.

"Her purse!—that's bad, indeed! You pay for your own cheesecake and raspberry ice, and for the glass that you broke?" said Mrs. Bertrand.

"Put hur has a creat deal of money in her trunk, I pelieve, at Llan-waetur," said Betty.

"Surely Miss Hodges does not know I am here," cried Miss Warwick, "her Angelina!"

"Ma'am, she'll be down immediately, I do suppose," said Mrs. Bertrand. "What was it you pleased to call for? Angelica, ma'am, did you say? At present we are quite out, I'm ashamed to say, of Angelica, ma'am.—Well, child," continued Mrs. Bertrand to her maid, who was at this moment seen passing by the back door of the shop in great haste.

"Ma'am, anan?" said the maid, turning back her cap from off her ear.

"Anan, deaf doll! didn't you hear me tell you to tell Miss Hodges a lady wanted to speak to her in a great hurry?"

"No, ma'am," replied the girl, who spoke in the broad Somersetshire dialect. "I heard you zay, '*up to Miss Hodges*,' zoo I thought it was the bottle o' brandy, and zoo I took it along with the tea-kettle; but I'll go up again now, and zay Miss bes in a hurry, az she zays."

"Brandy!" repeated Miss Warwick, on whom the word seemed to make a great impression.

"Pranty, ay, pranty," repeated Betty Williams; "our Miss Hodges always takes pranty in hur teas at Llanwaetur."

"Brandy! Then she can't be my Araminta."

"Oh, the very same, and no other. You are quite right, ma'am," said Mrs. Bertrand, "if you mean the same that is publishing the novel, ma'am, 'The Sorrows of Araminta;' for the reason I know so much about it is, that I take in the subscriptions and distribute the purposals."

Angelina had scarcely time to believe or disbelieve what she heard, before the maid returned with—"Mam, Mizz Hodges haz hur best love to you, mizz, and please to walk up. There be two steps—please to have a care, or you'll break your neck."

Before we introduce Angelina to her "unknown friend," we must relate the conversation which was actually passing between the amiable Araminta and her Orlando whilst Miss Warwick was waiting in the fruit-shop. Our readers will be so good as to picture to themselves a woman with a face and figure which seemed to have been intended for a man, with a voice and gesture capable of setting even man, "imperial man," at defiance. Such was Araminta. She was at this time sitting cross-legged in an arm-chair at a tea-table, on which, beside the tea equipage, was a medley of things, of which no prudent tongue or pen would undertake to give a correct list. At the feet of this fair lady, kneeling on one knee, was a thin, subdued, simple-looking Quaker, of the name of Nathaniel Gazabo.

"But now, Natty," said Miss Hodges, in a voice more masculine than her looks, "you understand the conditions. If I give you my hand and make you my husband, it is upon condition that you never contradict any of my opinions. Do you promise me that?"

"Yea, verily," replied Nat.

"And you promise to leave me entirely at liberty to act, as well as to think, in all things as my own independent understanding shall suggest?"

"Yea, verily," was the man's response.

"And you will be guided by me in all things?"

"Yea, verily."

"Swear," said the unconscionable woman.

"Nay, verily," replied the meekest of men, "I cannot swear, my Rachel, being a Quaker; but I will affirm."

"Swear, swear!" cried the lady in an imperious tone, "or I will never be your Araminta."

"I swear," said Nat Gazabo, in a timid voice.

"Then, Natty, I consent to be Mrs. Hodges Gazabo. Only remember always to call me your dear Araminta."

"My dear Araminta! thus," said he, embracing her, "thus let me thank thee, my dear Araminta."

It was in the midst of these thanks that the maid interrupted the well-matched pair with the news that a young lady was below, who was in a great hurry to see Miss Hodges.

"Let her come," said Miss Hodges, "I suppose 't is only one of the Miss Carvers. Don't stir, Nat; it will vex her so to see you kneeling to me. Don't stir, I say."

"Where is she? Where is my Araminta?" cried Miss Warwick, as the maid was trying to open the outer passage door for her, which had a bad lock.

"Get up, get up, Natty! and get some fresh water in the tea-kettle. Quick!" cried Miss Hodges, and she began to clear away some of the varieties of literature, &c., which lay scattered about the room. Nat, in obedience to her commands, was making his exit with all possible speed, when Angelina entered, exclaiming, "My amiable Araminta! My unknown friend!"

"My Angelina! My charming Angelina!" cried Miss Hodges.

Miss Hodges was not the sort of person our heroine expected to see; and to conceal the panic with which the first sight of her unknown friend struck her disappointed imagination, she turned back to listen to the apologies which Nat Gazabo was pouring forth about his awkwardness and the tea-kettle.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear!" cried Miss Hodges, with the tone and action of a bad actress who is rehearsing an embrace. "Turn, Angelina, ever dear. Thus, thus let us meet to part no more."

"But her voice is so loud," said Angelina to herself, "and her looks so vulgar, and there is such a smell of brandy. How unlike the elegant delicacy I had expected in my unknown friend!" Miss Warwick involuntarily shrank from the stifling embrace.

"You are overpowered, my Angelina—lean on me," said her Araminta.

Nat Gazabo re-entered with the tea-kettle.

"Here's *biling* water, and we'll have fresh tea in a trice—the young lady's overtired, seemingly. Here's a chair, miss, here's a chair," cried Nat—Miss Warwick *sank* upon the chair; Miss Hodges seated herself beside her, continuing to address her in a theatrical tone.

"This moment is bliss unutterable! my kind, my noble-minded Angelina, thus to leave all your friends for your Araminta!" Suddenly changing her voice, "Set the tea-kettle, Nat!"

"Who is this Nat, I wonder?" thought Miss Warwick.

"Well, and tell me," said Miss Hodges, whose attention was awkwardly divided between the ceremonies of making tea and making speeches; "and tell me, my Angelina—that's water enough, Nat—and tell me, my Angelina, how did you find me out?"

"With some difficulty, indeed, *my Araminta*."—Miss Warwick could hardly pronounce the words.

"So kind, so noble-minded!" continued Miss Hodges. "And did you receive my last letter—three sheets? And how did you contrive?—stoop the kettle, *do*, Nat."

"Oh, this odious Nat! how I wish she would send him away!" thought Miss Warwick.

"And tell me, my Araminta—my Angelina, I mean—how did you contrive your elopement, and how did you escape from the eye of your aristocratic Argus—how did you escape from all your unfeeling persecutors?—tell me, tell me all your adventures, my Angelina!—snuff the candle, Nat," said Miss Hodges, who was cutting bread and butter, which she did not do with the celebrated grace of Charlotte, in the "Sorrows of Werter."

"I'll tell you all, my Araminta," whispered Miss Warwick, "when we are by ourselves."

"Oh, never mind Nat," whispered Miss Hodges.

"Couldn't you tell him," rejoined Miss Warwick, "that he need not wait any longer?"

"Wait, my dear! why, what do you take him for?"

"Why, is not he your footman?" whispered Angelina.

"My footman!—Nat!" exclaimed Miss Hodges, bursting out laughing, "my Angelina took you for my footman."

"Good Heavens! what is he?" said Angelina, in a low voice.

"Verily," said Nat Gazabo, with a sort of bashful simple laugh—"verily, I am the humblest of her servants."

"And does not my Angelina—spare my delicacy," said Miss Hodges—"does my Angelina not remember, in any of my long letters, the name of—Orlando? There he stands."

"Orlando! Is this gentleman your Orlando, of whom I have heard so much?"

"He! he! he!" simpered Nat. "I am Orlando, of whom you have heard so much, and she" [pointing to Miss Hodges] "she is to-morrow morning, God willing, to be Mistress Hodges Gazabo."

"Mrs. Hodges Gazabo, my Araminta!" said Angelina, with astonishment which she could not suppress.

"Yes, my Angelina; so end 'The Sorrows of Araminta.' Another cup?—do I make the tea too sweet?" said Miss Hodges, whilst Nat handed the bread and butter to the ladies officiously.

"The man looks like a fool," thought Miss Warwick.

"Set down the bread and butter, and be quiet, Nat. Then, as soon as the wedding is over, we fly, my Angelina, to our charming cottage in Wales; there may we bid defiance to the storms of fate:

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

"That," said Angelina, "is 'the blameless vestal's lot;' but you forget that you are to be married, my Araminta; and you forget that in your letter of three folio sheets you said not one word to me of this intended marriage."

"Nay, my dear, blame me not for a want of confidence that my heart disclaims," said Miss Hodges. "From the context of my letters you must have suspected the progress my Orlando had made in my affections; but, indeed, I should not have brought myself to decide apparently so precipitately, had it not been for the opposition, the persecution, of my friends. I was determined to show them that I know and can assert my right to think and act upon all occasions for myself."

Longer, much longer, Miss Hodges spoke in the most peremptory voice; but whilst she was declaiming on her favourite topic, her Angelina was "revolving in her altered mind" the strange things which she had seen and heard in the course of the last half-hour. Everything appeared to her in a new light: when she compared the conversation and conduct of Miss Hodges with the sentimental letters of her Araminta; when she compared Orlando in description to Orlando in reality, she could scarcely believe her senses: accustomed as she had been to

elegance of manners, the vulgarity and awkwardness of Miss Hodges shocked and disgusted her beyond measure. The disorder, and—for the words must be said—slatternly dirty appearance of her Araminta's dress, and of everything in her apartment, were such as would have made a hell of heaven; and the idea of spending her life in a cottage with Mrs. Hodges Gazabo and Nat overwhelmed our heroine with the double fear of wretchedness and ridicule.

"Another cup of tea, my Angelina?" said Miss Hodges, when she had finished her tirade against her persecutors, that is to say, her friends—"another cup, my Angelina?—do, after your journey and fatigue, take another cup."

"No more, I thank you."

"Then reach me that tragedy, Nat—you know——"

"Your own tragedy, is it, my dear?" said he.

"Ah, Nat, now! you never can keep a secret," said Miss Hodges: "I wanted to surprise my Angelina."

"I am surprised!" thought Angelina—"oh, how much surprised!"

"I have a motto for our cottage here somewhere," said Miss Hodges, turning over the leaves of her tragedy; "but I'll keep that till to-morrow, since to-morrow's the day sacred to love and friendship."

Nat, by way of showing his joy in a becoming manner, rubbed his hands and hummed a tune. His mistress frowned and bit her lips, but the signals were lost upon him, and he sang out in an exulting tone—

"When the lads of the village so merrily, ah!
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along."

"Fool! dolt! idiot!" cried his Araminta, rising furious—"out of my sight!" Then sinking down upon her chair, she burst into tears and threw herself into the arms of her pale astonished Angelina. "O my Angelina!" she exclaimed, "I am the most ill matched! most unfortunate! most wretched of women!"

"Don't be *frighted*, miss," said Nat; "she'll come to again presently: 'tis only *her way*." As he spoke, he poured out a bumper of brandy, and kneeling, presented it to his mistress. "'T is the only thing in life does her good," continued he, "in these sort of fits."

"Heavens! what a scene!" said Miss Warwick to herself; "and the woman so heavy I can scarce support her weight. And is this *my unknown friend*?"

How long Miss Hodges would willingly have continued to sob upon Miss Warwick's shoulder, or how long that shoulder could possibly have sustained her weight, is a mixed problem in physics and metaphysics which must ever remain unsolved; but suddenly a loud scream was heard—Miss Hodges started up—the door was thrown open, and Betty Williams rushed in, crying loudly, "Oh, shave me! Oh, shave me!—for the love of Got, shave me, miss!" and pushing by the swain who held the unfinished glass of brandy in his hand, she threw herself on her knees at the feet of Angelina.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Nat, "whatever you are, you need not push one so!"

"What now, Betty Williams? Is the wench mad or drunk?" cried Miss Hodges.

"We are to have a mad scene next, I suppose," said Miss Warwick, calmly: "I am prepared for everything, after what I have seen."

Betty Williams continued crying bitterly and wringing her hands: "Oh, shave me this once, miss! 'T is the first thing of the kind I ever did, intee!—intee! Oh, shave me this once! I did not know it was worth so much as a shilling, and that I could be hanged, intee; and I——"

Here Betty was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Puffit the milliner, the printer's devil, and a stern-looking man, to whom Mrs. Puffit, as she came in, said, pointing to Betty Williams and Miss Warwick, "There they are! Do your duty, Mr. Constable; I'll swear to my lace."

"And I'll swear to my black thumbs," said the printer's devil. "I saw the lace hanging out of her pocket, and there's the marks of my fingers upon it, Mr. Constable."

"Fellow!" cried Miss Hodges, taking the constable by the arm, "this is my apartment, into which no minion of the law has a right to enter, for in England every man's house is his castle."

"I know that as well as you do, *madam*," said the constable, "but I make it a principle to do nothing without a warrant. Here's my warrant."

"Oh, shave me! The lace is hurs, intee!" cried Betty Williams, pointing to Miss Warwick. "Oh, Miss is my mistress, intee——"

"Come, mistress or miss, then; you'll be pleased to come along with me," said the constable, seizing hold of Angelina: "like mistress, like maid."

"Villain! unfeeling villain! Oh, unhand my Angelina, or I shall die!" exclaimed Araminta, falling into the arms of Nat Gazabo, who immediately held the replenished glass of brandy to her lips. "Oh, my Angelina! my Angelina!"

Struck with horror at her situation, Miss Warwick shrank from the grasp of the constable, and leaned motionless on the back of a chair.

"Come, my angel, as they call you, I think; the lady there has brandy enough if you want spirits. All the fits and faintings in Christendom won't save you now. I'm used to the tricks o' the trade; the law must take its course; and if you can't walk, I must carry you."

"Touch me at your peril!—I am innocent!" said Angelina.

"Innocent—innocence itself!—pure, spotless, injured innocence!" cried Miss Hodges. "I shall die! I shall die! I shall die on the spot!—barbarous, barbarous villain!"

Whilst Miss Hodges spoke, the ready Nat poured out a fresh glass of that restorative which he always had ready for cases of life and death; and she screamed and sipped, and sipped and screamed, as the constable took up Angelina in his arms and carried her towards the door.

"Mrs. Innocence," said the man, "you shall see who you shall see."

Mrs. Puffit opened the door, and, to the utter astonishment of everybody present, Lady Diana Chillingworth entered the room, followed by Lady Frances Somerset and Mrs. Bertrand. The constable set down Angelina—Miss Hodges set down the glass of brandy—Mrs. Puffit curtsied—Betty Williams stretched out her arms to Lady Diana, cry-

ing, "Shave me!—shave me this once!" Miss Warwick hid her face with her hands.

"Only my Valenciennes lace that has been found in that girl's pocket, and——"

Lady Diana Chillingworth turned away with indescribable haughtiness, and addressing herself to her sister, said, "Lady Frances Somerset, you would not, I presume, have Lady Diana Chillingworth lend her countenance to such a scene as this. I hope, sister," added her ladyship, as she left the room, "I hope, sister, that you are satisfied now."

"Never was further from being satisfied in my life," said Lady Frances.

"If you look at this, my lady," said the constable, holding out the lace, "you'll soon be satisfied as to what sort of a young lady that is."

"Oh, you mistake the young lady," said Mrs. Bertrand; and she whispered to the constable, "Come away; you may be sure you'll be satisfied—we shall all be satisfied handsomely, all in good time. Don't let the *delinquency* there on her knees," added she aloud, pointing to Betty Williams, "don't let the *delinquency* there on her knees escape."

"Come along, mistress," said the constable, pulling up Betty Williams from her knees; "but I say the law must have its course, if I am not satisfied."

"Oh, I'm confident," said Mrs. Puffit the milliner, "we shall all be satisfied, no doubt; but Lady Di Chillingworth knows my Valenciennes lace, and Miss Burrage too, for they did me this morning the honour——"

"Will you do me the favour," interrupted Lady Frances Somerset, "to leave us, good Mrs. Puffit, for the present? Here is some mistake: the less noise we make about it the better. You shall be satisfied."

"Oh, your ladyship,—I'm sure, I'm confident I shan't utter another syllable, nor never would have articulated a syllable about the lace (though Valenciennes, and worth thirty guineas if it is worth a farthing), had I had the least intimacy or suspicion the young lady was your la'ship's *protégé*; I shan't, at any rate, utter another syllable."

Mrs. Puffit, having glibly run off this speech, left the room, and carried in her train the constable and Betty Williams, the printer's devil, and Mrs. Bertrand, the woman of the house.

Miss Warwick, whose confusion during the whole scene was excessive, stood without power to speak or move.

"Thank God they are gone!" said Lady Frances; and she went to Angelina, and taking her hands gently from before her face, said, in a soothing tone, "Miss Warwick, your friend Lady Frances Somerset, you cannot think that she suspects——"

"La, dear, no!" cried Nat Gazabo, who had now sufficiently recovered from his fright and amazement to be able to speak. "Dear heart! who could go for to suspect such a thing? but they made such a bustle and noise, they quite flabbergasted me, so *maany* on them in this small room. Please to sit down, my lady. Is there anything I can do?"

"If you could have the goodness, sir, to leave us for a few minutes," said Lady Frances, in a polite persuasive manner,—“if you could have the goodness, sir, to leave us for a few minutes.”

Nat, who was not *always* spoken to by so gentle a voice, smiled,

bowed, and was retiring, when Miss Hodges came forward with an air of defiance. "Aristocratic insolence!" exclaimed she; "stop, Nat! stir not a foot, at your peril, at the word of command of any of the privileged orders upon earth!—stir not a foot, at your peril, at the behest of any titled *she* in the universe! Madam, or my lady, or by whatever other name more high, more low, you choose to be addressed, this is my husband."

"Very probably, madam," said Lady Frances, with an easy calmness, which provoked Miss Hodges to a louder tone of indignation.

"Stir not a foot, at your peril, Nat!" cried she. "I will defend him, I say, madam, against every shadow, every penumbra of aristocratic insolence!"

"As you and he think proper, madam," replied Lady Frances. "'Tis easy to defend the gentleman against shadows."

Miss Hodges marched up and down the room, with her arms folded. Nat stood stockstill.

"The woman," whispered Lady Frances to Miss Warwick, "is either mad or drunk, or both; at all events, we shall be better in another room." As she spoke, she drew Miss Warwick's arm within hers. "Will you allow aristocratic insolence to pass by you, sir?" said she to Nat Gazabo, who stood like a statue in the doorway. He edged himself aside.

"And is this your independence of soul, my Angelina?" cried Araminta, setting her back to the door so as effectually to prevent her from passing; "and is this your independence of soul, my Angelina, thus, thus tamely to submit, to resign yourself again to your unfeeling, proud, prejudiced, intellect-lacking persecutors?"

"This lady is my *friend*, madam," said Angelina, in as firm and tranquil a tone as she could command, for she was quite terrified by her Araminta's violence.

"Take your choice, my dear: stay or follow me, as you think best," said Lady Frances.

"Your friend!" pursued the oratorical lady, detaining Miss Warwick with a heavy hand. "Do you feel the force of the word? *can* you feel it as I once thought you could? Your friend! Am not *I* your friend, your best friend, my Angelina? your own Araminta, your amiable Araminta, your *unknown friend*?"

"My *unknown friend*, indeed!" said Angelina.

Miss Hodges let go her struggling hand, and Miss Warwick that instant followed Lady Frances, who, having effected her retreat, had by this time gained the staircase.

"Gone!" cried Miss Hodges; "then never will I see or speak to her more. Thus I whistle her off, and let her down the wind to prey at fortune."

"Gracious heart! what quarrels," said Nat, "and doings the night before our wedding-day!"

We leave this well-matched pair to their happy prospects of conjugal union and equality.

Lady Frances, who perceived that Miss Warwick was scarcely able

to support herself, led her to a sofa, which she luckily saw through the half-open door of a drawing-room at the head of the staircase.

"To be taken for a thief! Oh, to what have I exposed myself!" cried Miss Warwick.

"Sit down, my dear, now we are in a room where we need not fear interruption; sit down, and don't tremble like an aspen-leaf," said Lady Frances Somers, who saw that at this moment reproaches would have been equally unnecessary and cruel.

Unused to be treated with judicious kindness, Angelina's heart was deeply touched by it, and she opened her whole mind to Lady Frances with the frankness of a young person conscious of her own folly—not desirous to apologize or extenuate, but anxious to regain the esteem of a friend.

"To be sure, my dear, it was, as you say, rather foolish to set out in quest of an *unknown friend*," said Lady Frances, after listening to the confessions of Angelina. "And why, after all, was it necessary to have an elopement?"

"Oh, madam! I am sensible of my folly. I had long formed a project of living in a cottage in Wales; and Miss Burrage described Wales to me as a terrestrial Paradise."

"Miss Burrage! then why did she not go to Paradise along with you?" said Lady Frances.

"I don't know; she was so much attached to Lady Di Chillingworth, she said, she could never think of leaving her. She charged me never to mention the cottage scheme to Lady Di, who would only laugh at it; indeed, Lady Di was almost always out whilst we were in London, or dressing, or at cards, and I could seldom speak to her, especially about cottages. And I wished for a friend, to whom I could open my whole heart, and whom I could love and esteem, and who should have the same tastes and notions with myself."

"I am sorry that last condition is part of your definition of a friend," said Lady Frances, smiling, "for I will not swear that my notions are the same as yours; but yet I think you would have found me as good a friend as this Araminta of yours. Was it necessary to perfect felicity to have an *unknown friend*?"

"Ah! there was my mistake," said Miss Warwick. "I had read Araminta's writings, and they speak so charmingly of friendship and felicity, that I thought

'Those best can paint them who can feel them most.'

"No uncommon mistake," said Lady Frances.

"But I am fully sensible of my folly," said Angelina.

"Then there is no occasion to say any more about it at present. Tomorrow, as you like romances, we'll read 'Arabella; or, the Female Quixote;' and you shall tell me which of all your acquaintance the heroine resembles most. And in the meantime, as you seem to have satisfied your curiosity about your *unknown friend*, will you come home with me?"

"Oh! madam," said Angelina, with emotion, "your goodness——"

"But we have not time to talk of my goodness yet; stay—let me see

—yes, it will be the best that it should be known that you are with us as soon as possible; for there is a thing, my dear, of which perhaps you are not fully sensible—of which you are too young to be fully sensible—that to people who have nothing to do or to say, scandal is a necessary luxury of life; and that, by such a step as you have taken, you have given room enough for scandalmongers to make you and your friends completely miserable.”

Angelina burst into tears: though a sentimental lady, she had not yet acquired the art of *bursting into tears* upon every trifling occasion; hers were tears of real feeling. Lady Frances was glad to see that she had made a sufficient impression upon her mind, but she assured Angelina that she did not intend to torment her with useless lectures and reproaches. Lady Frances Somerset understood the art of giving advice rather better than Lady Diana Chillingworth.

“I do not mean, my dear,” said Lady Frances, “to make you miserable for life; but I mean to make an impression upon you, that may make you prudent and happy for life; so don’t cry till you make your eyes so red as not to be fit to be seen at the play to-night, where they must positively be seen.”

“But Lady Diana is below,” said Miss Warwick; “I am ashamed and afraid to see her again.”

“It will be difficult, but I hope not impossible, to convince my sister,” said Lady Frances, “that you clearly understand you have been a simpleton; but that a simpleton of sixteen is more an object of mercy than a simpleton of sixty; so my verdict is, ‘Guilty, but recommended to mercy.’”

By this mercy Angelina was more touched than she could have been by the most severe reproaches.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAPPENED AT LAST.

WHILST the preceding conversation was passing, Lady Diana Chillingworth was in Mrs. Bertrand’s fruit-shop, occupied with her smelling-bottle and Miss Burrage. Clara Hope was there also, and Mrs. Puffit the milliner, and Mrs. Bertrand, who was assuring her ladyship that not a word of the affair about the young lady and the lace should go out of her house.

“Your la’ship need not be in the least uneasy,” said Mrs. Bertrand, “for I have satisfied the constable, and satisfied everybody; and the constable allows Miss Warwick’s name was not mentioned in the warrant; and as to the servant-girl, she’s gone before the magistrate, who, of course, will send her to the House of Correction; but that will no ways implicate the young lady, and nothing shall transpire from this house detrimental to the young lady who is under your la’ship’s protection. And I’ll tell your ladyship how Mrs. Puffit and I have settled to tell the story. With your ladyship’s approbation, I shall say——”

"Nothing, if you please," said her ladyship, with more than her usual haughtiness. "The young lady to whom you allude is under Lady Frances Somerset's protection—not mine ; and whatever you do or say, I beg that in this affair the name of Lady Diana Chillingworth may not be used."

She turned her back upon the disconcerted milliner as she finished this speech, and walked to the farthest end of the long room, followed by the constant flatterer of all her humours, Miss Burrage.

The milliner and Mrs. Bertrand now began to console themselves for the mortification they had received from her ladyship's pride, and for the insolent forgetfulness of her companion, by abusing them both in a low voice. Mrs. Bertrand began with—"Her ladyship's so touchy and so proud, she's as high as the moon, and higher."

"Oh, all the Chillingworths, by all accounts, are so," said Mrs. Puffit ; "but then, to be sure, they have a right to be so, if anybody has, for they certainly are real high-born people."

"But I can't tolerate to see some people, that aren't no ways born nor entitled to it, give themselves such airs as some people do. Now, there's that Miss Burrage, that pretends not to know me, ma'am."

"And me, ma'am, just the same,—such purvoking assurance ! I that knew her from this high."

"On St. Augustin's Back, you know," said Mrs. Puffit.

"On St. Augustin's Back, you know," echoed Mrs. Bertrand.

"So I told her this morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Puffit.

"And so I told her this evening, ma'am, when the three Miss Herings came in to give me a call in their way to the play—girls that she used to walk with, ma'am, for ever and ever in the green, you know."

"Yes ; and that she was always glad to drink tea with, ma'am, when asked, you know," said Mrs. Puffit.

"Well, ma'am," pursued Mrs. Bertrand, "here she had the impudence to pretend not to know them. She takes up her glass—my Lady Di herself couldn't have done it better—and squeezes up her ugly face this way, pretending to be near-sighted, though she can see as well as you or I can."

"Such airs !—*she* near-sighted !" said Mrs. Puffit ; "what will the world come to?"

Could young ladies who are like Miss Burrage know to what contempt they expose themselves by their airs of consequence and by their meanness, they would not, surely, persist in their wilful offences against good-nature and good manners.

"Oh, I wish her pride may have a fall," resumed the provoked milliner, as soon as she had breath. "I dare to say, now, she wouldn't know her own relations if she was to meet them ; I'd lay any wager she would not vouchsafe a curtsy to that good old John Barker, the friend of her father, you know, who gave up to this Miss Burrage I don't know how many hundreds of pounds that was due to him, or else Miss wouldn't have had a farthing in the world ; yet now, I'll be bound, she'd forget this as well as St. Augustin's Back, and wouldn't know John Barker from Abraham. And I don't doubt but she'd pull out her glass at her Aunt Dinah, because she is a cheesemonger's widow."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Bertrand; "she couldn't have the baseness to be near-sighted to good Dinah Plait, that bred her up and was all-in-all to her."

Just as Mrs. Bertrand finished speaking, into the fruit-shop walked the very persons of whom she had been talking—Dinah Plait and Mr. Barker.

"Mrs. Dinah Plait, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bertrand.

"I never was so glad to see you, Mrs. Plait and Mr. Barker, in all my days," said Mrs. Puffit.

"Why you should be so particularly glad to see me, Mrs. Puffit, I don't know," said Mr. Barker, laughing; "but I'm not surprised Dinah Plait should be a welcome guest wherever she goes—especially with a purse full of guineas in her hand."

"Friend Bertrand," said Dinah Plait, producing a purse which she held under her cloak, "I am come to restore this purse to its rightful owner: after a great deal of trouble, John Barker (who never thinks it a trouble to do good) hath traced her to your house."

"There is a young lady here, to be sure," said Mrs. Bertrand; "but you can't see her just at present, for she is talking on *petticular* business with my Lady Frances Somerset above stairs."

"T is well," said Dinah Plait. "I would willingly restore this purse, not to the young creature herself, but to some of her friends, for I fear she is not quite in a right state of mind. If I could see any of the young lady's friends——"

"Miss Burrage!" cried Mrs. Bertrand, in a tone of voice so loud, that she could not avoid hearing it even in the inner room, "are not you one of the young lady's friends?"

"What young lady's friend?" replied Miss Burrage, without stirring from her seat.

"Miss Burrage, here's a purse for a young lady," said Mrs. Puffit.

"A purse for whom? Where?" said Miss Burrage, at last deigning to rise and come out of her recess.

"There, ma'am," said the milliner. "Now for her glass!" whispered Mrs. Puffit to Mrs. Bertrand.

And exactly as it had been predicted, Miss Burrage eyed her Aunt Dinah through her glass, pretending not to know her. "The purse is not mine," said she, coolly, "I know nothing of it—nothing."

"Hetty!" exclaimed her aunt; but as Miss Burrage still eyed her through her glass with unmoved invincible assurance, Dinah thought that, however strong the resemblance, she was mistaken. "No, it can't be Hetty. I beg pardon, madam," said she, "but I took you for ——. Did not I hear you say the name of Burrage, friend Puffit?"

"Yes, Burrage; one of the Burrages of Dorsetshire," said the milliner, with malicious archness.

"One of the Burrages of Dorsetshire? I beg pardon. But did you ever see such a likeness, friend Barker, to my poor niece, Hetty Burrage?"

Miss Burrage, who overheard these words, immediately turned her back upon her aunt. "A grotesque statue of starch—one of your Quakers, I think they call themselves. Bristol is full of such primitive

figures," said Miss Burrage to Clara Hope; and she walked back to the recess and to Lady Di.

"So like, voice and all, to my poor Hester," said Dinah Plait, as she wiped the tears from her eyes. "Though Hetty has neglected me so of late, I have a tenderness for her. We cannot but have some for our own relations."

"Grotesque or not, 't is a statue that seems to have a heart, and a gude one," said Clara Hope.

"I wish we could say the same of everybody," said Mrs. Bertrand.

All this time old Mr. Barker, leaning on his cane, had been silent. "Burrage of Dorsetshire!" said he; "I'll soon see whether she be or no, for Hetty has a wart on her chin: that I cannot forget, let her forget whom and what she pleases."

Mr. Barker, who was a plain-spoken determined man, followed the young lady to the recess, and after looking her full in the face, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Here's the wart! 't is Hetty!"

"Sir! Wart! Man! Lady Di!" cried Miss Burrage, in accents of the utmost distress and vexation.

Mr. Barker, regardless of her frowns and struggles, would by no means relinquish her hand; but leading, or rather pulling her forward, he went on with barbarous steadiness. "Dinah," said he, "'t is your own niece. Hetty, 't is your own aunt that bred you up. What, struggle, Burrage of Dorsetshire!"

"There certainly," said Lady Diana Chillingworth, in a solemn tone, "is a conspiracy this night against my poor nerves. These people amongst them will infallibly surprise me to death. What is the matter now? Why do you drag the young lady, sir? She came here with *me*, sir—with Lady Diana Chillingworth—and consequently she is not a person to be insulted."

"Insult her!" said Mr. Barker, whose sturdy simplicity was not to be baffled or disconcerted either by the cunning of Miss Burrage, or by the imposing manner and awful name of Lady Diana Chillingworth. "Insult her! Why, 't is she insults us. She won't know us."

"How should Miss Burrage know you, sir, or anybody here?" said Lady Diana, looking round, as if upon beings of a species different from her own.

"How should she know her own aunt that bred her up?" said the invincible John Barker, "and me, who have had her on my knee a hundred times, giving her barley-sugar till she was sick."

"Sick! I am sure you make me sick," said Lady Diana. "Sir, that young lady is one of the Burrages of Dorsetshire, as good a family as any in England."

"Madam," said John Barker, replying in a solemnity of tone equal to her ladyship's, "that young lady is one of the Burrages of Bristol, drysalters, niece to Dinah Plait here, who is widow to a man who was in his time as honest a cheesemonger as any in England."

"Miss Burrage! Don't you speak?" cried Lady Diana, in a voice of terror.

"The young lady is bashful, my lady, among strangers," said Mrs. Bertrand.

"Oh, Hester Burrage, is this kind of thee?" said Dinah Plait, with an accent of mixed sorrow and affection. "But thou art my niece, and I forgive thee."

"A cheesemonger's niece!" cried Lady Diana, with horror. "How have I been deceived! But this is the consequence of making acquaintance at Brighton and those watering-places. I've done with her, however. Lord bless me! here comes my sister, Lady Frances. Good Heavens! my dear," continued her ladyship, going to meet her sister, and drawing her into the recess at the farthest end of the room, "here are more misfortunes—misfortunes without end. What will the world say? Here's this Miss Burrage—take no more notice of her, sister—she's an impostor: who do you think she turns out to be?—daughter to a drysalter, niece to a cheesemonger. Only conceive! a person that has been going about with *me* everywhere! What will the world say?"

"That it is very imprudent to have *unknown friends*, my dear," replied Lady Frances. "The best thing you can possibly do is to say nothing about the matter, and to receive this penitent ward of yours without reproaches; for if you talk of her *unknown friends*, the world will certainly talk of yours."

Lady Diana drew back with haughtiness when her sister offered to put Miss Warwick's hand into hers; but she condescended to say, after an apparent struggle with herself, "I am happy to hear, Miss Warwick, that you are returned to your senses. Lady Frances takes you under her protection, I understand, at which, for all our sakes, I rejoice; and I have only one piece of advice, Miss Warwick, to give you——"

"Keep it till after the play, my dear Diana," whispered Lady Frances; "it will have more effect."

"The play! bless me!" said Lady Diana; "why, you have contrived to make Miss Warwick fit to be seen, I protest. But after all I have gone through to-night, how can I appear in public? My dear, this Miss Burrage's business has given me such a shock—such nervous affections!"

"Nervous affections! some people, I do believe, have none but nervous affections," thought Lady Frances.

"Permit me," said Mrs. Dinah Plait, coming up to Lady Frances, and presenting Miss Warwick's purse, "permit me, as thou seemest to be a friend to this young lady, to restore to thee her purse, which she left at my house this forenoon. I hope she is better, poor thing?"

"She is better, and I thank you for her, madam," said Lady Frances, who was struck with the obliging manner and benevolent countenance of Dinah Plait, and who did not think herself contaminated by standing in the same room with the widow of a cheesemonger.

"Let me thank you myself, madam," said Angelina; "I am perfectly in my senses *now*, I can assure you; and I shall never forget the kindness which you and this benevolent gentleman showed me when you thought I was in real distress."

"Some people are more grateful than other people," said Mrs. Puffit, looking at Miss Burrage, who, in mortified sullen silence, followed the

aunt and the benefactor of whom she was ashamed, and who had reason to be ashamed of her.

We do not imagine that our readers can be much interested for a young lady who was such a compound of pride and meanness; we shall therefore only add, that her future life was spent on St. Augustin's Back, where she made herself at once as ridiculous and as unhappy as she deserved to be.

As for our heroine, under the friendly and judicious care of Lady Frances Somerset, she acquired that which is more useful to the possessor than genius—good sense. Instead of rambling over the world in search of an *unknown friend*, she attached herself to those of whose worth she received proofs more convincing than a letter of three folio sheets, stuffed with sentimental nonsense. In short, we have now, in the name of Angelina Warwick, the pleasure to assure all those whom it may concern that it is possible for a young lady of sixteen to cure herself of the affectation of sensibility and the folly of romance.





THE PRUSSIAN VASE.

CHAPTER I.

TRIAL BY JURY.

FREDERICK the Second, King of Prussia, after his conquest of Saxony, transported, it is said,* by force, several manufacturers from Dresden to Berlin, where he was very desirous of establishing the manufacture of china. These unfortunate people, separated from their friends, their home, and their native country, were compelled to continue their labours for the profit and for the glory of their conqueror. Amongst the number of these sufferers was Sophia Mansfeld. She was young, handsome, and possessed considerable talents. Several pieces of porcelain of her design and modelling were shown to Frederick, when he visited the manufactory at Meissen in Saxony, and their taste and workmanship appeared to him so exquisite that he determined to transport the artist to his capital. But from the time of her arrival at Berlin, Sophia Mansfeld's genius seemed to forsake her. It was her business to sketch designs, and to paint them on the porcelain ; but either she could not, or would not, execute these with her former elegance : the figures were awkward and spiritless, and it was in vain that the overseer of the works attempted to rouse her to exertion. She would sit for hours with her pencil in her hand in a sort of reverie. It was melancholy to see her. The overseer had compassion upon her, but his compassion was not so great as his dread of the king's displeasure ; and he at length declared that the next time Frederick visited the works he must complain of her obstinate idleness.

The monarch was expected in a few days ; for, in the midst of his various occupations, Frederick, who was at this time extremely intent upon the establishment of the porcelain manufactory at Berlin, found leisure frequently to inspect it in person. The king, however, was prevented from coming at the appointed hour by a review at Potsdam. His Majesty had formed the singular project of embodying and train-

* *Vide* Wraxall's "Memoirs of the Court of Berlin."



"Amongst the number of these sufferers was Sophia Mansfeld."—p. 120

ing to the science of arms the Jews in his dominions.* They were rather awkward in learning the manual exercise; and the Jewish review, though it afforded infinite amusement to the spectators, put Frederick so much out of humour, that, as soon as it was over, he rode to his palace of Sans-Souci, and shut himself up for the remainder of the morning. The preceding evening an English traveller, who had passed some time at Paris with the Count de Lauragais in trying experiments upon porcelain clays, and who had received much instruction on this subject from Mr. Wedgwood, of Etruria, had been presented to the king, and his Majesty had invited him to be present at a trial of some new processes of importance which was to be made this morning at his manufactory. The English traveller, who was more intent upon his countryman's fame than upon the martial manœuvres of the Jews, proceeded, as soon as the review was finished, to exhibit his English specimens to a party of gentlemen who had appointed to meet him at the china works at Berlin.

Of this party was a young man of the name of Augustus Laniska, who was at this time scarcely seventeen years old. He was a Pole by birth, a Prussian by education. He had been bred up at the military school at Potsdam, and being distinguished by Frederick as a boy of high spirit and capacity, he was early inspired with enthusiastic admiration of this monarch. His admiration, however, was neither blind nor servile. He saw Frederick's faults as well as his great qualities, and he often expressed himself with more openness and warmth upon this subject than prudence could justify. He had conversed with unusual freedom about Frederick's character with our English traveller; and whilst he was zealous to display every proof of the king's greatness of mind, he was sometimes forced to acknowledge that "there are disadvantages in living under the power of a despotic sovereign."

"A despotic sovereign! You will not then call you Frederick a despot?" whispered the English traveller to the young Pole, as they entered the china works at Berlin. "This is a promising manufactory, no doubt," continued he, "and Dresden china will probably soon be called Berlin china, by which the world in general will certainly be much benefited. But in the meantime, look around you, and read your monarch's history in the eyes of those prisoners of war—for such I must call these expatriated manufacturers."

There were, indeed, many countenances in which great dejection was visible. "Look at that picture of melancholy," resumed the Englishman, pointing to the figure of Sophia Mansfeld; "observe, even now whilst the overseer is standing near her, how reluctantly she works! 'Tis the way with all slaves. Our English manufacturers (I wish you could see them) work in quite another manner, for they are free——"

"And are free men or free women never sick?" said Laniska; "or do you Englishmen blame your king whenever any of his subjects turn pale? The woman at whom you are now looking is evidently ill. I will inquire from the overseer what is the matter with her."

Laniska then turned to the overseer, and asked him, in German,

* Wraxall's "Memoirs of the Court of Berlin," &c., Vol. I.

several questions, to which he received answers that he did not translate to the English traveller. He was unwilling that anything unfavourable to the cause of his sovereign should appear, and returning to his companion, he changed the conversation. When all the company were occupied round the furnaces, attending to the Englishman's experiments, Laniska went back to the apartment where Sophia Mansfeld was at work. "My good girl," said he to her, "what is the matter with you? The overseer tells me that since you came here you have done nothing that is worth looking at; yet this charming piece" (pointing to a bowl of her painting which had been brought from Saxony) "is of your design, is not it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sophia; "I painted it—to my sorrow. If the king had never seen or liked it, I should now be——" The recollection of her home, which at this instant rushed full upon her mind, overpowered her, and she paused.

"You would now be in Saxony," resumed Laniska. "But forget Saxony, and you will be happy at Berlin."

"I cannot forget Saxony, sir," answered the young woman, with modest firmness; "I cannot forget a father and a mother whom I love, who are old and infirm, and who depended on me for their support. I cannot forget everything—everybody, that I have ever loved. I wish I could."

"Sir," whispered a Prussian workman who stood by, "sir, she has a lover in Saxony, to whom she was just going to be married, when she was carried off from her cottage and brought hither."

"Cannot her lover follow her?" said Laniska.

"He is in Berlin, in concealment," replied the workman in a whisper; "you won't betray him, I am sure."

"Not I," said Laniska. "I never betrayed any one, and I never shall—much less the unfortunate. But why is her lover in concealment?"

"Because it is the king's pleasure," replied the Prussian, "that she should no longer consider him as a lover. You know, sir, several of these Saxon women have been compelled, since their arrival at Berlin, to marry Prussians. Sophia Mansfeld has fallen to the lot of a Prussian soldier, who swears that if she delays another month to marry him, he will complain to the king of her obstinacy. Our overseer, too, threatens to complain of her idleness. She is ruined if she go on in this way. We tell her so; but she seems to have lost all sense; for she sits, as she does now, like one stupefied, half the day, let us say what we will to her. We pity her; but the king knows best—the king must be obeyed."

"Slave!" exclaimed Laniska, bursting into a sudden transport of indignation. "Slave! you are fit to live only under a tyrant. The king knows best! The king must be obeyed! What, when his commands are contrary to reason, to justice, to humanity!" Laniska stopped short, but not before the high tone of his voice, and the boldness of the words he uttered, had astonished and dismayed all present—all except Sophia Mansfeld: her whole countenance became suddenly illuminated; she started up, rushed forwards, threw herself at the feet of Laniska, and exclaimed, "Save me! you can save me! you have courage, and you are a powerful lord, and you can speak to the king. Save me from this detested marriage!"

The party of gentlemen who had been in the next chamber now entered the room, curious to know what had drawn thither such a crowd of workmen. On seeing them enter, Sophia, recollecting herself, rose, and returned to her work quietly; whilst Laniska, much agitated, seized hold of the Englishman's arm, and hurried out of the manufactory.

"You are right—you are right," cried he; "Frederick is a tyrant! But how can I save his victim?"

"Not by violence, my Augustus—not by violence!" replied a young man of the name of Albert, who followed Laniska, anxious to restrain the impetuosity of his friend's temper, with which he was well acquainted. "By imprudence," said he, "you will but expose yourself to danger; you will save, you will serve, no one."

"Tame prudence will neither save nor serve any one, however it may prevent its possessor from exposing *himself* to danger," retorted Laniska, casting upon Albert a look of contemptuous reproach. "Prudence be your virtue, courage mine."

"Are they incompatible?" said Albert, calmly.

"I know not," replied Laniska; "but this I know, that I am in no humour to reason that point or any other, according to all those cursed forms of logic, which I believe you love better than anything else."

"Not better than I love you, as I prove by allowing you to curse them as much and as often as you think proper," replied Albert, with a smile, which could not, however, force one from his angry friend.

"You are right to practise logic and rhetoric," resumed Laniska, "as much and as often as you can, since in your profession you are to make your bread by your tongue and your pen. I am a soldier, or soon to be a soldier, and have other arms and other feelings."

"I will not dispute the superiority of your arms," replied Albert; "I will only beg of you to remember that mine will be at your service whenever you want or wish for them."

This temperate and friendly reply entirely calmed Laniska. "What would become of Augustus Laniska," said he, giving Albert his hand, "if he had not such a friend as you are? My mother may well say this, as she does ten times a day. But now take it in your sober manner: what can we do for this poor woman?—for something must be done."

After some consideration, Albert and Laniska determined to draw up a petition for Sophia, and to present it to the king, who was known to pay ready and minute attention to every application made to him in writing, even by the meanest of his subjects. The petition was presented, and an answer anxiously expected. Frederick, when at Potsdam, often honoured the Countess Laniska with a visit. She was a woman of considerable information and literature—acquirements not common amongst the Polish or Prussian ladies; and the king distinguished the countess by his approbation, in order to excite some emulation amongst his female subjects. She held a sort of *conversazione* at her house, which was frequented by all foreigners of distinction, and especially by some of the French *litterati* who were at this time at Frederick's court.

One evening—it was a few days after Sophia Mansfeld's petition had been presented—the king was at the Countess Laniska's, and the com-

pany were conversing upon some literary subject, when Frederick, who had been unusually silent, suddenly turned to the English traveller, who was one of the company, and asked him whether his countryman, Mr. Wedgwood, had not made a beautiful imitation of the Barberini or Portland Vase.

The Englishman replied that the imitation was so exquisite as scarcely to be known by the best judges from the original ; and he went on with much eagerness to give a description of the vase, that he might afterward, for the honour of his country, repeat some lines written upon the subject by a great English poet.* Frederick was himself a poet and a judge of poetry : he listened to the lines with attention ; and as soon as the Englishman had finished speaking, he exclaimed, " I will write a description of the Prussian Vase myself."

" The Prussian Vase?" said the English traveller ; " I hope I may have the honour of seeing it before I leave Berlin."

" If you prolong your stay another month, your curiosity will probably be gratified," replied Frederick. " The Prussian Vase is not yet in being ; but I have this day determined to offer a reward that I know will produce a Prussian Vase. Those who have the command of motives, and know their power, have also the command of all that the arts, or what is called a *genius* for the arts, can produce. The human mind and human fingers are much the same in Italy, in England, and in Prussia. Then why should not we have a Prussian as well as a Wedgwood's or a Barberini Vase? We shall see. I do not understand *mon métier de roi* if I cannot call forth talents where I know them to exist. There is," continued the king, fixing his eyes full upon Laniska—" there is, in my porcelain manufactory at Berlin, a woman of considerable talents, who is extremely anxious to return, along with some lover of hers, to Saxony. Like all other *prisoners of war*, she must purchase her liberty from her conqueror ; and if she cannot pay her ransom in gold, let her pay it by her talents. I do not give premiums to idleness or obstinacy. *The king must be obeyed, whether he knows how to command or not ; let all the world who are able to judge, decide.*" Frederick, as soon as he had finished this speech, which he pronounced in a peremptory tone, left the room ; and Laniska's friends, who perceived that the imprudent words he had uttered in Berlin had reached the king's ear, gave the young man up for lost. To their surprise, however, the king took no further notice of what had happened, but received Laniska the next day at Sans-Souci with all his usual kindness. Laniska, who was of an open generous temper, was touched by this conduct, and throwing himself at Frederick's feet, exclaimed, " My king, forgive me, if in a moment of indignation I called you a *tyrant* !"

" My friend, you are yet a child, and I let children and fools speak of me as they please," replied Frederick. " When you are an older man, you will judge more wisely, or at least you will speak with more discretion within twenty miles of a *tyrant's* palace. Here is my answer to your Sophia Mansfeld's petition," added he, giving Laniska the

* Darwin. See his description of the Barberini Vase in the " Botanic Garden." We hope our readers will pardon this anachronism.

paper which Albert had drawn up; at the bottom of which was written, in the king's own hand, these words :

"I will permit the artist who shall produce before this day month the most beautiful vase of Berlin china, to marry or not to marry, whoever he or she shall think proper, and to return to Saxony with all imaginable expedition. If the successful artist choose to remain at Berlin, I will add a reward of 500 crowns. The artist's name shall be inscribed on the vase, which shall be called the Prussian Vase."

No sooner had Sophia Mansfeld read these words, than she seemed animated with new life and energy. She was likely to have many competitors; for the moment the king's intentions were made known in the manufactory, all hands and heads were at work. Some were excited by the hope of regaining their liberty, others stimulated by the mention of 500 crowns, and some were fired with ambition to have their name inscribed on the Prussian Vase. But none had so strong a motive for exertion as Sophia. She was indefatigable. The competitors consulted the persons whom they believed to have the best taste in Berlin and Potsdam. Sophia's designs were shown, as soon as they were sketched, to the Countess Laniska, whose advice was of material use to her. At length the day which was to decide her fate arrived. The vases were all ranged, by the king's order, in his gallery of paintings at Sans-Souci; and in the evening, when Frederick had finished the business of the day, he went thither to examine them. Laniska and some others were permitted to accompany him: no one spoke whilst Frederick was comparing the works of the different competitors.

"Let this be the Prussian Vase," said the king. It was Sophia Mansfeld's. Laniska just stayed to show her name, which was written underneath the foot of the vase, and then he hurried away to communicate the happy news to Sophia, who was waiting with her lover at the house of the Countess Laniska in Potsdam, impatient to hear her fate. She heard it with inexpressible joy, and Laniska's generous heart sympathized in her happiness. It was settled that she should the next morning be married to her lover, and return with him to her father and mother in Saxony. The happy couple were just taking leave of the young count and his mother, when they were alarmed by the sound of many voices on the great staircase. Some persons seemed to be disputing with the countess's servants for admittance. Laniska went out to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. The hall was filled with soldiers.

"Are you the young Count Laniska?" said an officer to him, the moment he appeared.

"I *am* the young Count Laniska," replied he, in a firm tone. "What do you want with me, and why this disturbance in my mother's house at this unseasonable hour?"

"We come here by the king's orders," replied the soldier. "Is not there in this house a woman of the name of Sophia Mansfeld?"

"Yes," replied Laniska; "what do you want with her?"

"She must come with us; and you are our prisoner, count," replied the soldier.

It was in vain to ask for further explanation; the soldiers could give

none : they knew nothing but that their orders were to convey Sophia Mansfeld immediately to Meissen, in Saxony, and to lodge Count Laniska in the Castle of Spandau—a state prison.

“I must know my crime before I submit to punishment,” cried Laniska in a passionate voice; but he restrained the natural violence of his temper on seeing his mother appear, and at her request yielded himself up a prisoner without resistance and without murmur.

“I depend on your innocence, my son, and on the justice of the king,” said the countess; and she took leave of him without shedding a tear.

The next day, even before the king arrived at Potsdam, she went to the palace, determined to wait there till she could see him, that she might hear from his own lips the cause of her son’s imprisonment. She waited a considerable time, for, without alighting from horseback, Frederick proceeded to the parade, where he was occupied some hours; at length he alighted, and the first person he saw on entering his palace was the Countess Laniska.

“I am willing to believe, madam,” said he, “that you have no share in your son’s folly and ingratitude.”

“My son is, I hope, incapable of ingratitude, sire,” answered the countess, with an air of placid dignity. “I am well aware that he may have been guilty of great imprudence.”

“At six o’clock this evening let me see you, madam,” replied the king, “at Sans-Souci, in the gallery of paintings, and you shall know of what your son is accused.”

At the appointed hour she was in the gallery of paintings at Sans-Souci. No one was there : she waited quietly for some time, then walked up and down the gallery with extreme impatience and agitation; at last she heard the king’s voice and his step : the door opened, and Frederick appeared. It was an awful moment to the mother of Laniska. She stood in silent expectation.

“I see, madam,” said the king, after fixing his penetrating eye for some moments on her countenance, “I see that you are, as I believed you to be, wholly ignorant of your son’s folly.” As he spoke, Frederick put his hand upon the vase made by Sophia Mansfeld, which was placed on a small stand in the middle of the gallery. The countess, absorbed by her own reflections, had not noticed it.

“You have seen this vase before,” said the king; “and you have probably seen the lines which are inscribed on the foot of it?”

“Yes,” said the countess; “they are my son’s writing.”

“And they are written by his own hand,” said the king.

“They are. The poor Saxon woman, who draws so admirably, cannot write; and my son wrote the inscription for her.”

“The lines are in a high strain of *panegyric*,” said the king; and he laid a severe emphasis on the word *panegyric*.

“Whatever may be my son’s faults,” said the countess, “your Majesty cannot suspect him of being a base flatterer. Scarcely a month has elapsed since his unguarded openness exposed him to your displeasure. Your Majesty’s magnanimity, in pardoning his imprudent expressions, convinced him at once of his error in having used them; and, in the fit of enthusiasm with which your kindness upon that occasion

inspired him, he, who is by no means a poet by profession, composed the two lines of *panegyric* which seem to have given your Majesty offence, but which I should never have conceived could be the cause of his imprisonment."

"You plead like a mother, madam," said the king; "but you reason, not as you usually do, like a woman. Have I ever said that your son was imprisoned for having written two lines of flattery? No, madam; I know how to smile both at flattery and satire, when they are undisguised; but there is a degree of baseness which I cannot so easily pardon. Be patient, madam; I will listen to all you can say in your son's defence when you have read this inscription. But, before you read it, understand that I was upon the point of sending this vase to Paris. I had actually given orders to the man who was packing up that case" [pointing to a half-packed case of porcelain] "to put up the Prussian Vase as a present for a Parisian *bel esprit* of your acquaintance. The man showed me the inscription at the bottom of the vase. I read the flattering lines with pleasure, and thought them, as people usually think flattering lines made on themselves, excellent. I was even fool enough immediately to consider how I could reward the author, when my friend the packer interrupted the course of my thoughts, by observing with some exclamation of astonishment that the blue colour of the vase came off in one spot where he had been rubbing it. I looked, and saw that part of the inscription at the bottom of the vase had been covered over with blue paint. At first sight I had read the words—'On the character of Frederick the Great:' the blue paint had concealed the next word, which is now, madam, sufficiently legible." The word to which the king pointed was *tyrant*. "Those flattering lines, madam, you comprehend, were written 'On the character of Frederick, the great *tyrant*.' I shall spare you, madam, all the reflections I have made on this occasion. *Tyrant* as I am, I shall not punish the innocent mother for the follies of her son. I shall be at your house, along with the rest of your friends, on Tuesday evening."

The unhappy mother of Laniska withdrew from the presence of the king, without attempting any reply. Her son's conduct admitted, she thought, of no apology, if it were really true that he had written the words to which his name was signed. Of this she doubted; but her consternation was at first so great that she had not the power to think. A general belief remained in her mind of her son's innocence; but then a number of his imprudent words and actions came across her memory: the inscription was, apparently, in his own handwriting. The conversation which had passed at the porcelain manufactory at Berlin corroborated the idea expressed in the inscription. The countess, on her return home, related the circumstances, with as much composure as she could, to Albert, who was waiting to hear the result of her interview with the king. Albert heard her relation with astonishment: he could not believe in his friend's guilt, though he saw no means of proving his innocence. He did not, however, waste his time in idle conjectures, or more idle lamentations; he went immediately to the man who was employed to pack up the vase; and after questioning him with great care, he went to Berlin, to the porcelain manufactory, and inquired

whether any persons were present when Laniska wrote the inscription for Sophia Mansfeld. After Albert had collected all the information that could be obtained, his persuasion of Laniska's innocence was confirmed.

On Tuesday, Frederick had promised to come to the countess's *conversazione*. The company, previous to his Majesty's arrival, were all assembled round the sofa on which she was seated, and they were eagerly talking over Laniska's affair.

"What a blessing it is," cried the English traveller, "to live in a country where no man can be imprisoned without knowing of what he is accused ! What a blessing it is to live under a government where no man can be condemned without trial, and where his trial must be carried on in open day, in the face of his country, his peers, his equals." The Englishman was in the midst of a warm eulogium upon the British mode of trial by jury, when Frederick entered the room, as it was his custom, without being announced ; and the company were so intently listening to our traveller, they did not perceive that the king was one of his auditors.

"Would to Heaven !" cried the Countess Laniska, when the Englishman paused—"would to Heaven my son could have the advantage of such a trial !"

"And would to Heaven," exclaimed Albert, "that I might plead his cause !"

"On one condition," said Frederick—and at the sound of his voice every one started—"on one condition, young man, your prayer shall be granted. You shall plead your friend's cause upon condition that if you do not convince his judges of his innocence, you shall share his punishment. His punishment will be a twelvemonth's imprisonment in the Castle of Spandau ; and yours the same, if you fail to establish your cause and his. Next to the folly of being imprudent ourselves, that of choosing imprudent friends is the most dangerous. Laniska shall be tried by his equals ; and since *twelve* is the golden, harmonic, divine number for which justice has a blind predilection, let him have twelve judges, and call them, if you please, a jury. But I will name my counsel, and you counsel for Laniska. You know the conditions—do you accept of them?"

"Willingly, sire !" cried Albert, joyfully. "You will permit me to have access to the prisoner in the Castle of Spandau?"

"That is a new condition ; but I grant it. The governor shall have orders to admit you to see and converse with his prisoner for two hours ; but if after that conversation your opinion of your friend should change, you will not blame me if I hold you to your word."

Albert declared that he desired no more ; and the Countess Laniska and all who were present joined in praising Frederick's clemency and Albert's generosity. The imprisonment of Laniska had been much talked of, not only in public companies at Potsdam and at Berlin, but, what affected Frederick much more nearly, it had become the subject of conversation amongst the *litterati* in his own palace at Sans-Souci. An English traveller, of some reputation in the literary world, also knew the circumstances, and was interested in the fate of the young

count. Frederick seems to have had a strong desire to be represented in an amiable point of view by writers who he believed could transmit his fame to posterity. Careless of what might be *said* of him, he was anxious that nothing should be *printed* derogatory to his reputation. Whether the desire to give to foreigners a striking proof of his magnanimity, or whether his regard for the young count and his friendship for his mother were his motives in granting to Laniska this *trial by jury*, cannot and need not be determined. Unmixed virtue is not to be expected from kings, more than from common men.

After his visit to the prisoner in the Castle of Spandau, Albert felt no inclination to recede from the agreement into which he had entered; but Laniska was much alarmed when he was told of what had passed. "Oh, my generous friend!" exclaimed the young count, "why did you accept of the conditions offered to you by the king? You may—I am sure you do—believe in my innocence; but you will never be able to prove it. You will soon be involved in my disgrace."

"I shall think it no disgrace," replied Albert, "to be the fellow-prisoner of an innocent friend. Do not you remember, as we were returning from Berlin, after your unlucky visit to the porcelain manufactory, I promised you that whenever you should be in want of *my weapons*, they should be at your service? I little thought you would so soon be in want of them. Farewell. Pray for their success."

On the day appointed for the trial of Laniska, crowds of people, of all ranks, flocked to hear the proceedings. A spacious building in Potsdam, intended for a barrack, was, upon this occasion, converted into a hall of justice; a temporary gallery was erected for the accommodation of the audience, and a platform was raised in the centre of the hall, where the judge's chair was placed. On the right hand of his chair a space was railed in for the reception of the twelve young gentlemen who were to act as jurors; on the left, another space was railed in for spectators. In the front there was a large table, on each side of which were benches for the counsel and witnesses—those for the crown on the right hand, those for the prisoner on the left. Everything had, by the king's orders, been prepared in this manner according to the English custom.

The Countess Laniska now entered the court, with a few friends who had not yet forsaken her. They took their seats at the lower end of the gallery; and as every eye turned upon the mother who waited to hear the trial of her son, an awful silence prevailed. This lasted but for a few moments; it was succeeded by a general whispering amongst the crowds both in the hall and in the gallery. Each individual gave his opinion concerning the event of the trial: some declared that the circumstances which must appear against Laniska were so strong that it was madness in Albert to undertake his defence; others expressed great admiration of Albert's intrepid confidence in himself and his friend. Many studied the countenance of the king, to discover what his wishes might be; and a thousand idle conjectures were formed from his most insignificant movements.

At length the temporary judge having taken his seat, twelve young gentlemen were chosen from the most respectable families in Potsdam

to act as jurors. The prisoner was summoned to answer to the charges brought against him, in the name of Frederick the Second, King of Prussia. Laniska appeared, guarded by two officers: he walked up to the steps of the platform with an air of dignity, which seemed expressive of conscious innocence; but his countenance betrayed involuntary marks of emotion too strong for him to command, when, on raising his eyes, he beheld his friend Albert, who stood full in his view. Albert maintained an immovable composure of countenance. The prisoner was now asked whether he had any objections to make to any of the twelve persons who had been selected to judge his cause: he made none. They proceeded to take an oath, "that in their decision they would suffer no motives to influence them but a sense of truth and justice." The judge then rose, and addressing himself to the jury, said:

"Gentlemen,—You are here by the king's order, to form your opinions concerning the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, commonly known by the name of Count Augustus Laniska. You will learn the nature and circumstances of the accusation against him from Mr. Warendorff, the gentleman on my right hand, who, in this cause, has the honour of being counsel for his Majesty. You will hear from the gentleman on my left, Albert Altenburg, all that can be said in defence of the prisoner, for whom he voluntarily offers himself as counsel. After having listened to the arguments that may be adduced, and to the witnesses that shall be examined on each side, you are, gentlemen, according to the tenor of the oath which has just been administered to you, to decide without regard to any consideration but truth and justice. Your opinion is to be delivered to me by the eldest among you, and it is to be expressed in one or other of these phrases, *guilty* or *not guilty*.

"When I shall have heard your decision, I am, in his Majesty's name, to pronounce sentence accordingly. If the prisoner be judged by you *not guilty*, I am to announce to him that he is thenceforward at liberty, and that no stain affixes to his honour from the accusation that has been preferred against him, or from his late imprisonment, or from this public trial. If, on the contrary, your judgment shall be that the prisoner is *guilty*, I am to remand him to the Castle of Spandau, where he is to remain confined for twelve months from this day. To the same punishment I am also to condemn Albert Altenburg, if he fail to establish in your minds the innocence of the Count Laniska. It is upon this condition that he is permitted to plead the cause of his friend.

"Gentlemen, you are called upon to give impartial attention in this cause, by your duty to your king and to your country."

As soon as the judge, after making this short address to the jury, had seated himself, Mr. Warendorff, counsel for the crown, rose, and spoke in the following manner:

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,—It is with inexpressible concern that I find myself called upon to plead in this cause. To be the accuser of any man is an invidious task; to be the accuser of such a man as once thought, as you perhaps still think, the young Count Laniska must, to a person of generous feelings, be in a high degree difficult and distressing. I do not pretend to more generosity or delicacy of sentiment than others; but I beg any of you, gentlemen, to imagine your

selves for a moment in my place, and to conceive what must be my sensations as a man and as an advocate. I am not ignorant how popular the name of Augustus Laniska is both in Berlin and Potsdam ; I am not ignorant that the young count has been in the habit of living amongst you, gentlemen, on terms of familiarity, friendship, and confidence ; nor can I doubt that the graceful, manly manner and open deportment for which he is so eminently distinguished, must have strongly prepossessed you in his favour. I am not ignorant that I have to plead against him before his friends, in the presence of his mother ; a mother respected even in a higher degree than her son is beloved ; respected for her feminine virtues, for her more than feminine endowments ; who, had she no other claim upon your hearts, must, by the unfortunate situation in which she now appears, command your sympathy.

“ You must all of you feel, likewise, strongly prepossessed in favour of that noble-minded youth who has undertaken to defend the prisoner’s cause at the hazard of sharing his punishment. I respect the general character of Albert Altenburg ; I admire his abilities ; I applaud him for standing forward in defence of his friend ; I pity him, because he has a friend for whom I fear even he will find it impossible to establish any plausible defence. But the idea that he is acting handsomely, and that he has the sympathy of numbers in his favour, will doubtless support the young advocate in his arduous task. He appears in this court in an interesting character, as counsel, disinterested counsel, for his friend.

“ Gentlemen, I also appear in this court as counsel, disinterested counsel, for a friend. Yes, gentlemen, I am permitted to call Frederick the Great *my friend*. He is not, as other great monarchs have been, ambitious to raise himself above the sphere of humanity ; he does not desire to be addressed in the fulsome strains either of courtly or of poetical adulation ; he wishes not to be worshipped as a god, but to be respected as a man.* It is his desire to have friends that shall be faithful or subjects that shall be obedient. Happy his obedient subjects—they are secure of his protection ; happy, thrice happy, his faithful friends—they are honoured with his favour and his confidence. It was in the power of the prisoner now before you to have been in this enviable class. You all of you know that the Countess Laniska, his mother, has for years been honoured by the friendship of her sovereign ; even the conduct of her son has not been able to shake his confidence in her. A Pole by birth, Augustus Laniska was educated amongst the first of the Prussian nobility at the military academy at Potsdam, that nursery of heroes. From such an education, from the son of such a mother, honourable sentiments and honourable conduct were to be expected. Most confidently were they expected by his king, who distinguished the young count, as you all know, even in his boyish days. The count is said to be of a temper naturally impetuous ; the errors into which such a temper too publicly betrayed him were pardoned by the indulgence of his king. I am compelled to recall one recent instance of the truth of these assertions, as it is intimately connected with the present cause.”

* Æschylus.

Here Mr. Warendorff related all that had passed at the porcelain manufactory at Berlin, and the king's subsequent conduct towards Count Laniska. On the magnanimity of his Majesty the eloquent counsel expatiated for a considerable time; but the applauses with which this part of his oration was received by a party in the gallery, who were seated near the king, were so loud as almost to drown the voice of the orator, and effectually to distract the attention of those employed to take down his words. When he could again be heard distinctly, he resumed as follows :

"I am not surprised at these testimonies of admiration which burst from the warm hearts of his Majesty's subjects; I am only surprised that a heart could be found in his dominions on whom such magnanimity could make no impression. I am shocked, I am grieved, when I find such a heart in the person of Count Laniska. Can it be believed, that in the course of one short month after this generous pardon, that young nobleman proved himself the basest of traitors—a traitor to the king who was his friend and benefactor? Daring no longer openly to attack, he attempted secretly to wound the fame of his sovereign. You all of you know what a degree of liberty, even of license, Frederick the Great permits to that species of satirical wit with which the populace delight to ridicule their rulers. At this instant there are various anonymous pasquinades on the garden gates at Sans-Souci, which would have provoked the resentment, the fatal resentment, of any other monarch upon earth. It cannot be doubted that the authors of these things could easily be discovered, if the king condescended to make any inquiries concerning them; it cannot be doubted that the king has power to punish the offenders; yet they remain untouched, perhaps unknown. Our sovereign is not capable of feeling the petty emotions of vulgar spleen or resentment; but he could not be insensible to the treacherous ingratitude of one whom he imagined to have been attached to him by every tie of kindness and of duty. That the Count Laniska should choose the instant when the king was showing him unusual favour, to make that favour an instrument of his base malice, is scarcely credible. Yet, Prussians, incredible as it sounds to us, it is true. Here are my proofs; here are my witnesses."

Mr. Warendorff at this instant uncovered the Prussian Vase, and then pointed to a Jew and to the master of the porcelain manufactory, who stood beside him ready to give their evidence. We omit that part of Mr. Warendorff's speech which contained the facts that have been already related. The Prussian Vase was handed to the jury; the verses in praise of Frederick the Great were read, and the word *tyrant* was seen afterward with the utmost surprise. In the midst of the general indignation, Mr. Warendorff called upon the Jew to come forward and give his evidence. This Jew was an old man, and there was something remarkable in his looks. His head was still, his neck was stiff; but his eyes moved with incessant celerity from side to side, and he seemed uneasy at not being able to see what was passing behind him; there was a certain firmness in his attitude, but his voice trembled when he attempted to speak. All these circumstances prepossessed Laniska's friends against the Jew the moment he appeared, and it was justly ob-

served that his having the misfortune to be a Jew was sufficient to prejudice many of the populace against him, even before a word he uttered had reached their ears ; but impartial spectators judged that the poor man was only terrified at being called upon to speak in so large an assembly. Solomon, for that was the name of the Jew, after having taken an oath upon the Talmud that he would speak nothing but the truth, made the following answers to the questions put to him by Mr. Warendorff :

Mr. Warendorff.—Did you ever see this vase before ?

Solomon.—Yes.

Mr. Warendorff.—Where ? when ?—tell all you know about it to the gentlemen of the jury.

Solomon.—The first time I saw that vase was in the gallery of paintings at the king's palace of Sans-Souci. To the best of my recollection, it was on the night of the first day of this month, about ten o'clock, or perhaps it might be eleven : I wish to be exact, but I cannot be certain as to the hour precisely.

Mr. Warendorff.—The exact hour is immaterial : proceed. Tell us how you came to see this vase. Take your time to speak. We are in no hurry : the truth will appear sooner or later.

Solomon.—His Majesty himself put the vase into my hands, and commanded me to pack it up with some other china, which he was going to send as a present to a gentleman at Paris. I am something of a judge of china myself, being used to selling small pieces of it up and down the town and country. So I was struck with the first sight of this beautiful vase : I looked at it very carefully, and wiped away with my handkerchief the dust which had settled on the white figures : here is the very handkerchief. I wiped the vase all over ; but when I came to rub the bottom, I stopped to read the verses *on the character of Frederick the Great* ; and having read these, I rubbed the white letters quite clean : the ground upon which they were written was blue. I found that some of the blue colour came off upon my handkerchief, which surprised me a good deal. Upon examining further, I perceived that the colour came off only in one spot, of about an inch long and half an inch broad. The king was at this time standing with his back to me, looking at a new picture which had just been hung up in the gallery ; but hearing me make an exclamation—“*Father Abraham !*” I believe it was that I said—his Majesty turned round. “What is the matter with you, Solomon ? you look wondrous wise,” his Majesty was pleased to say ; “why do you call on Father Abraham at this time of day ? Do you expect that he will help you to pack up that china ?—eh, Solomon, my friend ?” I had no power to answer this question, for by this time, to my utter astonishment, I had discovered that on the spot where I had rubbed off the blue paint there was a word written : the word was *tyrant*. “*On the character of Frederick, the Great Tyrant*,” said I to myself ; “what can this mean ?” The king snatched the vase from my hands, read what I had read, saw the paint which had been rubbed off upon my handkerchief, and, without saying one word, left the gallery. This is all I know about the matter.

The Jew bowed to the court and Mr. Warendorff told him that,

having closed his evidence, he might depart. But Albert rose to desire that the judge would order him to remain in court, as he purposed to examine, or, according to the English term, to *cross-examine* him further at a proper time. The judge ordered the Jew to remain in court. The next witness called on the part of the crown was the master of the porcelain manufactory of Berlin, to whom Mr. Warendorff put the following questions:

Q.—Have you seen the verses which are inscribed on the foot of this vase?

A.—Yes, I have.

Q.—Do you recollect what words were written over the verses?

A.—I do. The words are—"On the character of Frederick, the great tyrant."

Q.—Do you know by whom those words and these verses were written?

A.—I believe that they were written by Count Augustus Laniska.

Q.—How do you know? or why do you believe it?

A.—I was present when Sophia Mansfeld, the woman by whom the Prussian Vase was designed, told the count that she did not know how to write, and that she would be obliged to him if he would write the inscription himself on the vase. The vase at this time had not been put into the furnace: it was in what we call biscuit. The Count Laniska took a proper tool, and said that he would write the inscription as she desired. I saw him writing on the bottom of the vase for some minutes. I heard him afterwards call to one of the workmen, and desire that he would put the vase into the furnace; the workman accordingly carried it into the next room to the furnace, as I believe.

Q.—Did you see the inscription on the vase after it was taken out of the furnace? and was the word *tyrant* then on it?

A.—I did not see the vase immediately upon its being taken out of the furnace, but I saw it about an hour afterward. At that time I read the inscription: the word *tyrant* was not then visible on the vase; the place where it now appears was blue. I carried it myself along with some others to the king's palace at Sans-Souci. The night of the first day of this month his Majesty sent for me, and showed me the word *tyrant* on the vase: I had never seen it there till then. It could not have been written after the china was baked; it must have been written whilst the biscuit was soft; and it must have been covered over with the blue paint after the vase was taken out of the furnace. I believe the word was written by Count Laniska, because I saw no one else write upon the vase but him; because the word exactly resembles the handwriting of the rest of the inscription; and because I, on a former occasion, heard the count make use of that very word in speaking of Frederick the Great.

Here the master of the porcelain manufactory finished speaking, and was going, with Mr. Warendorff's permission, to retire; but Albert signified his intention to cross-examine him also, and the judge commanded that he should remain in court. The next two witnesses who were produced and examined were the workman who carried the vase to the furnace, and the man whose business it was to put the biscuit

into the furnace. Neither of these witnesses could write or read. The workman deposed that he carried the Prussian Vase, as he was desired, to the furnace; that no one touched it on the way thither. The man whose business it was to put the biscuit into the furnace swore that he put it along with several other vases into the furnace, that he attended the fire, and that no one touched any of them till they were baked and taken out by him.

Here the evidence for the prosecution closed. Mr. Warendorff observed that he should forbear to expatiate further upon the conduct of the prisoner; that he had been ordered by his sovereign to speak of him with all possible moderation; that he earnestly hoped the defence that should be made for Count Laniska might be satisfactory; and that the mode of trial, which had been granted to him by the king, was a sufficient proof of the clemency of his Majesty, and of his earnest desire to allow the prisoner every possible means of re-establishing his character in the eyes of the public.

Albert now rose. The Count Laniska, who had appeared unmoved during Mr. Warendorff's oration, changed countenance the moment Albert rose in his defence; the Countess Laniska leaned forward over the rails of the gallery in breathless anxiety; there was no sound heard in the whole gallery, except the jingling of the chain of the king's sword, with which he was playing.

"I shall not attempt, gentlemen," said Albert, "to move your sympathy by a pathetic description of my own feelings *as a man and as an advocate*. Whatever mine may be, it is my wish and my duty to repress them. I have need of that calm possession of my understanding which will be necessary to convince yours of the innocence of my friend. To convince is my object. If it were in my power, I should, upon the present occasion, disdain to persuade. I should think it equally incompatible with my own honour and that of the Count Laniska. With these sentiments, I refrain, Prussians, from all eulogium upon the magnanimity of your king. Praises from a traitor, or from the advocate of a traitor, must be unworthy of a great monarch or of a generous people. If the prisoner before you shall be proved to be no traitor, he will, doubtless, have opportunities of expressing by actions, better than I can by words, his gratitude to his sovereign for having allowed him this public trial by his equals—men who are able to discern and to assert the truth.

"Whether the counsel for this prosecution has complied strictly with the orders which he informs us he received from the king, to speak of the Count Laniska with all possible moderation, I shall not here stop to decide, confident as I am that those who are to judge this cause cannot be influenced by mere idle declamation, but that they will form their decision upon evidence. It cannot have escaped their observation that no positive evidence whatever has yet been produced against the prisoner. No one has been heard to swear that he *saw* Count Laniska write the word *tyrant* upon this vase. The first witness, Solomon the Jew, has informed us of what our own senses could not leave us room to doubt, that the word is actually engraved upon the porcelain; further, he has told us that it was covered over with blue paint, which he rubbed

off with his handkerchief—all which may be true ; but the wisdom of Solomon, united to that of Baron Warendorff, has failed to point out to us any certain connection between this blue paint, this handkerchief, and the supposed guilt of the Count Laniska. The master of the porcelain manufactory came next ; and I apprehended that, as being a more respectable witness than the Jew, it was reserved for him to supply this link in the chain of evidence. But this respectable witness simply swore that he heard a woman say she could not write or read ; that she asked Count Laniska to write an inscription upon a vase for her ; that in consequence of this request the count wrote something upon the vase, he does not pretend to know what ; but he believes that the word *tyrant* must have been one of the words then written by the count, because he saw no one else write on the vase, because the handwriting of that word resembles the rest of the inscription, and because the count in his hearing had, upon a former occasion, made use of the same expression in speaking of the king. I recapitulate this evidence to show that it is in no part *positive* ; that it all rests upon circumstances. In order to demonstrate to you that the word in question could not have been written by any person but Laniska, two witnesses are produced—the workman who carried the vase to the furnace, and he who put it into the fire. The one has positively sworn that no person touched the vase on the way to the furnace ; the other as positively swears that no one meddled with the vase after it was put into the furnace. It is granted that the word could not have been engraved after the biscuit was baked. The witness, however, has not sworn, or asserted, that there was no interval of time between his receiving the vase and his putting it into the fire. What became of it during this interval ? How long did it last ? Will the witness swear that no one touched it during this interval ? These are questions which I shall put to him presently. I am not afraid to let him have this notice of my intentions, because I have too much confidence in his integrity to suspect that he will prepare himself with evasive answers, and too high an opinion of your penetration to suppose that you could be the dupes of equivocation. I hope I have established my first assertion, that you have no *positive* evidence of the prisoner's guilt.

“ You well know, gentlemen, that where positive evidence of any supposed fact cannot be produced, our judgments must be decided by the balance of *probabilities* ; and it is for this reason that the study of probabilities, and the power of comparing them, has, in a late celebrated essay, been called *the science of judges*.* To you, judges of my friend, all the probabilities of his supposed guilt have been stated. Weigh and compare them with those which I shall produce in favour of his innocence. His education, his character, his understanding are all in his favour. The Count Laniska must be much below the common standard of human virtue and capacity, if, without any assignable motive, he could have committed an action at once so base and so absurd as this of which he is accused. His temper is naturally or habitually open and impetuous, even to extreme imprudence. An instance of this im-

* Voltaire.—“ *Essai sur les Probabilités en fait de Justice.* ”

prudence, and of the manner in which it was pardoned by the king, has been stated to you. Is it probable that the same man should be both ingenuous and mean? Is it probable that the generosity with which he was treated made no impression upon his heart? His heart must, upon this supposition, be selfish and unfeeling. Look up, gentlemen, toward that gallery! Look at that anxious mother!—those eager friends! Could Laniska's fate excite such anxiety if he were selfish and unfeeling? Impossible! But suppose him destitute of every generous sentiment, you cannot imagine Count Laniska to be a fool. You have been lately reminded that he was early distinguished for his abilities by a monarch whose penetration we cannot doubt. He was high in the favour of his sovereign; just entering upon life—a military life; his hopes of distinction resting entirely upon the good opinion of his general and his king. All these fair expectations he sacrifices—for what? For the pleasure—but it could be no pleasure—for the folly of writing a single word. Unless the Count Laniska be supposed to have been possessed with an insane desire of writing the word *tyrant*, how can we account for his writing it upon this vase? Did he wish to convey to France the idea that Frederick the Great is a tyrant? A man of common sense could surely have found at least safer methods of doing so than by engraving it as his opinion upon the Prussian Vase, which he knew was to pass through the hands of the sovereign whom he purposed thus treacherously to insult. The extreme improbability that any man in the situation, with the character, habits, and capacity of Count Laniska, should have acted in this manner, amounts, in my judgment, almost to a *moral impossibility*. I knew nothing more, gentlemen, of this cause when I first offered to defend Laniska at the hazard of my liberty; it was not merely from the enthusiasm of friendship that I made this offer; it was from the sober conviction of my understanding, founded upon the accurate calculation of moral probabilities.

“It has been my good fortune, gentlemen, in the course of the inquiries which I have since made, to obtain further confirmation of my opinion. Without attempting any of that species of oratory which may be necessary to cover falsehood, but which would encumber instead of adorning truth, I shall now, in the simplest manner in my power, lay the evidence before the court.”

The first witness Albert called was the workman who carried the vase to the man at the furnace. Upon his cross-examination, he said that he did not deliver the vase into the hands of the man at the furnace, but that he put it, along with several other pieces, upon a tray, on a table which stood near the furnace.

Albert.—You are certain that you put it upon a tray?

Witness.—Quite certain.

Albert.—What reason have you for remembering that circumstance particularly?

Witness.—I remember it, because I at first set this vase upon the ledge of the tray, and it was near falling. I was frightened at that accident, which makes me particularly remember the thing. I made room upon the tray for the vase, and left it quite safe upon the tray. I am positive of that.

Albert.—That is all I want with you, my good friend.

The next witness called was the man whose business it was to put the vases into the furnace.

Albert.—Did you see the witness who was last examined put this vase upon a tray when he left it under your care?

Witness.—I did.

Albert.—You are certain that he put it *upon the tray*. What reason have you to remember that circumstance particularly?

Witness.—I remember it, because I heard the witness cry out, "There, William, I had like to have thrown down this cursed vase; but, look you here, I've left it quite safe upon the tray." Upon this I turned and looked, and saw that vase standing upon the tray safe, with some others.

Albert.—Do you recollect anything else that passed?

Witness.—Only that the witness told me that I must put it—the vase, I mean—into the furnace directly; and I answered to that, "All in good time; the furnace is not ready yet; it will go in along with the rest."

Albert.—Then did you not put it into the furnace immediately after it was left with you?

Witness.—No, I did not; but that was not my fault. I could not; the furnace was not hot enough.

Albert.—How long do you think it was from the time it was left upon the tray till you put it into the furnace?

Witness.—I don't know; I can't be positive; it might be a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, or it might be half an hour. I cannot be positive, sir, I cannot be positive.

Albert.—You need not be positive. Nobody wants you to be positive; nobody wants to entrap you, my good friend. During this quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes, or half-hour, that you speak of, did you ever lose sight of this vase?

Witness.—To be sure I did. I did not stand watching it all the while; why should I? it was safe enough.

Albert.—Do you recollect where you found the vase when you took it to put it into the furnace?

Witness.—Yes; it was standing, as it might be here, in the middle of the table.

Albert.—Do you recollect whether it was standing *upon* the tray or not?

Witness.—It was not *upon* the tray, as I recollect: no, I am sure it was not, for I carried to the furnace first the tray and all that was on it, and then, I remember, I came back for this, which was standing, as I said before, as it might be here, in the middle of the table.

Albert.—Was anybody, except yourself, at the furnace, or in the room, from the time that this vase was brought to you till you put it into the furnace?

Witness.—Not as I remember. It was our dinner-time. All the men, except myself, were gone to dinner: I stayed to mind the furnace.

Albert.—It was you, then, that took this vase off the tray, was it?

Witness.—No, it was not. I never took it off the tray. I told you

it was not upon the tray with the others ; I told you it was upon the table, as it might be here.

Albert.—Yes, when you were going to put it into the furnace, you said that you saw it standing in the middle of the table ; but you recollect that you saw the workman who brought it put it upon the tray. You told us you remembered that circumstance perfectly ?

Witness.—Yes, so I do.

Albert.—The vase could not have got off the tray of itself. You did not take it off. How came it off, do you think ?

Witness.—I don't know ; I can't tell. Somebody, to be sure, must have taken it off. I was minding the furnace. My back was to the door ; I don't recollect seeing anybody come in ; but many might have come in and out without my heeding them.

Albert.—Take your own time, my good friend. Recollect yourself ; perhaps you may remember.

Witness.—Oh, yes ; now you put me upon recollecting, I do remember that Solomon the Jew came in, and asked me where Sophia Mansfeld was ; and it certainly must have been he who took the vase off the tray ; for now I recollect, as I looked round once from the furnace, I saw him with it in his hand. He was looking at the bottom of it, as I remember. He said, "Here are some fine verses," or some such thing ; but I was minding the furnace. That's all I know about the matter.

Albert.—That is enough.

The next witness who came forward was the husband of Sophia Mansfeld. He deposed, that on the 29th of April, the day on which the Prussian Vase was finished, as stated by the former evidence, and sent to be put into the furnace, he met Sophia Mansfeld in the street ; she was going home to dinner. He asked to see the vase ; she said that it was, she believed, put into the furnace, and that he could not then see it ; that she was sorry he had not come sooner, for that he could have written the inscription on it for her, and that would have spared her the shame of telling Count Laniska that she could not read or write. She added that the count had written all that was wanting for her. The witness being impatient to see the vase, went as fast as he could to the manufactory, in hopes of getting a sight of it before it was put into the furnace. He met Solomon the Jew at the door of the manufactory, who told him that he was too late, that all the vases were in the furnace, he had just seen them put in. The Jew, as the witness now recollects, though it did not strike him at the time, was eager to prevent him from going into the furnace-room. Solomon took him by the arm, and walked with him up the street, talking to him of some money which he was to remit to Meissen to Sophia Mansfeld's father and mother.

Albert asked the witness on whose account this money was to be remitted by the Jew to Meissen.

Witness.—The money was to be remitted on Sophia Mansfeld's account.

Albert.—Did she borrow it from the Jew ?

Witness.—No ; the Jew owed it to her for work done by her. She had the art of painting on glass. She had painted some glasses for a

large magic lantern, and several small pictures on glass. She did these things at the hours when she was not obliged to be at the manufactory. She rose very early in the morning, and worked hard. She sold her work to the Jew, upon condition that he would remit the price agreed upon to her father and mother, who were old, and depended on her for support.

Albert.—Was the money punctually remitted to her father and mother by the Jew?

Witness.—Not a farthing of it was remitted by him, as Sophia discovered since her return to Meissen.

Albert.—Did you ever hear this Jew say anything about Sophia Mansfeld's returning to Saxony?

Witness.—Yes; I once heard the Jew say that he hoped she never would leave Berlin, because she was of great use to him. He advised me to settle in Berlin. This passed about six weeks ago. About a week before the prize was decided by the king, I met the Jew, and told him Sophia had good hopes of getting back to Saxony. He looked very much vexed, and said, "She is not *sure* of that."

Albert.—Did you ever hear this Jew speak of Count Laniska?

Witness.—Yes, about two months ago. The first day I ever saw Count Laniska, when he came along with some foreign gentlemen to the porcelain manufactory, I asked the Jew who he was. The Jew answered, "He is the Count Laniska, a man I hate, and on whom I will be revenged some time or other." I asked why he hated the count. The Jew replied, "Because the Christian dog has made the *corps* of Jews his laughingstock. This day, when my son was going through his manual exercise before the king, Count Laniska was holding his sides with laughter. I'll be revenged upon him some time or other."

Albert.—I have no occasion, sir, to trouble you with any further questions.

The next witness who appeared was a druggist of Berlin. He deposed that on the 30th of April Solomon the Jew came to his shop and asked for blue paints. That, after trying the colours very carefully upon the back of a letter which he took out of his pocket, he bought a small quantity of a shade of blue, which the witness produced in court.

Albert ordered that the paint should be handed to the gentlemen of the jury, that they might compare it with the blue ground of the Prussian Vase. With this it was found, upon comparison, to match exactly.

Albert, to the Druggist.—Do you know what became of the paper upon which you say the Jew tried your colours?

Witness.—Yes; here it is. I found it under the counter after the Jew went away, and I kept it to return to him, as I saw there was an account on the other side of the paper, which I imagined he might want. He never happened to call at my shop for some time afterward, and I forgot that I had such a paper, till you, sir, called upon me about a week ago to make inquiry on this subject. You desired me to keep the paper carefully, and not to let anyone know that it was in my possession till the day on which the trial of Count Laniska was to come on. I have complied with your request, and here is the paper.

The paper was handed to the jury: one of the shades of blue exactly

matched that of the ground of the Prussian Vase. Albert now called upon the Jew to produce once more the handkerchief with which he had rubbed off the paint. The chain of evidence was now complete, for the blue on the handkerchief was precisely the same as the colours on the paper and on the vase. After the jury had satisfied themselves of this resemblance, Albert begged that they would read what was written upon the paper. The first thing that struck their eyes was the word *tyrant* frequently repeated, as if by some one who had been practising to write different hands. One of these words was an exact resemblance of the word *tyrant* on the Prussian Vase ; and Albert pointed out a circumstance which had till now escaped attention, that the letter *r* in this word was made differently from all the *r*'s in the rest of the inscription. The writing of the Count Laniska had in every other respect been successfully imitated.

After Albert had shown these things to the jury, he here closed the evidence in favour of the prisoner, observing that the length of time which the trial had lasted seemed to have fatigued both the judge and jury ; and knowing that it was now their usual hour of dinner, he prudently forbore to make a long speech upon the evidence which had been laid before them in favour of his friend ; he left it to their own understandings to determine the balance of probabilities between the honour of Count Laniska and the honesty of Solomon the Jew.

The judge, in a manner which would have done honour even to the English bench, summed up the evidence on both sides, and gave a distinct and impressive charge to the jury, who, without leaving the court, gave a verdict in favour of the prisoner. Loud acclamations filled the hall. In the midst of these acclamations, the word "Silence!" was pronounced by that voice which never failed to command instantaneous obedience in Prussia. All eyes turned upon the monarch.

"This court is now dissolved," said his Majesty. "My judgment confirms the verdict of the jury. Count Laniska, I took your sword from you too hastily—accept of mine in its stead." And as he pronounced these words, Frederick ungirded his sword, and presented it to the young count. "As for you, sir," continued the king, addressing himself to Albert, "you want no *sword* for the defence of your friends. Your arms are superior to ours. Let me engage them in my service ; and, trust me, I shall not leave them long unemployed or unrewarded."

There was but one person present to whom this speech seemed to give no satisfaction. This person was Solomon the Jew, who stood apart, waiting in black silence to learn his own fate. He was sentenced—not to a year's imprisonment in the Castle of Spandau, but—to sweep the streets of Potsdam (including the court in front of Count Laniska's palace) for a twelvemonth.

After having heard this sentence, which was universally approved, the spectators began to retire.

The king dined—it is always important to know where great men dine—Frederick the Great dined this day at the Countess Laniska's, in company with her son, his friend Albert, and the English traveller. After dinner the king withdrew to attend parade, and it was observed that he wore the Count Laniska's sword.

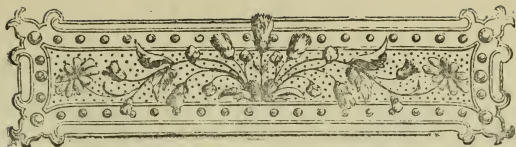
"You will allow," said the countess to the English traveller, "that our king is a great man, for none but great men can bear to acknowledge that they have been mistaken?"

"You will allow, madam," replied the Englishman, "that it was our English trial by jury which convinced the king of his mistake?"

"And you applaud him for granting that trial?" said Albert.

"To a certain degree I do," said the Englishman, from whom it was difficult to extort praise of a despotic king. "To a certain degree I do; but you will observe, that this trial by jury, which is a matter of favour to you Prussians, is a matter of right to us Englishmen. Much as I admire your King of Prussia, I admire our English constitution more."






THE GOOD AUNT.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES HOWARD AND HIS AUNT.

HARLES HOWARD was left an orphan when he was very young : his father had dissipated a large fortune, and lost his life in a duel about some *debt of honour* which had been contracted at the gaming-table. Without fortune and without friends, this poor boy would probably have lived and died in wretchedness, but for the humanity of his good aunt, Mrs. Frances Howard. This lady possessed a considerable fortune, which, in the opinion of some of her acquaintance, was her highest merit ; others respected her as the branch of an ancient family ; some courted her acquaintance because she was visited by the best company in town ; and many were ambitious of being introduced to her because they were sure of meeting at her house several of those distinguished literary characters who throw a radiance upon all who can contrive to get within the circle of their glories. Some few, some very few of Mrs. Howard's acquaintance, admired her for her real worth, and merited the name of friends.

She was a young and cheerful woman when she first undertook the education of her little nephew : she had the courage to resist the allurements of dissipation, or all that by her sex are usually thought allurements. She had the courage, at six-and-twenty, to apply herself seriously to the cultivation of her understanding ; she educated herself that she might be able to fulfil the important duty of educating a child. Hers was not the fondness of a foolish aunt ; she loved her nephew, and she wished to educate him so that her affection might increase instead of diminishing as he grew up. By associating early pleasure with reading, little Charles soon became fond of it : he was never forced to read books which he did not understand ; his aunt used, when he was very young, to read aloud to him anything entertaining that she met with ; and whenever she perceived by his eye that his attention was not fixed, she stopped. When he was able to read fluently to himself, she selected for him passages from books which she thought would excite his curiosity

to know *more*; and she was not in a hurry to cram him with knowledge, but rather anxious to prevent his growing appetite for literature from being early satiated. She always encouraged him to talk to her freely about what he read, and to tell her when he did not like any of the books which she gave him. She conversed with him with so much kindness and cheerfulness, she was so quick at perceiving his latent meaning, and she was so gentle and patient when she reasoned with him, that he loved to talk to her better than to anybody else; nor could little Charles ever thoroughly enjoy any pleasure without her sympathy.

The conversation of the sensible, well-informed people who visited Mrs. Howard contributed to form her nephew's taste. A child may learn as much from conversation as from books,—not so many historic facts, but as much instruction. Greek and Latin were the grand difficulties. Mrs. Howard did not understand Greek and Latin, nor did she, though a woman, set too high or too low a value upon the learned languages. She was convinced that a man might be a great scholar without being a man of sense; she was also persuaded that a man of sense might be a good scholar. She knew that, whatever abilities her nephew might possess, he could not be upon a footing with other men in the world without possessing that species of knowledge which is universally expected from gentlemen, as an essential proof of their having received a liberal education; nor did she attempt to undervalue the pleasures of classical taste, merely because she was not qualified to enjoy them: she was convinced, by the testimony of men of candour and judgment, that a classical taste is a source of real enjoyment, and she wished her nephew's literary pleasures to have as extensive a range as possible.

To instruct her nephew in the learned languages, she engaged a good scholar and a man of sense; his name—for a man is nothing without a name—was Russell. Little Charles did not at first relish Latin; he used sometimes to come from his Latin lessons with a very dull, stupefied face, which gradually brightened into intelligence after he had talked for a few minutes with his aunt. Mrs. Howard, though pleased to perceive that he was fond of her, had not the weakness to sacrifice his permanent advantage to her transient gratification.

One evening Charles came running upstairs to his aunt, who was at tea; several people happened to be present. "I have done with Mr. Russell and my Latin, ma'am, thank goodness! Now may I have the elephant and the camel, or the bear and her cubs, that you marked for me last night?"

The company laughed at this speech of Charles; and a silly lady—for even Mrs. Howard could not make all her acquaintance wise—a silly lady whispered to Charles, "I've a notion, if you'd tell the truth, now, that you like the bear and her cubs a great deal better than you do Latin and Mr. Russell."

"I like the bear a great deal better than I do Latin, to be sure," said the boy; "but as for Mr. Russell—why, I think," added he, encouraged by the lady's smiles, "I think I like the bear better than Mr. Russell."

The lady laughed affectedly at this sally.

"I am sure," continued Charles, fancying that every person present



"I've a notion, if you'd tell the truth now, that you like the bear and her cubs a great deal better than you do Latin."—p. 144

was delighted with his wit—"I am sure, at any rate, I like the learned pig fifty times better than Mr. Russell."

The injudicious lady burst into a second fit of laughter. Mrs. Howard looked very grave. Charles broke from the lady's caresses, and going up to his aunt, timidly looking up in her face, said, "Am I a fool?"

"You are but a child," said Mrs. Howard; and turning away from him, she desired the servant who waited at tea to let Mr. Russell know that she desired the *honour* of his company. Mrs. Holloway—for that was the silly lady's name—at the words "honour of his company," resumed her gravity, but looked round to see what the rest of the company thought.

"Give me leave, Mr. Russell," said Mrs. Howard, as soon as he came into the room, "to introduce you to a gentleman for whose works I know you have a great esteem." The gentleman was a celebrated traveller just returned from abroad, whose conversation was as much admired as his writings.

The conversation now took a literary turn. The traveller, being polite as well as entertaining, drew out Mr. Russell's knowledge and abilities. Charles now looked up to his tutor with respect. Children have sufficient penetration to discover the opinions of others by their countenance and manner, and their sympathy is quickly influenced by the example of those around them. Mrs. Howard led the traveller to speak of what he had seen in different countries—of natural history—of the beaver, and the moose-deer, and the humming-bird, that is scarcely larger than a humble-bee, and the mocking-bird, that can imitate the notes of all other birds. Charles *niched* himself into a corner of the sofa upon which the gentlemen were sitting, and grew very attentive. He was rather surprised to perceive that his tutor was as much entertained by the conversation as he was himself.

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Howard to the traveller, "is it true that the humming-bird is a passionate little animal? Is the story told by the author of the 'Farmer's Letters' true?"

"What story?" said Charles, eagerly.

"Of a humming-bird that flew into a fury with a flower, and tore it to pieces, because it could not get the honey out of it all at once."

"Oh, ma'am," said little Charles, peeping over his tutor's shoulder, "will you show me that? Have you got the book, *dear aunt*?"

"It is Mr. Russell's book," said his aunt.

"Your book!" cried Charles; "what, and do you know all about animals, and those sort of entertaining things, as well as Latin? And can you tell me, then, what I want very much to know, how they catch the humming-bird?"

"They shoot it."

"Shoot it! But what a large hole they must make in its body and beautiful feathers! I thought you said its whole body was no bigger than a bee—a humble-bee."

"They make no hole in its body; they shoot it without ruffling even its feathers."

"How? how?" cried Charles, fastening upon his tutor, whom he now regarded no longer as a mere man of Latin.

"They charge the gun with water," said Mr. Russell, "and the poor little humming-bird is stunned by the discharge."

The conversation next turned upon the entertaining chapter on instinct in Dr. Darwin's "*Zoonomia*." Charles did not understand all that was said, for the gentlemen did not address themselves to him. He never listened to what he did not understand; but he was very quick at hearing whatever was within the limits of his comprehension. He heard of the tailor-bird, that uses its long bill as a needle to sew the dead and the living leaf together, of which it makes its light nest, lined with feathers and gossamer; of the fish called the "old soldier," who looks out for the empty shell of some dead animal, and fits this armour upon himself; of the Jamaica spider, who makes himself a house underground, with a door and hinges, which door the spider and all the members of his family take care to shut after them, whenever they go in and out.

Little Charles, as he sat eagerly attentive in his corner of the sofa, heard of the *trumpet of the common gnat, and of its proboscis, which serves at once for an awl, a saw, and a pump.

"Are there any more such things," exclaimed Charles, "in these books?"

"A great many," said Mr. Russell.

"I'll read them all!" cried Charles, starting up. "May I?—may not I, aunt?"

"Ask Mr. Russell," replied his aunt; "he who is obliged to give you the pain of learning what is tiresome, should have the pleasure of rewarding you with entertaining books. Whenever he asks me for Dr. Darwin and St. Pierre, you shall have them. We are both of one mind. We know that learning Latin is not the most amusing occupation in the world; but still it must be learned."

"Why," said Charles, modestly, "you don't understand Latin, aunt, do you?"

"No," said Mrs. Howard; "but I am a woman, and it is not thought necessary that a woman should understand Latin; nor can I explain to you, at your age, why it is expected that a gentleman should; but here are several gentlemen present: ask them whether it be not necessary that a gentleman should understand Latin and Greek."

Charles gathered all the opinions, and especially that of the entertaining traveller.

Mrs. Holloway, the silly lady, during that part of the conversation from which she might have acquired some knowledge, had retired to the farther end of the room to a game at trictrac with an obsequious chaplain. Her game being finished, she came up to hear what the crowd round the sofa could be talking about; and hearing Charles ask the opinions of the gentlemen about the necessity of learning Latin, she nodded sagaciously at Mrs. Howard; and, by way of making up for former errors, said to Charles, in the most authoritative tone, "Yes, I can assure you, Mr. Charles, I am quite of the gentlemen's opinion, and so is everybody; and this is a point upon which I have some right

to speak ; for my Augustus, who is only a year and seven months older than you are, sir, is one of the best scholars of his age, I am told, in England ; but then, to be sure, it was flogged into him well at first at a public school, which I understand is the best way of making good scholars."

"And the best way of making boys love literature?" said Mrs. Howard.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mrs. Holloway, who mistook Mrs. Howard's tone of inquiry for a tone of assertion—a tone more familiar to her—"certainly, ma'am. I knew you would come round to my notions at last. I'm sure my Augustus must be fond of his Latin, for never in the vacations did I ever catch him with any English book in his hand."

"Poor boy !" said Charles, with unfeigned compassion.

"And when, my dear Mrs. Howard," continued Mrs. Holloway, laying her hand upon Mrs. Howard's arm, with a yet untasted pinch of snuff between her fingers, "when will you send Mr. Charles to school?"

"Oh, aunt, don't send me away from you ! Oh, sir, Mr. Russell, try me ! I will do my very, *very* best, without having it flogged into me, to learn Latin. Only try me."

"Dear sir, I really beg your pardon," said Mrs. Holloway to Mr. Russell ; "I only meant to support Mrs. Howard's opinion for the sweet boy's good ; and I thought I saw you go out of the room—or somebody else went out—whilst I was at tritrac ; but I'm convinced a private tutor may do wonders at the same time ; and if my Augustus prejudiced me in favour of public education, you'll excuse a mother's partiality ; besides, I make it a rule never to interfere in the education of my boys. Mr. Holloway is answerable for them ; and if he prefer public schools to a private tutor, you must be sensible, sir, it would be very wrong in me to set my poor judgment in opposition to Mr. Holloway's opinion."

Mr. Russell bowed ; for when a lady claims a gentleman's assent to a series of inconsistent propositions, what answer can he make but—a bow ? Mrs. Holloway's carriage was now at the door, and, without troubling herself any further about the comparative merits of public and private education, she departed.

When Mrs. Howard was left alone with her nephew, she seized the moment while his mind was yet warm to make a lasting impression. Charles, instead of going to Buffon's account of the elephant, which he was very impatient to read, sat down resolutely to his Latin lesson. Mrs. Howard looked over his shoulder ; and when he saw her smile of approbation, he said, "Then you won't send me away from you?"

"Not unless you oblige me to do so," said his aunt : "I love to have you with me ; and I will try for one year whether you have energy enough to learn what is disagreeable to you without——"

"Without its being flogged into me?" said Charles : "you shall see."

This boy had a great deal of energy and application. The Latin lessons were learned very perfectly, and as he did not spend above an hour a day at them, he was not disgusted with application : his general taste for literature and his fund of knowledge increased rapidly from year to year, and the activity of his mind promised continual improve-

ment. His attachment to Mrs. Howard increased as he grew up, for she never claimed any gratitude from her pupil, or exacted from him any of those little observances which women sometimes consider as essential proofs of affection. She knew that these minute attentions are particularly irksome to boys, and that they are by no means the natural expression of their feelings. She had sufficient strength of mind to be secure in the possession of those qualities which merit esteem and love, and to believe that the child whom she had educated had a heart and understanding that must feel and appreciate her value.

When Charles Howard was about thirteen, an event happened which changed his prospects in life. Mrs. Howard's large fortune was principally derived from an estate in the West Indies, which had been left to her by her grandfather. She did not particularly wish to be the proprietor of slaves, and from the time that she came to the management of her own affairs she had been desirous to sell her West India property. Her agent represented to her that this could not be done without considerable loss. From year to year the business was delayed, till at length a gentleman, who had a plantation adjoining hers, offered to purchase her estate. She was neither one of those ladies who, jealous of their free-will, would rather *act for themselves*—that is to say, follow their own whims in matters of business—than consult men who possess the requisite information,—nor was she so ignorant of business, or so indolent, as to be at the mercy of any designing agent or attorney. After consulting proper persons, and after exerting a just proportion of her own judgment, she concluded her bargain with the West Indian. Her plantation was sold to him, and all her property was shipped for her on board the “Lively Peggy.” Mr. Alderman Holloway, husband to the silly Mrs. Holloway, was one of the trustees appointed by her grandfather's will. The alderman, who was supposed to be very knowing in all worldly concerns, sanctioned the affair with his approbation. The lady was at this time rich; and Alderman Holloway applauded her humanity in having stipulated for the liberty and *provision-grounds* of some old negroes upon her plantation; he even suggested to his son Augustus that this would make a very pretty, proper subject for a copy of verses, to be addressed to Mrs. Howard. The verses were written in elegant Latin; and the young gentleman was proceeding, with some difficulty, in his English translation of them, when they were suppressed by parental authority. The alderman changed his opinion as to the propriety of the argument of this poem. The reasons which worked upon his mind were never distinctly expressed; they may, however, be deduced from the perusal of the following letter:

“TO MRS. FRANCES HOWARD.

“DEAR MADAM,—Sorry am I to be under the disagreeable necessity of communicating to you thus abruptly the melancholy news of the loss of the ‘Lively Peggy,’ with your valuable consignment on board, viz., sundry puncheons of rum and hogsheads of sugar, in which commodities, as usual, your agent received the purchase-money of your late fine West India estate. I must not, however reluctantly, omit to mention the casket of your grandmother's jewels, which I now regret

was sent by this opportunity : 't is an additional loss—some thousands, I apprehend.

"The captain of the vessel I have just seen, who was set on shore, on the 15th ultimo, on the coast of Wales : his mate mutinied, and, in conspiracy with the crew, have run away with the vessel.

"I have only to add that Mrs. Holloway and my daughter Angelina sincerely unite with me in compliments and condolence, and shall be happy if I can be of any service in the settlement of your affairs.

"Mrs. Holloway desires me to say she would do herself the honour of waiting upon you to-morrow, but is setting out for Margate.—I am, dear madam, your most obedient and humble servant,

"A. T. HOLLOWAY.

"P.S.—Your agent is much to blame for neglecting to insure."

Mrs. Howard, as soon as she had perused this epistle, gave it to her nephew, who was reading in the room with her when she received it. He showed more emotion on reading it than she had done. The coldness of the alderman's letter seemed to strike the boy more than the loss of a fortune. "And this is a friend !" he exclaimed with indignation.

"No, my love," said Mrs. Howard, with a calm smile, "I never thought Mr. Holloway anything more than a common acquaintance ; I hope—I am sure, I have chosen *my friends* better."

Charles fixed an eager inquiring eye upon his aunt, which seemed to say, "Did you mean to call me one of your friends?" and then he grew very thoughtful.

"My dear Charles," said his aunt, after nearly a quarter of an hour's silence, "may I know what you have been thinking of all this time?"

"Thinking of, ma'am?" said Charles, starting from his reverie—"of a great many things : of all you have done for me ; of—of what I could do—I don't mean now, for I know I'm a child, and can do nothing—I don't mean *nothing*. I shall soon be a man, and then I can be a physician, or a lawyer, or something. Mr. Russell told me the other day, that if I applied myself, I might be whatever I pleased. What would *you* wish me to be, ma'am? because that's what I will be, if I can."

"Then I wish you to be what you are."

"Oh, madam," said Charles, with a look of great mortification, "but that's nothing. Won't you make me of some use to you?—but I beg your pardon, I know you can't think about me just now. Good night," said he, and hurried out of the room.

The news of the loss of the "Lively Peggy," with all the particulars mentioned in Alderman Holloway's letter, appeared in the next day's newspapers, and in the succeeding paper appeared an advertisement of Mrs. Howard's house in Portman Square, of her plate, china, furniture, books, &c. She had never in affluence disdained economy ; she had no debts—not a single tradesman was a sufferer by her loss. She had always lived within her annual income, and though her generous disposition had prevented her from hoarding money, she had a small sum in the funds, which she had prudently reserved for any unforeseen exigence. She had also a few diamonds which had been her mother's,

which Mr. Carat the jeweller, who had new-set them, was very willing to purchase. He waited upon Mrs. Howard in Portman Square to complete the bargain.

The want of sensibility which Charles showed when his aunt was parting with her jewels to Mr. Carat would have infallibly ruined him in the opinion of most ladies. He took the trinkets up one by one without ceremony and examined them, asking his aunt and the jeweller questions about the use and value of diamonds, about the working of the mines of Golconda, about the shining of diamonds in the dark, observed by the children of Cogi Hassan the ropemaker, in the Arabian Tales; about the experiment of Francis the First upon *melting* of diamonds and rubies. Mr. Carat was a Jew, and, though extremely cunning, profoundly ignorant.

"Dat king wash very grand fool, beg his Majesty's pardon," said the Jew, with a shrewd smile; "but kings know better now-a-days,—Heaven blesh dere Majesties!"

Charles had a great mind to vindicate the philosophic fame of Francis the First, but a new idea suddenly started into his head. "My dearest aunt," cried he, stopping her hand as she was giving her diamond earrings to Mr. Carat,—“stay, my dearest aunt, one instant, till I have seen whether this is a good day for selling diamonds.”

"Oh, my dear young gentleman, no day in the Jewish calendar more proper for de purchase," said the Jew.

"For the purchase, yes," said Charles; "but for the sale?"

"My love," said his aunt, "surely you are not so foolish as to think there are lucky and unlucky days?"

"No, I don't mean anything about lucky and unlucky days," said Charles, running up to consult the barometer; "but what I mean is not foolish indeed: in some book I've read that the dealers in diamonds buy them when the air is light, and sell them when it is heavy, if they can, because their scales are so nice that they vary with the change in the atmosphere. Perhaps I may not remember exactly the words, but that's the sense, I know. I'll look for the words: I know whereabouts to find them." He jumped upon a chair to get down the book.

"But, Master Charles," said the Jew, with a show of deference, "I will not pretend to make a bargain with you; I see you know great deal more dan I of dese traffics."

To this flattery Charles made no answer, but continued looking for the passage he wanted in his book.

Whilst he was turning over the leaves, a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Howard, who had promised her to meet Mr. Carat, came in. He was the gentleman formerly mentioned by the name of *the traveller*; he was a good judge of diamonds, and, what is better, he was a good judge of the human heart and understanding. He was much pleased with Charles's ready recollection of the little knowledge he possessed, with his eagerness to make that knowledge of use to his aunt, and more with his perfect simplicity and integrity; for Charles, after a moment's thought, turned to the Jew, and said, "But the day that is good for my aunt must be bad for you. The buyers and sellers should each have fair play. Mr. Carat, your weights should be diamonds, and then the

changes in the weight of the air would not signify one way or the other."*

Mr. Carat smiled at this speech, but suppressing his contempt for the young gentleman, only observed that "he should most certainly follow Mr. Charles's advice, whenever he *wash* rich enough to have diamonds for weights."

The traveller drew from his pocket a small book, took a pen, and wrote in the title-page of it, "*For one who will make a good use of it,*"—and with Mrs. Howard's permission he gave the book to her nephew.

"I do not believe," said the gentleman, "that there is at present another copy in England; I have just got this from France by a private hand."

The sale of his aunt's books appeared to Charles a much more serious affair than the parting with her diamonds. He understood something of the value of books, and he took a sorrowful leave of many which he had read, and of many more which he had intended to read. Mrs. Howard selected a few for her own use, and she allowed her nephew to select as many for himself as she had done. He observed that there was a beautiful edition of Shakspeare, which he knew his aunt liked particularly, but which she did not keep, reserving instead of it Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which would in a few years, she said, be very useful to him. He immediately offered his favourite "*Etudes de la Nature,*" to redeem the Shakspeare; but Mrs. Howard would not accept of it, because she justly observed that she could read Shakspeare *almost* as well without its being in such a beautiful binding. Her readiness to part with all the luxuries to which she had been for many years accustomed, and the freedom and openness with which she spoke of all her affairs to her nephew, made a great impression upon his mind.

Those are mistaken who think that young people cannot be interested in these sort of things; if no mystery be made of the technical parts of business, young people easily learn them, and they early take an interest in the affairs of their parents, instead of learning to separate their own views from those of their friends. Charles, young as he was, at this time was employed by his aunt frequently to copy, and sometimes to write, letters of business for her. He drew out a careful inventory of all the furniture before it was disposed of; he took lists of all the books and papers; and at this work, however tiresome, he was indefatigable, because he was encouraged by the hope of being useful. The ambition to be useful had been early excited in his mind.

When Mrs. Howard had settled her affairs, she took a small neat house near Westminster School,† for the purpose of a boarding-house for some of the Westminster boys. This plan she preferred, because it secured an independent means of support, and at the same time enabled her in some measure to assist in her nephew's education, and to enjoy his company. She was no longer able to afford a sufficient salary to a well-informed private tutor; therefore she determined to send Charles to Westminster School; and as he would board with her,

* This observation was literally made by a boy of ten years old.

† See the account of Mrs. C. Porten, in Gibbon's Life.

she hoped to unite by this scheme, as much as possible, the advantages of a private and of a public education. Mr. Russell desired still to have the care of Mrs. Howard's nephew: he determined to offer himself as a tutor at Westminster School, and as his acquirements were well known to the literary world, he was received with eagerness.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Howard to her nephew when he first went to Westminster School, "I shall not trouble you with a long chapter of advice. Do you remember that answer of the oracle, which seemed to strike you so much the other day, when you were reading the 'Life of Cicero'?"

"Yes," said Charles, "I recollect it—I shall never forget it. When Cicero asked how he should arrive at the height of glory, the oracle answered, 'By making his own genius, and not the opinion of the people, the guide of his life.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Howard, smiling, "if I were your oracle, and you were to put the same question to me, I think I should make you nearly the same answer; except that I should change the word *genius* into *good sense*; and instead of *the people* I should say *the world*, which in general, I think, means all *the silly people* of one's acquaintance. Farewell; now go to the Westminster world."

Westminster was quite a new world to young Howard. The bustle and noise at first astonished his senses and almost confounded his understanding; but he soon grew accustomed to the din and familiarized to the sight of numbers. At first he thought himself much inferior to all his companions, because practice had given them the power of doing many things with ease which to him appeared difficult, merely because he had not been used to them. In all their games and plays, either of address or force, he found himself foiled. In a readiness of repartee, and a certain ease and volubility of conversation, he perceived his deficiency; and though he frequently was conscious that his ideas were more just and his arguments better than those of his companions, yet he could not at first bring out his ideas to advantage, or manage his arguments so as to stand his ground against the mixed raillery and sophistry of his schoolfellows. He had not yet the tone of his new society, and he was as much at a loss as a traveller in a foreign country, before he understands the language of the people who are vociferating round about him. As fast, however, as he learned to translate the language of his companions into his own, he discovered that there was not so much meaning in their expressions as he had been inclined to imagine whilst they had remained unintelligible; but he was good-humoured and good-natured, so that upon the whole he was much liked, and even his inferiority in many little trials of skill was perhaps in his favour. He laughed with those who laughed at him, let them triumph in his awkwardness, but still persisted in new trials, till at last, to the great surprise of the spectators, he succeeded. He learned by perseverance the mysteries of trap-ball and marbles.

The art of boxing cost him more than all the rest; but as he was neither deficient in courage of mind or activity of body, he did not despair of acquiring the *necessary* skill in this noble science: necessary, we say, for Charles had not been a week at Westminster before he was

made sensible of the necessity of practising this art in his own defence. He had a yet stronger motive; he found it necessary for the defence of one who looked up to him for protection.

There was at this time at Westminster a little boy of the name of Oliver, a Creole, lively, intelligent, open-hearted, and affectionate in the extreme, but rather passionate in his temper, and averse to application. His *literary* education had been strangely neglected before he came to school, so that his ignorance of the common rudiments of spelling, reading, grammar, and arithmetic, made him the laughingstock of Westminster School. The poor boy felt inexpressible shame and anguish: his cheek burned with blushes, when every day in the public class he was ridiculed and disgraced; but his dark complexion, perhaps, prevented those blushes from being noticed by his companions, otherwise they certainly would have suppressed, or would have endeavoured to repress, some of their insulting peals of laughter. He suffered no complaint or tear to escape him in public; but his book was sometimes blistered with the tears that fell when nobody saw them: what was worse than all the rest, he found insurmountable difficulties at every step in his grammar. He was unwilling to apply to any of his more learned companions for explanations or assistance: he began to sink into despair of his own abilities, and to imagine that he must for ever remain, what indeed he every day was called, a dunce. He was usually flogged three times a week. Day after day brought no relief, either to his bodily or mental sufferings: at length his honest pride yielded, and he applied to one of the elder scholars for help. The boy to whom he applied was Augustus Holloway, Alderman Holloway's son, who was acknowledged to be one of the best Latin scholars at Westminster. He readily helped Oliver in his exercises, but he made him pay most severely for this assistance by the most tyrannical usage; and in all his tyranny he thought himself fully justified, because little Oliver, beside his other misfortunes, had the misfortune to be a fag.

There may be—though many schoolboys will, perhaps, think it scarcely possible—there may be, in the compass of the civilized world, some persons so barbarously ignorant as not to know what is meant by the term *fag*. To these it may be necessary to explain, that at some English schools it is the custom that all little boys, when they first go to school, should be under the dominion of the elder boys. These little boys are called fags, and are forced to wait upon and obey their master-companions. Their duties vary in different schools. I have heard of its being customary, in some places, to make use of a fag regularly in the depth of winter instead of a warming-pan, and to send the shivering urchin through ten or twenty beds successively, to take off the chill of cold for their luxurious masters. They are expected in most schools to run of all the elder boys' errands, to be ready at their call, and to do all their high behests. They must never complain of being tired, or their complaints will, at least, never be regarded, because, as the etymology of the word implies, it is their business to be tired. The substantive *fag* is not to be found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, but the verb *to fag* is there, a verb active, from *fatigo*, Latin, and is there explained to

mean, "to grow weary, to faint with weariness." This is all the satisfaction we can, after the most diligent research, afford the curious and learned reader upon the subject of *fags* in general.

In particular, Mr. Augustus Holloway took great delight in teasing his fag, little Oliver. One day it happened that young Howard and Holloway were playing at ninepins together, and little Oliver was within a few yards of them, sitting under a tree, with a book upon his knees, anxiously trying to make out his lesson. Holloway, whenever the ninepins were thrown down, called to Oliver, and made him come from his book and set them up again; this he did repeatedly, in spite of Howard's remonstrances, who always offered to set up the ninepins, and who said it teased the poor little fellow to call him every minute from what he was about.

"Yes," said Holloway, "I know it teases him—that I see plain enough by his running so fast back to his *form*, like a hare: there he is, *squatting* again. Hallo! hallo! come, start again here," cried Holloway; "you haven't done yet; bring me the bowl—hallo!"

Howard did not at all enjoy the diversion of hunting the poor boy about in this manner, and he said with some indignation, "How is it possible, Holloway, that the boy can get his lesson if you interrupt him every instant?"

"Pooh! what signifies his foolish lesson?"

"It signifies a great deal to him," replied Howard: "you know what he suffered this morning because he had not it."

"Suffered! why, what did he suffer?" said Holloway, upon whose memory the sufferings of others made no very deep impression. "Oh, ay, true, you mean he was flogged; more shame for him!—why did not he mind and get his lesson better?"

"I had not time to understand it rightly," said Oliver, with a deep sigh, "and I don't think I shall have time to-day either."

"More shame for you," repeated Holloway; "I'll lay any bet on earth I get all you have to get in three minutes."

"Ah, you, to be sure," said Oliver, in a tone of great humiliation; "but then you know what a difference there is between you and me."

Holloway misunderstood him, and thinking he meant to allude to the difference in their age instead of the difference of their abilities, answered sharply, "When I was your age, do you think I was such a dunce as you are, pray?"

"No, that I'm sure you never were," said Oliver; "but perhaps you had some good father, or mother, or somebody, who taught you a little before you came to school."

"I don't remember anything about that," replied Holloway; "I don't know who was so good as to teach me; but I know I was so good as to learn fast enough, which is a goodness, I've a notion, some folks will never have to boast of. So trot and fetch the bowl for me, do ye hear? and set up the ninepins. You've sense enough to do that, have not you? and as for your lesson, I'll drive that into your head by-and-bye, if I can," added he, rapping with his knuckles upon the little boy's head.

"As to my lesson," said the boy, putting aside his head from the insulting knuckles, "I had rather try and make it out by myself, if I can."

"If you can!" repeated Holloway, sneering; "but we all know you can't."

"Why can't he, Mr. Holloway?" exclaimed Howard, with a raised voice, for he was no longer master of his indignation.

"Why can't he?" repeated Holloway, looking round upon Howard with a mixture of surprise and insolence; "you must answer that question yourself, Mr. Howard; I say he can't."

"And I say he can, and he shall," replied Howard; "and he *shall* have time to learn: he's willing, and I'll answer for it, able to learn; and he shall not be called a dunce; and he shall have time; and he shall have justice."

"Shall! shall! shall!" retorted Holloway, vociferating with a passion of a different sort from Howard's; "pray, sir, who allowed you to say *shall* to me, and how dare you talk in this *here* style to me, about justice? and what business have you, I should be glad to know, to interfere between me and my fag? What right have you to him, or his time either? And if I choose to call him a dunce forty times a day, what then? he is a dunce, and he will be a dunce to the end of his days, I say; and who is there thinks proper to contradict me?"

"I," said Howard, firmly, "and I'll do more than contradict you; I'll prove that you are mistaken. Oliver, bring your book to me."

"Oliver, stir at your peril," cried Holloway, clenching his fist with a menacing gesture. "Nobody shall give any help to my fag but myself, sir," added he to Howard.

"I am not going to help him, I am only going to prove to him that he may do it without your help," said Howard.

The little boy sprang forward at these words for his book, but his tormentor caught hold of him, and pulling him back, said, "He's my fag! do you recollect that, sir?—he's my fag."

"Fag or no fag," cried Howard, "you shall not make a slave of him."

"I will—I shall—I will," cried Holloway, worked up to the height of tyrannical fury; "I will make a slave of him, if I choose it—a negro slave, if I please!"

At the sound of negro slave, the little Creole burst into tears; Howard sprang forward to free him from his tyrant's grasp; Holloway struck Howard a furious blow which made him stagger backwards.

"Ay," said Holloway, "learn to stand your ground and fight, before you meddle with me, I advise you."

Holloway was an experienced pugilist, and he knew that Howard was not; but before his defiance had escaped his lips he felt his blow returned, and a battle ensued. Howard fought with all his *soul*; but the *body* has something to do as well as the soul in the art of boxing, and his body was not yet a match for his adversary's. After receiving more blows than Holloway perhaps could have borne, Howard was brought to the ground.

"Beg my pardon, and promise never to interfere between me and my fag any more," cried Holloway, standing over him triumphant; "ask my pardon."

"Never," said the fallen hero; "I'll fight you again in the same cause, whenever you please; I can't have a better cause." And he struggled to rise.

Several boys had by this time gathered round the combatants, and many admired the fortitude and spirit of the vanquished, though it is extremely difficult to boys, if not to men, to sympathize with the beaten. Everybody called out that Howard had had enough for that night ; and though he was willing to have renewed the battle, his adversary was withheld by the omnipotence of public opinion. As to the cause of the combat, some few inquired into its merits, but many more were content with seeing the fray, and with hearing vaguely that it began about Mr. Howard's having interfered with Mr. Holloway's fag in an impertinent manner.

Howard's face was so much disfigured, and his clothes were so much stained with blood, that he did not wish to present himself such a deplorable spectacle before his aunt ; besides, no man likes to be seen, especially by a woman, immediately after he has been beaten ; therefore he went directly to bed as soon as he got home, but desired that one of his companions who boarded at Mrs. Howard's, would, if his aunt inquired for him at supper, tell her "that he had been beaten in a boxing-match, but hoped to be more expert after another lesson or two." This lady did not show her tenderness to her nephew by wailing over his disaster ; on the contrary, she was pleased to hear that he had fought in so good a cause.

The next morning, as soon as Howard went to school, he saw little Oliver watching eagerly for him.

"Mr. Howard—Charles," said he, catching hold of him, "I've one word to say. Let him call me dunce, or slave, or negro, or what he will, don't you mind any more about me ; I can't bear to see it," said the affectionate child ; "I'd rather have the blows myself, only I know I could not bear them as you did."

Oliver turned aside his head, and Howard, in a playful voice, said, "Why, my little Oliver, I did not think you were such a coward : you must not make a coward of me."

No sooner did the boys go out to play in the evening, than Howard called to Oliver, in Holloway's hearing, and said, "If you want any assistance from me, remember I'm ready."

"You may be ready, but you are not able," cried Holloway, "to give him any assistance ; therefore you'd better be quiet : remember last night."

"I do remember it perfectly," said Howard, calmly.

"And do you want any more? Come, then, I'll tell you what : I'll box with you every day, if you please ; and when you have conquered *me*, you shall have my fag all to yourself, if you please ; but till then you shall have nothing to do with him."

"I take you at your word," said Howard ; and a second battle began. As we do not delight in fields of battle, or hope to excel, like Homer, in describing variety of wounds, we shall content ourselves with relating, that after five pitched battles, in which Oliver's champion received bruises of all shapes and sizes, and of every shade of black, blue, green, and yellow, his unconquered spirit still maintained the justice of his cause ; and, with as firm a voice as at first, he challenged his constantly victorious antagonist to a sixth combat.

"I thought you had learned by this time," said the successful pugilist, "that Augustus Holloway is not to be conquered by one of *woman bred*." To this taunt Howard made no reply; but whether it urged him to superior exertion, or whether the dear-bought experience of the five preceding days had taught him all the caution that experience only can teach, we cannot determine; but to the surprise of all the spectators, and to the lively joy of Oliver, the redoubted Holloway was brought, after an obstinate struggle, fairly to the ground. Everybody sympathized with the generous victor, who immediately assisted his fallen adversary to rise, and offered his hand in token of reconciliation. Augustus Holloway, stunned by his fall, and more by his defeat, retreated from the field of battle as fast as the crowd would let him, who stopped him continually with their impertinent astonishment and curiosity; for though the boasted unconquerable hero had pretty evidently received a black eye, not one person would believe it without looking close in his face, and many would not trust the information of their own senses, but pressed to hear the news confirmed by the reluctant lips of the unfortunate Augustus. In the meantime little Oliver, a fag no longer, exulting in his liberty, clapped his joyful hands, sang, and capered round his deliverer. "And now," said he, fixing his grateful, affectionate eyes upon Howard, "you will suffer no more for me; and, if you'll let me, I'll be your fag. Do, will you?—pray let me! I'll run of your errands before you can say one, two, three, and away; only whistle for me," said he, whistling, "and I'll hear you, wherever I am. If you only hold up your finger when you want me, I'm sure I shall see it; and I'll always set up your ninepins, and fly for your ball, let me be doing what I will. May I be your fag?"

"Be my *friend*," said Howard, taking Oliver in his arms, with emotion which prevented him from articulating any other words. The word "friend" went to the little Creole's heart, and he clung to Howard in silence. To complete his happiness, little Oliver this day obtained permission to board at Mrs. Howard's, so that he was now constantly to be with his protector. Howard's friendship was not merely the sudden enthusiasm of a moment; it was the steady, persevering choice of a manly mind, not the caprice of a schoolboy. Regularly every evening Oliver brought his books to his friend, who never was too busy to attend to him. Oliver was delighted to find that he understood Howard's manner of explaining himself: his own opinion of himself rose with the opinion which he saw his instructor had of his abilities; he was convinced that he was not doomed to be a dunce for life; his ambition was rekindled; his industry was encouraged by hope and rewarded by success. He no longer expected daily punishment, and that worst of all punishments, disgrace. His heart was light, his spirits rose, his countenance brightened with intelligence and resumed its natural vivacity: to his masters and his companions he appeared a new creature.

"What has inspired you?" said one of his masters to him one day, surprised at the rapid development of his understanding—"what has inspired you?"

"My good genius," said the little boy, pointing to Howard.

Howard had some merit in giving up a good deal of his time to

Oliver, because he knew the value of time, and he had not quite so much as he wished for himself. The day was always too short for him: every moment was employed; his active mind went from one thing to another as if it did not know the possibility of idleness, and as if he had no idea of any recreation but in a change of employment. Not that he was always poring over books; but his mind was active, let him be about what he would; and as his exertions were always voluntary, there was not that opposition in his mind between the ideas of play and work which exists so strongly in the minds of those schoolboys who are driven to their tasks by fear, and who escape from them to that delicious exercise of their free-will which they call play.

“Constraint, that sweetens liberty,”

often gives a false value to its charms, or rather a false idea of its nature. Idleness, *ennui*, noise, mischief, riot, and a nameless train of mistaken notions of pleasure, are often classed in a young man's mind under the general head of *liberty*.

Mr. Augustus Holloway, who was necessarily recalled to our recollection when we wanted to personify an ill-educated young man, was, in the *strictest* sense of the word, a schoolboy—a clever schoolboy—a good scholar—a good historian; he wrote a good hand—read with fluency—declaimed at a public exhibition of Westminster orators with no bad grace and emphasis, and had always extempore words, if not extempore sense, at command. But still he was but a schoolboy. His father thought him a man, and more than a man. Alderman Holloway prophesied to his friends that his son Augustus would be one of the first orators in England. He was in a hurry to have him ready to enter the college, and had a borough secure for him at the proper age. The proper age he regretted that Parliament had fixed to twenty-one; for the alderman was impatient to introduce his young statesman to the House, especially as he saw honours, perhaps a title, in the distant perspective of his son's advancement.

Whilst this vision occupied the father's imagination, a vision of another sort played upon the juvenile fancy of his son—a vision of a gig; for though Augustus was but a schoolboy, he had very manly ideas, if those ideas be manly which most young men have. Lord Rawson, the son of the Earl of Marryborough, had lately appeared to Augustus in a gig. The young Lord Rawson had lately been a schoolboy at Westminster, like Augustus: he was now master of himself and three horses at college. Alderman Holloway had lent the Earl of Marryborough certain moneys, the interest of which the earl scrupulously paid in civility. The alderman valued himself upon being a shrewd man: he looked to one of the earl's boroughs as a security for his principal, and, from long-sighted political motives, encouraged an intimacy between the young nobleman and his son. It was one of those useful friendships, one of those fortunate connections, which some parents consider as the peculiar advantage of a public school. Lord Rawson's example already powerfully operated upon his young friend's mind, and this intimacy was most likely to have a decisive influence upon the future destiny of Augustus. Augustus was the son of an alderman;

Lord Rawson was two years older than Holloway—had left school—had been at college—had driven both a curricule and a gig—was a man—and had *seen the world*. How many things to excite the ambition of a schoolboy! Augustus was impatient for the moment when he might “be what he admired.” The drudgery of Westminster, the confinement, the ignominious appellation of a *boy*, were all insupportable to this *young man*. He had obtained from his father a promise that he should leave school in a few months; but these months appeared to him an age. It was rather a misfortune to Holloway that he was so far advanced in his Latin and Greek studies, for he had the less to do at school: his school business quickly dispatched, his time hung upon his hands; he never thought of literature as an amusement for his leisure hours; he had no idea of improving himself further in general science and knowledge. He was told that his education was *nearly* at an end; he believed it was *quite* finished, and he was glad of it, and glad it was so well over. In the idle time that hung upon his hands, during his intermediate state at Westminster, he heartily regretted that he could not commence his manly career by learning *to drive*—to drive a gig. Lord Rawson had carried him down to the country, the last summer vacation, in his gig. The reins had toughened his fingers, the whip had been committed to his hand, and he longed for a repetition of these pleasures. From the windows of the house in Westminster where he boarded, Holloway, at every idle moment, lolled to enjoy a view of every carriage and of every coachman that passed.

Mr. Supine, Mr. Holloway’s tutor, used, at these leisure moments, to employ himself with practising upon the German flute, and was not sorry to be relieved from his pupil’s conversation. Sometimes it was provoking to the amateur in music to be interrupted by the exclamations of his pupil; but he kept his eyes steadily upon his music-book, and contented himself with recommencing a difficult passage, when Mr. Holloway’s raptures about horses, and coachmanship, and driving well in hand, offended his musical ear. Mr. Supine was, both from nature and fashion, indolent; the trouble of reproving or of guiding his pupil was too much for him; besides, he was sensible that the task of watching, contradicting, and thwarting a young gentleman at Mr. Holloway’s time of life would have been productive of the most disagreeable scenes of altercation, and could possibly have no effect upon the gentleman’s character, which, he presumed, was perfectly well formed at this time. Mr. and Mrs. Holloway were well satisfied with his improvements. Mr. Supine was on the best terms imaginable with the whole family, and thought it his business to keep himself *well* with his pupil, especially as he had some secret hope that through Mr. Holloway’s interest with Lord Rawson, and through Lord Rawson’s influence with a young nobleman who was just going abroad, he might be invited as a travelling companion in a tour upon the continent. His taste for music and painting had almost raised him into the rank of a connoisseur—an amateur he modestly professed himself; and he was frequently stretched in elegant ease upon a sofa, already, in reverie, in Italy, whilst his pupil was conversing out of the window, in no *very* elegant dialect, with the driver of a stage coach in the neighbourhood. Young

Holloway was almost as familiar with this coachman as with his father's groom, who, during his visits at home, supplied the place of Mr. Supine in advancing his education. The stage coachman so effectually wrought upon the ambition of Augustus, that his desire to learn *to drive* became uncontrollable. The coachman, partly by entreaties, and partly by the mute eloquence of a crown, was prevailed upon to promise that, if Holloway could manage it without his tutor's knowledge, he should ascend to the honours of the box, and at least have the satisfaction of *seeing some good driving*.

Mr. Supine was soon invited to a private concert, at which Mrs. Holloway was expected, and at which her daughter, Miss Angelina Holloway, was engaged to perform. Mr. Supine's judicious applause of this young lady's execution was one of his greatest recommendations to her whole family—at least, to the female part of it; he could not, therefore, decline an invitation to this concert. Holloway complained of a sore throat, and desired to be excused from accompanying his tutor, adding, with his usual politeness, that "music was the greatest bore in nature, and especially Angelina's music." For the night of the concert Holloway had arranged his plan with the stage coachman. Mr. Supine dressed, and then practised upon the German flute till towards nine o'clock in the evening. Holloway heard the stage coach rattling through the street whilst his tutor was yet in the middle of a long concerto; the coachman was to stop at a public house about ten doors off, to take up parcels and passengers, and there he was to wait for Holloway; but he had given him notice that he could not wait many minutes.

"You may practise the rest, without book, in the chair, as you are going to — Street, *quite at your ease*, Mr. Supine," said Holloway to his tutor.

"Faith, so I can, and I'll adopt your idea, for it's quite a novel thing, and may take, if the fellows will only carry one steady. Good night. I'll mention your sore throat *properly* to Mrs. Holloway."

No sooner were the tutor and his German flute safely raised upon the chairmen's shoulders, than his pupil recovered from his sore throat, ran down to the place where the stage was waiting, seized the stage coachman's down-stretched hand, sprang up, and seated himself triumphant upon the coach-box.

"Never saw a cleverer fellow," said the coachman. "Now we are off."

"Give me the reins, then," said Holloway.

"Not till we are out o' town," said the coachman: "when we get off the stones we'll see a little of your driving."

When they got on the turnpike-road, Holloway impatiently seized the reins, and was as much gratified by this coachman's praises of his driving as ever he had been by the applauses he had received for his Latin verses. A taste for vulgar praise is the most dangerous taste a young man can have: it not only leads him into vulgar company, but it puts him entirely in the power of his companions, whoever they may happen to be. Augustus Holloway, seated beside a coachman, became, to all intents and purposes, a coachman himself: he caught, and gloried in catching, all his companion's slang, and, with his language,

caught all his ideas. The coachman talked with rapture of some young gentleman's horses which he had lately seen, and said, that if he was a gentleman, there was nothing he should pride himself so much upon as his horses. Holloway, as he was a gentleman, determined to have the finest horses that could be had for money, as soon as he should become his own master.

"And then," continued the coachman, "if I was a gentleman born, I'd never be shabby in the matter of wages and perquisites to them that be to look after my horses, seeing that horses can't be properly looked after for nothing."

"Certainly not," agreed the young gentleman:—"my friend Lord Rawson, I know, has a prodigious smart groom; and so will I, all in good time."

"To be sure," said the coachman; "but it was not in regard to grooms I was meaning, so much as in regard to a coachman, which, I take it, is one of the first persons to be considered in a really grand family, seeing how great a trust is placed in him—(mind, sir, if you please, the turn at the corner, it's rather sharp)—seeing how great a trust is placed in him, as I was observing, a good coachman's worth his weight in gold."

Holloway had not leisure to weigh the solidity of this observation, for the conversation was now interrupted by the sound of a post-chaise which drove rapidly by.

"The job-and-four!" exclaimed the coachman, with as many oaths as *the occasion required*,—"why did you let it pass us?" And with enthusiasm which forgot all ceremony, he snatched the whip from his young companion, and, seizing the reins, drove at a furious rate. One of the chaise postillions luckily dropped his whip; they passed the job-and-four, and the coachman, having redeemed his honour, resigned once more the reins to Holloway, upon his promising not to let the job-and-four get ahead of them. The postillions of the job-and-four were not without ambition; the men called to each other and to their horses; the horses caught some portion of their masters' spirit, and began to gain upon the coach. The passengers in the coach put out their heads and female voices screamed in vain. All their terrors increased the sport; till at length, at a narrow part of the road, the rival coachman and postillions hazarded everything for precedency. Holloway was desperate in proportion to his ignorance; the coachman attempted to snatch the reins, but missing his grasp, he shortened those of the off-hand horse, and drew them the wrong way; the coach ran upon a bank, and was overturned. Holloway was dismayed and silent; the coachman poured forth a torrent of abuse, sparing neither friend nor foe; the complaints of the female passengers were so incoherent, and their fears operated so much upon their imagination, that, in the first moments of confusion, each asserted that she had broken either an arm or a leg, or fractured her skull.

The moon, which had shone bright in the beginning of the evening, was now under a cloud, and the darkness increased the impatience of the various complainers: at length a lantern was brought from the turn-pike-house, which was near the spot where the accident happened. As

soon as the light came, the ladies looked at each other, and after they had satisfied themselves that no material injury had been done to their clothes, and that their faces were in no way disfigured, they began to recover from their terrors, and were brought to allow that all their limbs were in good preservation, and that they had been too hasty in declaring that their skulls were fractured. Holloway laughed loudly at all this, and joined in all the wit of the coachman upon the occasion. The coach was lifted up, the passengers got in, the coachman and Holloway mounted the box, when, just as they were setting off, the coachman heard a voice crying to him to stop. He listened, and the voice, which seemed to be that of a person in great pain, again called for assistance.

"It's the mulatto woman," said the coachman; "we forgot her in the bustle. Lend me hold of the lantern, and stand at the horses' heads whilst I see after her," added the coachman, addressing himself to the man who had come from the turnpike-house.

"I shan't stir for a *mulatto*, I promise you," said Holloway, brutally. "She was on the top of the coach, wasn't she? She must have had a fine fall!"

The poor woman was found to be much hurt; she had been thrown from the top of the coach into a ditch, which had stones at the bottom of it. She had not been able to make herself heard by anybody whilst the ladies' loud complaints continued, nor had she been able long to call for any assistance, for she had been stunned by her fall, and had not recovered her senses for many minutes. She was not able to stand; but when the coachman held her up, she put her hand to her head, and in broken English said she felt too ill to travel farther that night.

"You shall have an inside place, if you'll pluck up your heart; and you'll find yourself better with the motion of the coach."

"What, is she hurt?—the mulatto woman—I say, coachy, make haste," cried Holloway, "I want to be off."

"So do I," said the coachman, "but we are not likely to be off yet; here's this here poor woman can't stand, and is all over bruises, and won't get into the inside of the coach, though I offered her a place."

Holloway, who imagined that the sufferings of all who were not so rich as himself could be *bought off* for money, pulled out a handful of silver, and leaning from the coach-box, held it towards the fainting woman. "Here's a shilling for every bruise at least, my good woman." But the woman did not hear him, for she was very faint. The coachman was forced to carry her to the turnpike-house, where he left her, telling the people of the house that a return chaise would call for her in an hour's time, and would carry her either to the next stage or back to town, whichever she pleased. Holloway's diversion for the rest of the night was spoiled, not because he had too much sympathy with the poor woman who was hurt, but because he had been delayed so long by the accident that he lost the pleasure of driving into the town of —. He had intended to have gone the whole stage, and to have returned in the job-and-four. This scheme had been arranged, before he set out, by his friend the coachman; but the postillions of the job-and-four, having won the race and made the best of their way, had

now returned, and met the coach about two miles from the turnpike-house.

"So," said Holloway, "I must descend, and get home before Mr. Supine wakens from his first sleep."

Holloway called at the turnpike-house to inquire after the mulatto, or rather one of the postillions stopped, as he had been desired by the coachman to take her up to town, if she was able to go that night.

The postillion, after he had spoken to the woman, came to the chaise door, and told Holloway "that he could hardly understand what she said—she spoke, she talked, such outlandish English, and that he could not make out where she wanted to be carried to."

"Ask the name of some of her friends in town," cried Holloway, "and don't let her keep us here all night."

"She has no friends, as I can find," replied the postillion, "nor acquaintance neither."

"Well, who does she belong to, then?"

"She belongs to nobody,—she's quite a stranger in these parts, and doesn't know no more than a child where to go to in all London; she only knows the Christian name of an old gardener where she lodged, she says."

"What would she have us do with her, then?" said Holloway. "Drive on, for I shall be late."

The postillion, more humane than Holloway, exclaimed, "No, master, no!—it's a sin to leave her upon the road this ways, though she's no Christian, as we are, poor copper-coloured soul! I was once a stranger myself in *Lon'on*, without a sixpence to bless myself, so I know what it is, master."

The good-natured postillion returned to the mulatto woman. "Mistress," said he, "I'd fain see ye safe home, if you could but think of the t' other name of that gardener that you mentioned lodging with, because there be so many Pauls in London town, that I should never find your Paul, as you don't know neither the name of his street; but I'll tell ye, now, all the streets I'm acquainted with, and that's a many. Do you stop me, mistress, when I come to the right, for you're sadly bruised, and I won't see ye left this ways on the road."

He then named several streets: the mulatto woman stopped him at one name, which she recollected to be the name of the street in which the gardener lived. The woman at the turnpike-house, as soon as she heard the street in which he lived named, said she knew this gardener; that he had a large garden about a mile off, and that he came from London early, almost every morning, with his cart, for garden stuff for the market: she advised the mulatto woman to stay where she was that night, and to send to ask the gardener to come on to the turnpike-house for her in the morning. The postillion promised to go to the gardener's "by the first break of day;" the woman raised her head to bless him, and the impatient Holloway loudly called to him to return to his horses, swearing that he would not give him one farthing for himself if he did not.

The anxiety which Holloway felt to escape detection kept him in pain; but Holloway never measured or estimated his pleasures and his

pains ; therefore he never discovered that, even upon the most selfish calculation, he had paid too dear for the pleasure of sitting upon a coach-box for one hour.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the chaise arrived in town, when he was set down at the house at which the stage coach put up, walked home, got in at his bed-chamber window—his bed-chamber was upon the ground floor. Mr. Supine was fast asleep, and his pupil triumphed in his successful *frolic*.

CHAPTER II.

THE MULATTO.

WHILST Holloway, in his dreams, was driving again, and again overturning stage coaches, young Howard, in his less manly dreams, saw Dr. B., the head master of Westminster School, advancing toward him, at a public examination, with a prize medal in his hand, which turned, Howard thought as he looked upon it, first into the face of his aunt, smiling upon him ; then into a striking likeness of his tutor, Mr. Russell, who also smiled upon him ; and then changed into the head of little Oliver, whose eyes seemed to sparkle with joy. Just at that instant Howard awoke, and opening his eyes, saw Oliver's face close to him, laughing heartily.

"Why," exclaimed Oliver, "you seized my head with both your hands when I came to waken you: what could you be dreaming of, Charles?"

"I dreamed I took you for a medal, and I was right glad to have hold of you," said Howard, laughing ; "but I shall not get my medal by dreaming about it. What o'clock is it? I shall be ready in half a second."

"Ay," said Oliver, "I won't tell you what o'clock it is till you're dressed ; make haste !—I've been up this half-hour, and I've got everything ready, and I've carried the little table, and all your books, and the pen and ink, and all the things, out to our seat ; and the sun shines upon it, and everything looks cheerful, and you'll have a full hour to work, for it's only half after five."

At the back of Mrs. Howard's house there was a little garden ; at the end of the garden was a sort of root-house, which Oliver had cleaned out, and which he dignified by the title of "The Seat." There were some pots of geraniums and myrtles kept in it, with Mrs. Howard's permission, by a gardener who lived next door to her, and who frequently came to work in her garden. Oliver watered the geraniums and picked off the dead leaves, whilst Howard was writing at the little table which had been prepared for him. Howard had at this time two grand works in hand, on which he was enthusiastically intent : he was translating the little French book which the traveller had given to him, and he was writing *an essay for a prize*. The young gentlemen at Westminster were engaged in writing essays for a periodical paper, and Dr. B. had promised to give a prize medal as the reward for that essay

which he and a jury of critics, to be chosen from among the boys themselves, should pronounce to be the best composition.

"I won't talk to you—I won't interrupt you," said Oliver to Howard; "but only answer me one question: what is your essay to be about?" Howard put his finger upon his lips and shook his head.

"I assure you I did not look, though I longed to peep at it this morning before you were up. Pray, Charles, do you think I shall ever be able to write essays?"

"To be sure," said Howard: "why not?"

"Ah!" said Oliver, with a sigh, "because I've no genius, you know."

"But," said Howard, "have you not found out that you could do a great many things that you thought you could not do?"

"Ay, thank you for that; but then, you know, those things are the sort of things which can be done without genius."

"And what *are* the things," replied Howard, "which cannot be done without genius?"

"Oh, a great, *great* many, I believe," said Oliver; "you know Holloway said so."

"But we are not forced to believe it because Holloway said so, are we? Besides, a *great many things* may mean anything—buckling your shoes or putting on your hat, for instance."

Oliver laughed at this, and said, "These, to be sure, are not the sort of things that can't be done without genius."

"What are the sort of things?" repeated Howard; "let us, now I've the pen in my hand, make a list of them."

"Take a longer bit of paper."

"No, no; the list will not be so very long as you think it will. What shall I put first? Make haste, for I'm in a hurry."

"Well, writing, then—writing, I'm sure, requires genius."

"Why?"

"Because I never could write; and I've often tried and tried to write something, but I never could, because I've no genius for it."

"What did you try to write?" said Howard.

"Why, letters," said Oliver. "My uncle and my aunt and my two cousins desired I would write to them regularly once a fortnight; but I never can make out a letter; and I am always sorry when letter-writing day comes; and if I sit thinking and thinking for ever so long, I can find nothing to say. I used always to beg a *beginning* from somebody; but then, when I've got over the beginning, that's only three or four lines; and if I stretch it out ever so much, it won't make a whole letter; and what can I put in the middle? There's nothing but that *I am well, and hope that they are all well*; or else, *that I am learning Latin, as you desired, dear uncle, and am forward in my English*. The end I can manage well enough, because there's duty and loves to send to everybody; and about *the post is just going out*; and *believe me to be, in haste, your dutiful and affectionate nephew*. But then," continued little Oliver, "this is all nonsense, I know; and I'm ashamed to write such bad letters. Now, your pen goes on scratch, scratch, scratch, the moment you sit down to it; and you can write three pages of a nice long good letter whilst I am writing *My*

dear *Uncle John*; and that's what I call having a genius for writing. I wonder how you came by it. Could you write good letters when you were my age?"

"I never wrote any letters at your age," said Howard.

"Oh, how happy you must have been! But then, if you never learned, how comes it that you can write them now?—how can you always find something to say?"

"I never write but when I have something to say; and you know, when you had something to say last post about Easter holidays, your pen, *Oliver*, went scratch, scratch, scratch, as fast as anybody's."

"So it did," cried *Oliver*; "but then, the thing is, I'm forced to write when I've nothing about the holidays to say."

"Forced?"

"Yes; because I'm afraid my uncle and cousins should be angry if I didn't write."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," said Howard, "to my dear aunt, who never forced me to write: she always said, 'Never write, *Charles*, but when you like it;' and I never did. When I had anything to say,—that is, anything to describe, or any reasons to give upon any subject, or any questions to ask which I very much wished to have answered,—then, you know, I could easily write, because I had nothing to do but to write down just the words which I should have said if I had been speaking."

"But I thought writing was quite a different thing from speaking; because, in writing, there must be sentences, and long sentences, and fine sentences, such as there are in books."

"In *some* books," said Howard, "but not in all."

"Besides," continued *Oliver*, "one person's speaking is quite different from another person's speaking. Now, I believe I make use of a great number of odd words and vulgar expressions and bad English, which I learned from being with the servants, I believe, at home. You have never talked to servants, *Charles*, I daresay, for you have not one of their words."

"No," said *Charles*, "never; and my aunt took a great deal of pains to prevent me from hearing any of their conversation; therefore it was impossible that I should catch——"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of old Paul, the gardener.

"So, Paul," cried little *Oliver*, "I've been doing your work for you this morning: I've watered all the geraniums and put the Indian corn in the sun. What kept you so late in your bed this fine morning, Paul? Fie, Paul!"

"You would not say fie, master," replied Paul, "if you knew how early I had been out of my bed this morning: I was abroad afore sunrise; so I was, master."

"And why didn't you come to work, then, Paul? You shall not have the watering-pot till you tell me. Don't look so grave about it; you know you must smile when I please, Paul."

"I can't smile just now, master," said old Paul; but he smiled, and then told *Oliver* that "the reason he could not smile was, that he was

a little sick at heart with just coming from the sight of a poor soul who had been sadly bruised by a fall from the top of the stage, which was overturned last night. She was left all night at the *pike*; and as she had no other friends, she sent for me by a return chay-boy; and I went for her, and brought her home in my covered cart to my good woman, which she liked, with good reason, better, ten to one, than the stage; and she's terribly black and blue, and does not seem quite right in her head, to my fancy."

Howard, upon hearing this, immediately cried, "I wish we could do something for her. As soon as Mr. Russell is up, I'll ask him to go with us to see her. We will call as we go by to school this morning."

"But, master," said the gardener, "I should warn ye beforehand, that mayhap you mayn't pity her so much, for she's rather past her best days; and bad must have been her best, for she's swarthy, and not like one of this country: she comes from over the seas; and they call her a—a—not quite a negro."

"A mulatto! I like her the better," cried Oliver, "for my nurse was a mulatto. I'll go and waken Mr. Russell this instant, for I'm sure he'll not be angry." He ran away to Mr. Russell, who was not angry at being wakened, but dressed himself *almost* as expeditiously as Oliver wished, and set out immediately with his pupils, delighted to be the companion of their benevolent schemes, instead of being the object of their fear and hatred. Tutors may inspire affection, even though they have the misfortune to be obliged to teach Greek and Latin.*

When the boys arrived at the gardener's, they found the poor mulatto woman lying upon a bed, in a small close room, which was so full of smoke when they came in that they could hardly breathe; the little window, that let in but a glimmering light, could not, without difficulty, be opened. The poor woman made but few complaints; she appeared to be most concerned at the thoughts of being a burden to the good old gardener and his wife. She said that she had not been long in England; that she came to London in hopes of finding a family who had been very kind to her in her youth; but that after inquiry at the house where they formerly lived, she could hear nothing of them. After a great deal of trouble she discovered that a West India gentleman, who had known her abroad, was now at Bath; but she had spent the last farthing of her money, and she was therefore unable to undertake the journey. She had brought over with her, she said, some foreign seeds of flowers, which her young mistress used to be fond of when she was a child, which she had kept till hunger obliged her to offer them to a gardener for a loaf of bread. The gardener to whom she offered them was old Paul, who took compassion upon her distress, lodged her for a week, and at last paid for an outside place for her upon the Bath coach. There was such an air of truth and simplicity in this woman, that Mr. Russell, more experienced than his pupils, believed her story at once, as implicitly as they did.

"Oh," exclaimed little Oliver, "I have but this half-crown for her. I

* *Vide* Dr. Johnson's assertion to the contrary, in Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes.

wish Holloway had but paid me my half-guinea ; I'll ask him for it again to-day ; and will you come with us here again this evening, Mr. Russell, that I may bring it then ? ”

Mr. Russell and Howard hired the room for a fortnight, in which the mulatto woman was now lying, and paid old Paul the gardener for it, promising at the same time to supply her with food. The gardener's wife, at the poor woman's earnest request, promised that as soon as she was able to sit up she would get her some coarse plain work to do.

“ But,” said Oliver, “ how can she see to work in this smoke ? I'm sure it makes my eyes water so that I can hardly bear it, though I have been in it scarcely ten minutes.”

“ I wish,” exclaimed Howard, turning to Mr. Russell, “ that this chimney could be cured of smoking.”

“ Oh, well-a-day ! ” said the gardener, “ we must put up with it as it is, for I've had doctors to it, at one time or another, that have cost me a power of money ; but after all it's as bad as ever, and my good dame never lights a fire in it this fine spring weather ; howsomever, she,” pointing to the mulatto woman, “ is so chilly, coming from a country that, by all accounts, is a hothouse compared with ours, that she can't sleep o' nights or live o' days without a small matter of fire, which she's welcome to, though you see it almost fills the house with smoke.”

Howard, during the gardener's speech, had been trying to recollect where it was that he had lately seen some essay upon smoky chimneys, and he suddenly exclaimed, “ It was in Dr. Franklin's works, was it not, Mr. Russell ? ”

“ What ? ” said Mr. Russell, smiling.

“ That essay upon smoky chimneys, which I said I would skip over the other day, because I had nothing to do with it, and I thought I should not understand. Don't you remember telling me, sir, that I had better not skip it, because it might, some time or other, be useful to me ? I wish I could get the book now ; I would take pains to understand it, because, perhaps, I might find out how this poor man's chimney might be cured of smoking : as for his window, I know how that can be easily mended, because I once watched a man who was hanging some windows for my aunt. I'll get some sash-line.”

“ Do you recollect what o'clock it is, my good friend ? ” said Mr. Russell, holding up his watch to Howard. “ We cannot wait till you are perfect master of the theory of smoky chimneys and the practice of hanging windows ; it is time that we should be gone.” Mr. Russell spoke this with an air of raillery, as he usually did when he was particularly pleased.

As they were going away, Oliver eagerly repeated his request that Mr. Russell would come again in the evening, that he might have an opportunity of giving the poor woman his half-guinea. Mr. Russell promised him that he would ; but he at the same time added, “ All charity, my dear Oliver, does not consist in giving money : it is easy for a man to put his hand in his pocket, and take out a few shillings to give to any person in distress.”

“ I wish,” said Oliver, “ I was able to do more. What can I do ? I'll think of something. Howard, will you think of something that I can

do? But I must see about my Latin lesson first, for I had not time to look it over this morning before I came out."

When they got back, the business of the day, for some hours, suspended all thought of the mulatto woman; but in the first interval of leisure Oliver went in search of Mr. Holloway to ask for his half-guinea. Holloway had a crowd of his companions round him, whom he seemed to be entertaining with some very diverting story, for they were laughing violently when little Oliver first came up to them; but they no sooner perceived him than all their merriment suddenly ceased. Holloway first lowered his voice into a whisper, and then observing that Oliver still stood his ground, he asked him, in his usual peremptory tone, what might be his business? Oliver drew him aside, and asked him to pay him *the* half-guinea. "*The* half-guinea?" repeated Holloway: "man, you talk of *the* half-guinea as if there was but one half-guinea in the world. You shall have *the* half-guinea, for I hate to be dunned—stay, I believe I have not *half* a guinea about me: you can't give me two half-guineas for a guinea, can ye?"

"Me!"

"Well, then, you must wait till I can get change."

"Must I wait? But I really want it for a particular reason this evening. I wish you could give it me now,—you know you promised; but I don't like putting people in mind of their promises, and I would not ask you about the money only that I really want it."

"Want it! nonsense; what can you want money for, such a little chap as you? I'll lay you any wager your *particular reason*, if the truth was told, is, that you can't resist the tart-woman."

"I *can* resist the tart-woman," cried Oliver, proudly: "I have a much better use for my money; but I don't want to boast neither; only, Holloway, do give me the half-guinea. Shall I run and ask somebody to give you two half-guineas for a guinea?"

"No, no, I'll not be dunned into paying you. If you had not asked me for it, I should have given it to you to-night; but since you could not trust to my honour, you'll please to wait till to-morrow morning."

"But I did trust to your honour for a whole month."

"A month! a great while, indeed! then trust to it a day longer; and if you ask me for the money to-morrow, you shan't have it till the next day. I'll teach you not to be such a little dun: nobody that has any spirit can bear to be dunned, particularly for such small sums. I thought you had been above such meanness, or, I promise you, I should never have borrowed your half-guinea," added Holloway; and he left his unfortunate creditor to reflect upon the new ideas of *meanness* and *spirit* which had been thus artfully thrown out.

Oliver was roused from his reflections by his friend Howard. "Mr. Russell is ready to go with us to the gardener's again," said Howard; "have you a mind to come?"

"A great mind; but I'm ashamed, for I've not got my half-guinea—which I lent." Here his newly-acquired fear of meanness checked Oliver, and, without complaining of his creditor's want of punctuality, he added, "But I should like to see the poor woman, though, for all that."

They set out, but stopped on their way at a bookseller's, where

Howard inquired for that essay of Dr. Franklin's on smoky chimneys, which he was impatient to see. This bookseller was well acquainted with Mr. Russell. Howard had promised to give the bookseller the translation of the little French book which we formerly mentioned, and the bookseller on his part was very obliging in furnishing Howard with any books he wanted.

Howard was deep in the essay on smoky chimneys, and examining the references in the print belonging to it, whilst Mr. Russell was looking over the prints in the "Encyclopædia" with little Oliver. They were all so intent upon what they were about that they did not perceive the entrance of Holloway and Mr. Supine. Mr. Supine called in merely to see what Mr. Russell could be looking at with so much appearance of interest: the indolent are always curious, though they will not always exert themselves even to gratify their curiosity.

"Only the 'Encyclopædia' prints," said Supine, looking over Mr. Russell's shoulder; "I thought you had got something new."

"Only smoky chimneys," exclaimed Holloway, looking over Howard's shoulders. "What upon earth, Howard, can you find so entertaining in smoky chimneys? Are you turned chimney doctor, or chimney-sweeper? This will be an excellent thing for Lord Rawson, won't it, Mr. Supine? We'll tell it to him on Thursday; it will be a good joke for us for half the day. Pray, Doctor Charles Howard," continued the wit, with mock solemnity, "do you go up the chimneys yourself?"

Howard took this raillery with so much good humour that Holloway looked quite disappointed, and Mr. Supine, in a careless tone, cried, "I take it, reading such things as these will scarcely improve your style, sir; will they, think ye, Mr. Russell?"

"I am not sure," replied Mr. Russell, "that Mr. Howard's *first* object in reading is to improve his style; but," added he, turning to the title-page, and pointing to Franklin's name, "you perhaps did not know——"

"Oh, Dr. Franklin's works," interrupted Supine; "I did not see the name before: to be sure, I must bow down to *that*."

Having thus easily satisfied Mr. Supine's critical scruples by the authority of a name, Mr. Russell rose to depart, as he perceived that there was no chance of getting rid of the idlers.

"What are you going to do with yourself, Russell?" said Mr. Supine. "We'll walk with you, if you're for walking this fine evening; only don't let's walk like penny postmen."

"But he's in a hurry," said Oliver; "he's going to see a poor woman."

"A *poor* woman!" said Supine, "down this close lane too?"

"Oh, let's see all that's to be seen," whispered Holloway; "ten to one we shall get some diversion out of it. Russell's a quiz worth studying, and Howard's his ditto."

They came to the gardener's house. Holloway's high spirits suddenly subsided when he beheld the figure of the mulatto woman.

"What's the matter?" said Oliver, observing that he started; "why did you start so?"

"Tell Howard I want to speak one word with him, this instant, in the street; bid him come out to me," whispered Holloway; and he hastily retreated before the poor woman saw his face.

"Howard," cried Holloway, "I sent for you to tell you a great secret."

"I'm sorry for it," said Charles, "for I hate secrets."

"But you can keep a secret, man, can't you?"

"If it was necessary, I hope I could; but I'd rather not hear."

"Pooh! nonsense!" interrupted Holloway; "you must hear it; I'll trust to your honour; and, besides, I have not a moment to stand shilly-shally. I've got a promise from my father to let me go down this Easter with Lord Rawson to Marryborough, in his gig, you know."

"I did not know it indeed," said Charles; "but what then?"

"Why, then, you see, I must be upon my good behaviour, and you would not do such an ill-natured trick as to betray me."

"Betray you! I don't know what you mean," said Howard, in astonishment.

Holloway now briefly told him his stage coach adventure, and concluded by saying he was afraid that the mulatto woman should recollect either his face or his voice, and should *blow him*.

"And what," said Howard, shocked at the selfishness which Holloway showed, "and what do you want me to do? why do you tell me all this?"

"Because," said Holloway, "I thought if you heard what the woman said when she saw me, you would have gotten it all out of her, to be sure; therefore I thought it best to trust you with my secret, and so put you upon honour with me. All I ask of you is, to hold your tongue about my—my—my frolic, and just make some excuse for my not going into the room again where the mulatto woman is: you may tell Supine, if he asks what's become of me, that I'm gone to the music-shop to get some new music for him—that will keep him quiet. Good bye."

"Stay," cried Howard. "I promise you only not to betray you; I will not make any false excuses."

"You are the greatest quiz, you are the most confounded prig that ever existed. I tell you I am going to the music-shop: I trust to your honour. Lord Rawson, I know, will call me a fool for trusting to the honour of a quiz."

Howard stood for a few instants fixed to the spot after Holloway left him: the words *quiz* and *prig* he had not heard without emotion; but his good sense quickly recovered him, and he dared to abide by his own ideas of honour, even though Lord Rawson might call it the honour of a quiz.

When Howard returned to the room where the mulatto woman lay, he expected to be questioned by Mr. Supine about Holloway's sudden departure; but this gentleman was not in the habit of paying great attention to his pupil's motions. He took it for granted that Holloway had escaped because he did not wish to be called upon for a charitable subscription; from the same fear, Mr. Supine affected unusual absence of mind whilst Mr. Russell talked to the mulatto woman, and at length, professing himself unable to endure any longer the smell of smoke, he pushed his way into the street. "Mr. Holloway, I suppose," said he, "has taken himself home very wisely, and I shall follow him. We make it a rule, I think, to miss one another; but to keep a young man in leading-strings would be a great bore. We're upon the best footing in the world together; as for the rest——"

New difficulties awaited Holloway. He got home some time before Mr. Supine, and found his friend the stage coachman waiting for him with a rueful face.

"Master," said he, "here's a sad job: there was a parcel lost last night in the confusion of the overturn of the coach; and I must make it good, for it's booked, and it's booked to the value of five guineas, for it was a gold-muslin gown that a lady was very particular about. And, master, I won't peach if you'll pay; but as for losing my place, or making up five guineas afore Saturday, it's what I can't take upon me to do."

Holloway was much dismayed at this news; he now began to think he should pay too dear for his frolic. The coachman persisted in his demand. Mr. Supine appeared at the corner of the street, and his pupil was forced to get rid immediately of the coachman by a promise that the money should be ready on Saturday. When Holloway made this promise he was not master of two guineas in the world; how to procure the whole sum was now the question. Alderman Holloway, with the hope of exciting in his son's mind a love for literature, made it a practice to reward him with *solid gold* whenever he brought home any certificate of his scholarship. Holloway had lately received five guineas from his father for an approved copy of Latin verses, and the alderman had promised to give him five guineas more if he brought home the medal, which was to be the reward for the best essay in the periodical paper which the Westminster boys were now writing. Holloway, though he could write elegant Latin verses, had not any great facility in English composition; he, consequently, according to the usual practice of little minds, undervalued a talent which he did not possess. He had ridiculed the scheme of writing an English periodical paper, and had loudly declared that he did not think it worth his while to write English. His opinion was, however, somewhat changed by his father's promised reward; and the stage coachman's impatience for his money now impelled Holloway to exertion. He began to write his essay late on Friday evening; the medal was to be given on Saturday morning, so that there could not be much time for revisal and corrections. Corrections he affected to disdain, and piqued himself upon the rapidity with which he wrote. "Howard," said he, when they met to deliver in their compositions, "you have been three weeks writing your essay; I ran mine off in three hours and a quarter."

Mr. Holloway had not considered that what is written with ease is not always read with ease. His essay was written with such a careless superfluity of words, and such a lack of ideas appeared in the performance, that the judges unanimously threw it aside as unworthy of their notice.

"Gentlemen," cried Dr. B., coming forward among the anxious crowd of expectants, "which of you owns this motto? it is from Dr. Darwin's 'Botanic Garden':"

"Hear him, ye Senates, hear this truth sublime:
He who allows oppression shares the crime."*

* Second vol. "Botanic Garden."

"It's his!—it's his!—it's his!" exclaimed little Oliver, clapping his hands; "it's Howard's, sir."

Dr. B., pleased with this grateful little boy's honest joy, put the medal into his hands, without speaking, and Oliver ran with it to his friend. "Only," said he, "only let me be by when you show it to your aunt."

How much the pleasure of success is increased by the sympathy of our friends! The triumph of a schoolboy over his competitors is sometimes despicable; but Howard's joy was not of this selfish and puerile sort. All the good passions had stimulated him to exertion, and he was rewarded by his own generous feelings. He would not have exchanged the delight which he saw in his little friend Oliver's face, the approving smile of his aunt, and the proud satisfaction Mr. Russell expressed at the sight of his medal, for all the solid gold which Alderman Holloway deemed the highest reward of literature.

Alderman Holloway was filled with indignation when he heard from Mr. Supine that his son's essay had been rejected with contempt. The young gentleman was also much surprised at the decision of the judges; and his tutor, by way of pleasing his pupil's friends, hesitated not to hint that there "certainly was great injustice done to Mr. Augustus Holloway's talents." The subject was canvassed at a turtle dinner at the alderman's. "There shall not be injustice done to my Augustus," said the irritated father, wisely encouraging his Augustus in all his mean feelings. "Never mind 'em all, my boy; you have a father, you may thank Heaven, who *can* judge for himself, and *will*; you shall not be the loser by Dr. B.'s, or Dr. Anybody's, injustice: I'll make it up to you, my boy. In the meantime join us in a bumper of port. Here's to Dr. B.'s better judgment; wishing him his health and happiness these Easter holidays, and a *new pair of spectacles*—eh, Mr. Supine?"

This well-chosen toast was drunk with much applause and laughter by the company. The alderman insisted upon having his Augustus's essay produced in the evening. Holloway had now ample satisfaction, for the whole company were unanimous in their plaudits, after Mr. Supine had read two or three sentences. The alderman, to confirm his own critical judgment, drew out his purse, and counting out ten bright guineas, presented them, with a look of high self-satisfaction, to his son.

"Here, Augustus, my boy," said he, "I promised you five guineas if you brought me home the prize medal; but I now present you with ten, to make you the amends you so richly deserve for not having got their medal. Thank God, I am able to afford it; and I hope," added the alderman, looking round and laughing, "I hope I'm as good a patron of the *belles lettres* as the head doctor of Westminster himself."

Holloway's eyes sparkled with joy at the sight of the glittering bribe. He began some speech in reply, in which he compared his father to Mæcenas; but being entangled in a sentence in which the nominative case had been too long separated from the verb, he was compelled to pause abruptly. Nevertheless, the alderman rubbed his hands with exultation; and "Hear him! hear him! hear your member!" was vociferated by all the friends of the young orator.

"Well, really," concluded his mother, to the ladies who were com-

plimenting her upon her son's performance, "it was not a bad speech, considering he had nothing to say!"

Lord Rawson, who was one of the company, now congratulated his friend in a whisper—"You've made a good job of it to-day, Augustus," said he; "solid pudding's better than empty praise. We're going," continued his lordship, to the alderman, "to try my new horses in my gig this evening." And he pulled Augustus with him out of the room.

"There they go," said the prudent father, delighted with his son's being the chosen friend of a nobleman—"there they go, arm-in-arm—a couple of rare ones; we shall have fine work with them, I foresee, when Augustus gets to college. But young men of spirit must not be curbed like common boys; we must make allowances—I have been young myself. Eh, Mr. Supine?"

"Certainly, sir," said the obsequious tutor, "and you have still the sprightliness of youth; and my ideas of education square completely with yours."

According to Alderman Holloway's ideas of education, the holidays were always to be made a season of complete idleness and dissipation, to relieve his son from his school studies. It was his great delight to contrast the pleasures of home with the hardships of school, and to make his son compare the indulgence of a father with the severity of a schoolmaster. How he could expect an education to succeed which he sedulously endeavoured to counteract, it may be difficult for any rational person to conceive.

After Lord Rawson and Holloway had enjoyed the pleasures of driving a gig, and had conversed about dogs and horses till they had nothing left to say to each other, his lordship proposed stepping into Mr. Carat the jeweller's shop to look at some new watches: his lordship said he was tired of his own watch, for he had had it six months. Mr. Carat was not in the way when they first went in. One of the young men who attended in the shop said that his master was extremely busy in settling some accounts with the captain of a ship, who was to leave England in a few days.

"Don't tell me of settling accounts," cried Lord Rawson: "I hate the sound of settling accounts. Run and tell Mr. Carat that Lord Rawson is here, and must speak to him this instant, for I'm in a desperate hurry."

A quarter of an hour elapsed before the impatient lord could be obeyed; during this time his lordship and Holloway rummaged over everything in the shop. A pretty bauble to hang to his watch caught his lordship's fancy; his lordship happened to have no money in his pocket. "Holloway," said he, "my good fellow, you've ten guineas in your pocket, I know; do lend them here."

Holloway, rather proud of his riches, lent his ten guineas to his noble friend with alacrity; but a few minutes afterward recollected that he should want five of them that very night, to pay the poor stage coachman. His recollection came too late, for after Lord Rawson had paid three or four guineas for his trinket, he let the remainder of the money down, with an absent *nonchalance*, into his pocket. "We'll settle—I'll pay you, Holloway, to-morrow morning, you know."

Holloway, from false shame, replied, "Oh, very well." And at this instant Mr. Carat entered the shop, bowing and apologizing to his lordship for having been busy.

"I'm always, to be sure, in a very great hurry," cried Lord Rawson; "I never have a minute that I can call my own. All I wanted, though, just now, was to tell you that I could not settle anything, you understand, till we come back from Marryborough. I go down there to-morrow."

The Jew bowed with unlimited acquiescence, assuring his lordship that he should ever wait his perfect convenience. As he spoke, he glanced an inquiring eye upon Holloway.

"Mr. Holloway, the eldest—the only son of Alderman Holloway; rich as a Jew! and he'll soon leave Westminster," whispered Lord Rawson to the Jew. "Holloway," continued he, turning to his friend, "give me leave to introduce Mr. Carat to you. You may," added his lordship, lowering his voice, "find this Jew a useful friend some time or other, my lad: he's my man in all money jobs."

The Jew and the schoolboy seemed equally flattered and pleased by this introduction; they were quickly upon familiar terms with one another; and Mr. Carat, who was willing that such an acquaintance should begin in the most advantageous and agreeable manner on his part, took the young gentleman, with an air of mystery and confidence, into a little room behind the shop; there he produced a box full of old-fashioned second-hand trinkets, and without giving Holloway time to examine them, said that he was going to make a lottery of these things. "If I had any young favourite friends," continued the wily Jew, "I should give them a little whisper in the ear, and bid them try their fortune; they never will have a finer opportunity." He then presented a handbill, drawn up in a style which even Messrs. Goodluck & Co. need not have disdained to admire. The youth was charmed with the composition. The Jew made him a present of a couple of tickets for himself, and gave him a dozen more to distribute amongst his companions at Westminster. Holloway readily undertook to distribute the tickets, upon condition that he might have a list of the prizes in the lottery. "If they don't see a list of the prizes," said he, "not a soul will put in."

The Jew took a pen immediately, and drew up a captivating list of prizes. Holloway promised to copy it, because Mr. Carat said his hand must not appear in the business, and it must be conducted with the strictest secrecy, because "the law," added the Jew, "has a little jealousy of those sort of things—government likes none but licensed lotteries, young gentleman."

"The law! I don't care what the law likes," replied the schoolboy; "if I break the law, I hope I'm rich enough to pay the forfeit, or my father will pay for me, which is better still."

To this doctrine the Jew readily assented, and they parted mutually satisfied with each other. It was agreed that Lord Rawson should drive his friend to Marryborough the next Tuesday, and that he should return on Wednesday, with Holloway, to Westminster, on purpose that he might meet Mr. Carat there, who was then to deliver the prizes.

"I'll lay ye a bet," cried Lord Rawson, as he left the Jew's, "that you'll have a prize yourself. Now, are not you obliged to me for introducing you to Carat?"

"Yes, that I am," replied Holloway. "It's easier to put into the lottery than to write Latin verses and English essays. I'll puzzle and bore myself no more with those things, I promise my father."

"Who does, after they've once left school, I want to know?" said his noble friend. "I'm sure I've forgot all I ever learned from Latin and Greek fellows; you know they tell just for nothing when one gets into the world. I make it a principle never to talk of books, for nobody does, you know, that has anything else to talk of. None but quizzes and quozes ever come out with anything of that sort. Now, how they'd stare at Marryborough, Holloway, if you were to begin sporting some of your Horace and Virgil!"

The dashing yet bashful schoolboy, with much emotion, swore that he cared as little for Horace and Virgil as his lordship did. Holloway was really an excellent scholar, but he began to be heartily ashamed of it in his lordship's company, and prudently resolved to adopt the principles he had just heard, to forget as fast as possible all he had learned, never to talk of books, and to conceal both his knowledge and his abilities, lest *they should stare at him at Marryborough.*

CHAPTER III.

THE LOTTERY TICKETS.

THE lottery tickets were easily disposed of amongst the young gentlemen at Westminster. As young men can seldom calculate, they are always ready to trust to their individual good fortune, and they are, consequently, ever ready to put into any species of lottery.

"Look here!" cried little Oliver, showing a lottery ticket to Howard; "look what Holloway has just offered to give me instead of half a guinea which he owes me. I told him I would just run and ask your advice. Shall I accept of it?"

"I would advise you not," answered Howard; "you are sure of your half-guinea, and you have only a chance of getting anything in the lottery."

"Oh, but then I've a chance of such a number of fine things! You have not seen the list of prizes. Do you know there's a watch amongst them? Now, suppose my ticket should come up a prize, and that I should get a watch for my half-guinea?—a real watch!—a watch that would *go*!—a watch that I should wind up myself every night! Oh, Charles! would not that be a good bargain for my half-guinea? I'm sure you have not read the list of prizes, have you?"

"No, I have not," said Howard. "Have you read the list of blanks?"

"Of blanks?—no," said Oliver, with a changed countenance; "I never thought of the blanks."

"And yet, in most lotteries, there are many more blanks than prizes, you know."

"Are there? Well, but I hope I shall not have a blank," returned Oliver.

"So everybody hopes, but some people must be disappointed."

"Yes," said the little boy, pausing; "but then some people must win, and I have as good a chance as another, have not I?"

"And do you know what the chance against your winning is? Once I had a great mind, as you have now, Oliver, to put into a lottery. It was just after my aunt lost all her fortune, and I thought that if I were to get the twenty thousand pound prize, I could give it to her."

"Ah, that is so like you! I'll give my watch—if I get it, I mean—to somebody. I'll give it to the mulatto woman, because she is poor. No; I'll give it to you, because you are the best, and I love you the best, and I am more obliged to you than to anybody in the world, for you have taught me more; and you have taught me as I was never taught before, without laughing at, or scolding, or frightening, or calling me blockhead or dunce; and you have made me think a great deal better of myself; and I'm always happy when I'm with you; and I'm quite another creature since you came to school. I hope you'll never leave school whilst I am here," cried Oliver.

"But you have quite forgot the lottery," said Howard, smiling, and much touched by his little friend's simplicity and enthusiasm.

"Oh, the lottery! ay," said Oliver; "you were telling me something about yourself: do go on."

"I once thought, as you do now, that it would be a charming thing to put into a lottery."

"Well, and did you win?"

"No."

"Did you lose?"

"No."

"How then?"

"I did not put into the lottery, for I was convinced that it was a foolish way of spending money."

"If you think it's foolish or wrong," said Oliver, "I'll have nothing to do with this lottery."

"I don't want to govern you by my opinion," said Howard; "but if you have patience to attend to all the reasons that convinced me, you will be able to judge and form an opinion for yourself. You know I must leave school some time or other, and then——"

"Well, don't talk of that, but tell me all the reasons, quick."

"I can't tell them so very quickly," said Howard, laughing. "When we go home this evening, I'll ask my aunt to look for the passage in Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' which she showed me."

"Oh," interrupted Oliver, with a sigh, "Smith's Wealth of what? That's a book I'm sure I shall never be able to understand. Is it not that great large book that Mr. Russell reads?"

"Yes."

"But I shall never understand it."

"Because it's a large book?"

"No," said Oliver, smiling; "but because I suppose it's very difficult to understand."

"Not what I have read of it ; but I have only read passages here and there. That passage about lotteries I think you would understand, because it is so plainly written."

"I'll read it, then," said Oliver, "and try ; and in the meantime I'll go and tell Holloway that I had rather not put into the lottery till I know whether it's right or not."

Holloway flew into a violent passion with little Oliver when he went to return his lottery ticket. He abused and ridiculed Howard for his interference, and succeeded so well in raising a popular cry, that the moment Howard appeared on the playground, a general hiss, succeeded by a deep groan, was heard. Howard recollected the oracle's answer to Cicero, and was not dismayed by the voice of the multitude. Holloway threw down half a guinea to pay Oliver, and muttered to himself, "I'll make you remember this, Mr. Oliver."

"I'll give this half-guinea to the mulatto woman, and that's much better than putting it into a lottery, Charles," said the little boy ; and as soon as the business of the day was done, Oliver, Howard, and Mr. Russell took their usual evening's walk towards the gardener's house.

"Ay, come in !" cried Old Paul, "come in ! God bless you all ! I don't know which is the best of you. I've been looking out of my door this quarter of an hour for ye," said he, as soon as he saw them, "and I don't know when I've been idle a quarter of an hour afore. But I've put on my best coat, though it's not Sunday ; and wife has treated *her* to a dish of tea, and she's up and dressed—the mulatto woman, I mean,—and quite hearty again. Walk in, walk in : it will do your hearts good to see her. She's so grateful, too, though she can't speak good English, which is her only fault, poor soul ; but we can't be born what we like, or she would have been as good an Englishman as the best of us. Walk in—walk in. And the chimney does not smoke, master, no more than I do ; and the window opens, too ; and the paper's up, and looks beautiful. God bless ye !—God bless ye !—walk in." Old Paul, whilst he spoke, had stopped the way into the room ; but at length he recollected that they could not *walk in* whilst he stood in the doorway, and he let them pass.

The little room was no longer the smoky, dismal, miserable place which it was formerly. It was neatly papered ; it was swept clean ; there was a cheerful fire which burned quite clearly. The mulatto woman was cleanly dressed ; and rising from her work, she clasped her hands together with an emotion of joyful gratitude which said more than any words could have expressed.

This room was not papered, nor was the chimney cured of smoking, nor was the woman clad in new clothes, by magic : it was all done by human means—by the industry and abilities of a benevolent boy.

The translation of the little French book, which Howard had completed, procured him the means of doing good. The bookseller to whom he offered it was both an honest man and a good judge of literary productions. Mr. Russell's name also operated in his pupil's favour ; and Howard received ten guineas for his translation.

Oliver was impatient for an opportunity to give his half-guinea, which he had held in his hand till it was quite warm. "Let me look at that

pretty thimble of yours," said he, going up to the mulatto woman, who had now taken up her work again; and as he playfully pulled off the thimble, he slipped his half-guinea into her hand; then he stopped her thanks by running on to a hundred questions about her thimble: "What a strange thimble! How came you by such a thimble? Was it given to you? Did you buy it? What's the use of this screw round the inside of the rim of it? Do look at it, Charles."

The thimble was, indeed, remarkable; and it seemed extraordinary that such a one should belong to a poor woman who had lately been in great distress.

"It is gold," said Mr. Russell, examining it, "and very old gold."

The mulatto woman sighed, and as she put the thimble upon her finger again, she said that she did not know whether it was gold or not, but she had a great value for it; that she had had it a great many years; that it had been given to her by the best friend she had ever had.

"Tell me about that best friend," said Oliver; "I like to hear about best friends."

"She was a very good friend indeed, though she was but young—scarcely bigger than yourself at the time she gave me this thimble. She was my young mistress. I came all the way from Jamaica on purpose to find her out, and in hopes to live with her in my elder days."

"Jamaica!" cried Howard—"Jamaica!" cried Oliver, in the same breath. "What was her name?"

"Frances Howard," said the woman.

"My aunt!" exclaimed Howard.

"I'll run and tell her—I'll run and bring her here this instant!" said Oliver. But Mr. Russell caught hold of him and detained him, whilst they further questioned the woman.

Her answers were perfectly consistent and satisfactory. She said that her mistress's estate in Jamaica had been sold just before she left the island; that some of the old slaves had been set at liberty, by orders which came, she understood, in her mistress's last letter, and that, amongst the rest, she had been freed; that she had heard say that her good mistress had desired the agent to give her also some little *provision-ground* upon the plantation, but that this had never been done; and that she had sold all the clothes and little things she possessed to raise money to pay for her passage to England, hoping to find her mistress in London. She added that the agent had given her a direction to her mistress, but that she had in vain applied at the house, and at every house in the same street.

"Show us the direction, if you have it," said Mr. Russell. The woman said she had kept it very carefully; but now it was almost worn out. The direction was, however, still legible upon the ragged bit of paper which she produced: *To Mrs. Frances Howard, Portman Square, London.* The instant Mr. Russell was satisfied, he was as expeditious as Oliver himself: they all three went home immediately to Mrs. Howard; she had some time before been confined to her room by a severe toothache.

"You promised me, aunt," said her nephew, "that, as soon as you

were well enough, you would go to old Paul's with us, to see our poor woman : can you go this evening ?”

“ Oh, do—do, pray ! I'm sure you won't catch cold,” said Oliver ; “ for we have a very particular reason for wishing you to go.”

“ There is a sedan-chair at the door,” said Mr. Russell, “ if you are afraid, madam, of catching cold.”

“ I am not rich enough to go out in sedan-chairs,” interrupted Mrs. Howard, “ nor prudent enough, I am afraid, to stay at home.”

“ Oh, thank you,” said Oliver, who had her clogs ready in his hands : “ now you'll see something that will surprise you.”

“ Then take care you don't tell me what it is before I see it,” said Mrs. Howard.

Oliver with some difficulty held his tongue during the walk, and contented himself with working off his *superfluous animation* by jumping over every obstacle in his way.

The meeting between the poor mulatto woman and her mistress was as full of joy and surprise as little Oliver had expected ; and this is saying a great deal, for where much is expected, there is usually much disappointment ; and very sympathetic people are often very angry with others for not being as much astonished, or as much delighted, as they think the occasion requires.

When Mrs. Howard returned home, she found a letter had been left for her from the Marquis of —, who was at this time high in power. It is well known that a watchful eye is kept upon every rising genius in the great seminaries of public education in England. A young man at Westminster or Eton who distinguishes himself for abilities is not distinguished only by his masters and his companions, but by those who see in him the writer or the orator of a future day. Howard's prize essay appeared as well in print as it had done in manuscript. The names of the boys who received public premiums at Westminster were sent, by particular desire, to the Marquis of —, and with them Dr. B. sent the little essay, which he thought would do Howard credit. He was not mistaken in his judgment. The Marquis of —, who possessed the “ prophetic eye of taste,” in his answer to Dr. B.'s note said many civil things of the performance, and begged to know if there were anything in his power which might be done for the lady who had so well conducted Mr. C. Howard's education—a lady who, as he understood, had lately met with unmerited misfortunes. His lordship's letter concluded with a hint that the place of a housekeeper for one of the king's palaces, an eligible situation, was then vacant, and that a handsome salary would be secured, &c.

Howard's joy at the perusal of this letter was heightened by the delight which he saw painted in his aunt's countenance. She was a woman rather in the habit of repressing her emotions ; therefore her sensibility commanded respect as well as sympathy. “ My dear boy ! my dear nephew ! my dear friend !” said she, “ from this moment forward, remember, we are upon equal terms ; and I rejoice at it : let me never hear more from you of *obligations* and *gratitude* ; you have repaid, amply repaid me for all.”

“ No, no ; I never can—I never wish —” interrupted Howard.

But so many ideas and grateful feelings rushed upon his mind, that he could not explain further what he wished or what he did not wish.

"You can't speak, I perceive," said Mrs. Howard; "but we know you can write: so sit down and write *your* answer to Lord ——'s letter, and I will write *mine*."

"Must there be two answers?" said Howard.

"Not if you approve of mine."

"That I am sure I shall," said Howard.

Mrs. Howard's letter was quickly written. She expressed, with much propriety, her sense of the honour which had been conferred upon her nephew; but she declined, decidedly, the favour intended for herself.

"Why? May I ask why, my dear aunt," said young Howard, "do you send this answer? Is it not right for you to accept what it is so right in Lord —— to offer? Is it not generous and noble," continued he, with enthusiasm, "is it not generous and noble in those who have wealth and power to make so good a use of it? I don't mean to call it generous and noble in Lord —— to praise my essay," said Howard, recollecting himself; "but surely what is said of *you*, ma'am, in his letter is very handsome. And you always told me that you did not love that kind of pride which will not receive any obligation."

"Nor do I," answered Mrs. Howard, "nor do I now act from that kind of pride; but you do not know enough of the world to feel the nature of this obligation; you do not perceive that you would hereafter be called upon, probably, in honour and gratitude, to return this obligation for me."

"I should, I hope, be grateful for it," said Howard; "but how could I return it? I should wish to return it, if I could."

"Perhaps not in the manner it would be expected," replied his aunt. "At all events, I should think myself unjustifiable if I were tacitly to pledge you, young as you are, to any party, or to any public leader of a party. Whenever you go into public life, if that should ever be your choice, you will surely wish to have perfect liberty to act as your unbiassed judgment and integrity shall direct?"

"Certainly," said Howard.

"Then," said his aunt, smiling, "seal my letter, and keep your *unbiassed judgment*. You will understand all this much better some years hence."

The letter was accordingly sealed and sent.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JAR OF SWEETMEATS.

THE day which Mr. Augustus Holloway imagined would bring him such complete felicity—the day on which Lord Rawson had promised to call for him in his gig, and to drive him down to Marryborough, was now arrived. His lordship, in his gig, was at the door; and Holloway, in high spirits, was just going to get into the carriage, when some one pulled his coat and begged to speak a few words with him. It was

the stage coachman, who was absolutely in distress for the value of the lost parcel, which Holloway had promised him should be punctually paid. But Holloway, now that his excursion to Marryborough was perfectly secure, thought but very slightly of the poor coachman's difficulties, and though he had the money which he had raised by the lottery tickets in his pocket, he determined to keep that for his amusements during the Easter holidays.

"You must wait till I come back from Marryborough ; I can't possibly speak to you now ; I can't possibly, you see, keep Lord Rawson waiting. Why didn't you call sooner ? I am not at all convinced that any parcel was lost."

"I'll show you the books. It's booked, sir," said the man, eagerly.

"Well, well, this is not a time to talk of booking. I'll be with you in an instant, my lord," cried Holloway to Lord Rawson, who was all impatience *to be off*.

But the coachman would not quit his hold. "I'm sorry to come to that, master," said he : "as long as we were both upon honour together, it was very well ; but if you break squares with me, being a gentleman and rich, you can't take it ill, I being a poor man, and my place and all at stake, if I take the shortest way to get my own. I must go to Doctor B., your master, for justice, if you won't give it me without my peaching," said the coachman.

"I'll see you again to-morrow morning," said Holloway, alarmed ; "we come up to town again to-morrow."

"To-morrow won't do," said the coachman ; "I shall lose my place and my bread to-day. I know how to trust to young gentlemen's to-morrows."

A volley of oaths from Lord Rawson again summoned his companion. At this instant, Mr. Russell, young Howard, and little Oliver came up the street, and were passing into Westminster School, when Holloway stopped Howard, who was the last of the party. "For Heaven's sake," said he, in a whisper, "do settle for me with this confounded dun of a coachman ! I know you are rich ; your bookseller told me so : pay five guineas for me to him, and you shall have them again to-morrow, there's a good fellow. Lord Rawson's waiting. Good bye."

"Stay, stay," said Howard, who was not so easily to be drawn into difficulties by a moment's weakness, or by the want of a moment's presence of mind : "I know nothing of this business ; I have other uses for my money ; I cannot pay five guineas for you, Holloway."

"Then let it alone," cried Holloway, with a brutal execration ; and he forcibly broke from the coachman, shook hands with his tutor, Mr. Supine, who was talking to Lord Rawson about the varnish of his gig, jumped into the carriage, and was whirled away from all reflection in a moment by his noble companion.

The poor coachman entreated Howard to stay one instant, to hear him. He explained the business to him, and reproached himself bitterly for his folly. "I'm sure I thought," said he, "I was sure of a gentleman's honour ; and young gentlemen ought to be above not paying handsome for their frolics, if they must have frolics ; and a frolic's one thing,

and cheating a poor man like me is another ; and he had like to have killed a poor mulatto woman, too, by the overturn of the coach, which was all his doings."

"The woman is got very well, and is very well off now," interrupted Howard ; "you need say nothing about that."

"Well, but my money, I must say about *that*," said the coachman. Here Howard observed that Mr. Supine had remained at the door in a lounging attitude, and was quite near enough to overhear their conversation. Howard, therefore, to avoid exciting his attention by any mysterious whispers, walked away from the coachman ; but in vain : he followed. "I'll peach," said he ; "I must in my own defence."

"Stay till to-morrow morning," said Howard, "perhaps you'll be paid then."

The coachman, who was a good-natured fellow, said, "Well, I don't like making mischief among young gentlemen. I will wait till to-morrow, but not a day more, master, if you'd go down on your knees to me."

Mr. Supine, whose curiosity was fully awake, called to the coachman the moment Howard was out of hearing, and tried by various questions to draw the secret from him. The words "*overturn of the coach,—mulatto woman*," and the sentence, which the irritated coachman had pronounced in a raised voice, "*that young gentlemen should be above not paying handsome for ther frolics*," had reached Mr. Supine's attentive ear before Howard had been aware that the tutor was a listener. Nothing more could Mr. Supine draw, however, from the coachman, who now felt himself *upon honour*, having promised Howard not to *peach* till the next morning. Difficulties stimulated Mr. Supine's curiosity ; but he remained for the present satisfied in the persuasion that he had discovered a *fine frolic* of the immaculate Mr. Charles Howard : his own pupil he did not suspect upon this occasion. Holloway's whisperings with the coachman had ended the moment Mr. Supine appeared at the door, and the tutor had in the same moment been so struck with the beautiful varnish of Lord Rawson's gig, that his pupil might have whispered longer without arousing his attention. Mr. Supine was further confirmed in his mistake about Howard, from the recollection of the mulatto woman whom he had seen at the gardener's : he knew that she had been hurt by a fall from a stage coach. He saw Howard much interested about her. All this he joined with what he had just overheard about a *frolic*, and he was rejoiced at the idea of implicating in this bustness Mr. Russell, whom he disliked.

Mr. Supine, having got rid of his pupil, went immediately to Alderman Holloway's, where he had a general invitation to dinner. Mrs. Holloway approved of her son's tutor full as much for his love of gossiping as for his musical talents : Mr. Supine constantly supplied her with news and anecdotes ; upon the present occasion he thought that his story, however imperfect, would be eagerly received, because it concerned Howard.

Since the affair of the prize essay and the medal, Mrs. Holloway had taken a dislike to young Howard, whom she considered as the enemy of her dear Augustus. No sooner had she heard Mr. Supine's blundering

information, than, without any further examination, she took the whole for granted: eager to repeat the anecdote to Mrs. Howard, she instantly wrote a note to her, saying that she would drink tea with her that evening. Many apologies were added in the note for Mrs. Holloway's not having waited upon Mrs. Howard since her return from Margate.

When Mrs. Holloway, attended by Mr. Supine, went in the evening to Mrs. Howard's, they found with her Mrs. B., the lady of Dr. B., the master of Westminster School.

"Is not this an odd rencontre?" whispered Mrs. Holloway to Mr. Supine, as she drew him to a recessed window, commodious for gossiping. "I shall be called a tell-tale, I know, at Westminster; but I shall tell our story notwithstanding. I would keep any other boy's secret; but Howard is such a saint—and I hate saints."

A knock at the door interrupted Mrs. Holloway; she looked out of the window. "Oh, here he comes up the steps," continued she, "after his sober evening promenade, and *his* Mr. Russell with—and, I declare, the mulatto woman with him. Now for it!"

Howard entered the room, went up to his aunt, and said, in a low voice, "Ma'am, poor Cuba is come. She is rather tired with walking, and she has gone to rest herself in the front parlour."

"Her lameness, though," pursued little Oliver, who followed Howard into the room, "is almost well. I just asked her how high she thought the coach was from which she was——"

A look from Howard made Oliver stop short; for though he did not understand the full meaning of it, he saw it was designed to silence him. Howard was afraid of betraying Holloway's secret to Mr. Supine or to Mrs. Holloway. His aunt sent him out of the room with some message to Cuba, which gave Mrs. Holloway an opportunity of opening her business.

"Pray," said she, "might I presume to ask—for I perceive the young gentleman has some secret to keep from me, which he may have good reasons for—may I, just to satisfy my own mind, presume to ask whether, as her name leads one to guess, your Cuba, Mrs. Howard, is a mulatto woman?"

Surprised by the manner of the question, Mrs. Howard coldly replied, "Yes, madam, a mulatto woman."

"And she is lame, I think, sir, you mentioned?" persisted the curious lady, turning to little Oliver.

"Yes, she's a little lame still; but she will soon be quite well."

"Oh, then, her lameness *came*, I presume, from an accident, sir, and not from her birth?"

"From an accident, ma'am?"

"Oh, an accident—a fall—a fall from a coach—from a stage coach, perhaps," continued Mrs. Holloway, smiling significantly at Mr. Supine. "You take me for a conjuror, young gentleman, I see by your astonishment," continued she to Oliver; "but a little bird told me the whole story; and I see that Mrs. Howard knows how to keep a secret as well as myself."

Mrs. Howard looked for an explanation.

"Nay," said Mrs. Holloway, "you know best, Mrs. Howard; but as

we're all *out of school* now, I shall not be afraid to mention such a little affair, even before the doctor's lady; for, to be sure, she would never let it reach the doctor's ears."

"Really, ma'am," said Mrs. Howard, "you puzzle me a little; I wish you would explain yourself; I don't know what it is that you would not have reach the doctor's ears."

"You don't? Well, then, your nephew must have been very clever to have kept you in the dark; mustn't he, Mr. Supine?"

"I always, you know, thought the young gentleman very *clever*, ma'am," said Mr. Supine, with a malicious emphasis.

Mrs. Howard's colour now rose, and, with a mixture of indignation and anxiety, she pressed both Mr. Supine and Mrs. Holloway to be explicit. "I hate mysteries!" said she. Mrs. Holloway still hung back, saying it was a tender point, and hinting that it would lessen her esteem and confidence in one most dear to her to hear the whole truth.

"Do you mean Howard, ma'am?" exclaimed little Oliver: "oh, speak! speak! it's impossible Charles Howard can have done anything wrong."

"Go for him, my dear," said Mrs. Howard, resuming her composure; "let him be present. I hate mysteries."

"But, my dear Mrs. Howard," whispered Mrs. Holloway, "you don't consider; you'll get your nephew into a shocking scrape; the story will infallibly go from Mrs. B. to Dr. B. You are warm, and don't consider consequences."

"Charles," said Mrs. Howard to her nephew, the moment he appeared, "from the time you were five years old till this instant I have never known you tell a falsehood; I should, therefore, be very absurd, as well as very unjust, if I were to doubt your integrity. Tell me—have you got into any difficulties? I would rather hear of them from yourself than from anybody else. Is there any mystery about overturning a stage coach, that you know of, and that you have concealed from me?"

"There is a mystery, ma'am, about overturning a stage coach," replied Howard, in a firm tone of voice; "but when I assure you that it is no mystery of mine—nothing in which I have myself any concern—I am sure you will believe me, my dear aunt, and that you will press me no further."

"Not a word further, not a frown further," said his aunt, with a smile of entire confidence—of entire confidence, in which Mr. Russell joined, but which appeared incomprehensible to Mr. Supine.

"Very satisfactory indeed!" said that gentleman, leaning back in his chair: "I never heard anything more satisfactory to my mind!"

"Perfectly satisfactory, upon my word!" echoed Mrs. Holloway; but no looks, no innuendoes, could now disturb Mrs. Howard's security, or disconcert the resolute simplicity which appeared in her nephew's countenance. Mrs. Holloway, internally devoured by curiosity, was compelled to submit in silence. This restraint soon became so irksome to her that she shortened her visit as much as she decently could.

In crossing the passage to go to her carriage, she caught a glimpse of the mulatto woman, who was going into a parlour. Resolute, at all hazards, to satisfy herself, Mrs. Holloway called to the retreating Cuba

—began by asking some civil question about her health ; then spoke of the accident she had lately met with ; and, in short, by a skilful cross-examination, drew her whole story from her. The gratitude with which the poor woman spoke of Howard's humanity was by no means pleasing to Mr. Supine.

"Then it was not he who overturned the coach?" said Mrs. Holloway.

The woman eagerly replied, "Oh, no, madam!" and proceeded to draw, as well as she could, a description of the youth who had been mounted upon the coach-box ; she had seen him only by the light of the moon, and afterward by the light of a lantern ; but she recollected his figure so well, and described him so accurately, that Mr. Supine knew the picture instantly, and Mrs. Holloway whispered to him, "Can it be Augustus?"

"Mr. Holloway!—Impossible! I suppose——"

But the woman interrupted him by saying that she recollected to have heard the young gentleman called by that name by the coachman.

The mother and the tutor were nearly alike confounded by this discovery. Mrs. Holloway got into her carriage, and in their way home Mr. Supine represented that he should be ruined for ever with the alderman if this transaction came to his knowledge ; that, in fact, it was a mere boyish frolic, but that the alderman might not consider it in that light, and would perhaps make Mr. Augustus feel his serious displeasure. The foolish mother, out of mistaken good-nature, at length promised to be silent upon the subject. But, before he slept, Alderman Holloway heard the whole story. The footman who had attended the carriage was at the door when Mrs. Holloway was speaking to the mulatto woman, and had listened to every word that was said. This footman was in the habit of telling his master, when he attended him at night, all the news which he had been able to collect in the day. Mr. Supine was no favourite of his, because, whenever the tutor came to the house, he gave a great deal of trouble, being too indolent to do anything for himself, and yet not sufficiently rich, or sufficiently generous, to pay the usual premiums for the active civility of servants. This footman was not sorry to have an opportunity of repeating any story that might injure Mr. Supine with his master. Alderman Holloway heard it, under the promise of concealing the name of the person who had given him the information, and resolved to discover the truth of the affair the next day, when he was to visit his son at Westminster.

But we must now return to Mrs. Howard's. We mentioned that Mrs. B. spent the evening with her. Dr. B., soon after Mrs. Holloway went away, called to take his lady home. He had been engaged to spend the evening at a card assembly ; but as he was a man who liked agreeable conversation better than cards, he had made his escape from a rout, to spend half an hour with Mr. Russell and Mrs. Howard. The doctor was a man of various literature ; able to appreciate others, he was not insensible to the pleasure of seeing himself appreciated. Half an hour passes quickly in agreeable conversation ; the doctor got into an argument concerning the propriety of the distinction made by some late metaphysical writers between imagination and fancy. Thence he was led to some critical remarks upon Warton's beautiful "Ode to

Fancy ;” then to the never-ending debate upon original genius ; including also the doctrine of hereditary temper and dispositions, which the doctor warmly supported, and Mrs. Howard coolly questioned.

In the midst of their conversation they were suddenly interrupted by a groan. They all looked round to see whence it came : it came from little Oliver. He was sitting at a little table, at the farther end of the room, reading so intently in a large book that he saw nothing else : a long unsnuffed candle, with a perilous fiery summit to its black wick, stood before him, and his left arm embraced a thick china jar, against which he leaned his head. There was, by common consent, a general silence in the room, whilst every one looked at Oliver as at a picture. Mrs. Howard moved gently round behind his chair, to see what he was reading ; the doctor followed her. It was the account of the execution of two rebel Koromantyn negroes, related in Edward’s “History of the West Indies.”* To try whether it would interrupt Oliver’s deep attention, Mrs. Howard leaned over him, and snuffed his dim candle ; but the light was lost upon him—he did not feel the obligation. Dr. B. then put his hand upon the jar, which he pulled from Oliver’s embrace. “Be quiet ! I must finish this !” cried Oliver, still holding fast the jar, and keeping his eyes upon the book. The doctor gave a second pull at the jar, and the little boy made an impatient push with his elbow ; then, casting his eye upon the large hand which pulled the jar, he looked up, surprised, in the doctor’s face.

The nice china jar, which Oliver had held so sturdily, was very precious to him. His uncle had just sent him two jars of fine West India sweetmeats. One of these he had shared with his companions ; the other he had kept to give to Mrs. Howard, who had once said, in his hearing, that she was fond of West India sweetmeats. She accepted Oliver’s little present. Children sometimes feel as much pleasure in giving away sweetmeats as in eating them, and Mrs. Howard too well understood the art of education, even in trifles, to deny to grateful and generous feelings their natural and necessary exercise. A child can show gratitude and generosity only in trifles.

“Are these *all* the sweetmeats you have left, Oliver ?” said Mrs. Howard.

“Yes, all.”

“Was not Rousseau wrong, Dr. B. ?” said Mrs. Howard, “when he asserted that no child ever gives away *his last mouthful* of anything good ?”

“Of anything *good*,” said the doctor, laughing ; “when I have tasted these sweetmeats, I shall be a better judge.”

“You shall taste them this minute then,” said Mrs. Howard ; and she rang for a plate, whilst the doctor, to little Oliver’s great amusement, exhibited various pretended signs of impatience, as Mrs. Howard deliberately untied the cover of the jar. One cover after another she slowly took off ; at length the last transparent cover was lifted up : the doctor peeped in ; but, lo ! instead of sweatmeats, there appeared nothing but paper. One crumpled roll of paper after another Mrs. Howard

pulled out ; still no sweetmeats. The jar was stuffed with paper to the very bottom. Oliver was silent with amazement.

"The sides of the jar are quite clean," said Howard.

"But the inside of the paper that covered it is stained with sweetmeat," said Dr. B.

"There must have been sweetmeats in it lately," said Mrs. Howard, "because the jar smells so strongly of sweetmeats."

Amongst the pieces of crumpled paper which had been pulled out of the jar, Dr. B. espied one on which there appeared some writing : he looked over it.

"Humph ! What have we here ? What's this ? What can this be about a lottery ?—tickets, price half a guinea ; prizes—gold watch !—silver ditto—chased toothpick-case—buckles—knee-buckles—What is all this ?—April 10th, 1797, the drawing to begin—prizes to be delivered at Westminster School, by Aaron Carat, jeweller ! Heigh, young gentlemen," cried Dr. B., looking at Oliver and Charles, "do you know anything of this lottery ?"

"I have no concern in it, sir, I assure you," said Howard.

"Nor I, thank goodness—I mean, thank you, Charles," exclaimed Oliver ; "for you hindered me from putting into the lottery : how very lucky I was to take your advice !"

"How very wise, you should say, Oliver," said Dr. B. "I must inquire into this business ; I must find out who ordered these things from Mr. Aaron Carat. There shall be no lotteries, no gaming, at Westminster School, whilst I have power to prevent it. To-morrow morning I'll inquire into this affair ; and to-morrow morning we shall also know, my little fellow, what became of your sweetmeats."

"Oh, never mind that," cried the good-natured Oliver : "don't say anything, pray, sir, about my sweetmeats : I don't mind about them. I know already—I mean, I guess, now, who took them ; therefore you need not ask : I daresay it was only meant for a joke."

Dr. B. made no reply, but deliberately folded up the paper which he had been reading, put it into his pocket, and soon after took his leave.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOOD AUNT REWARDED.

LORD RAWSON was one of those young men who measure their own merit and felicity by the number of miles which their horses can go in a day ; he undertook to drive his friend up from Marryborough to Westminster, a distance of forty miles, in six hours. The arrival of his lordship's gig was a signal for which several people were in waiting at Westminster School. The stage coachman was impatiently waiting to demand his money from Holloway. Mr. Carat, the jeweller, was arrived, and eager to settle with Mr. Holloway about the lottery : he had brought the prizes in a small case, to be delivered upon receiving from Holloway the money for all the tickets of which he had disposed. Dr. B. was waiting for the arrival of Mr. Holloway, as he had determined to

collect all his pupils together, and to examine into the lottery business. Little Oliver was also watching for Holloway, to prevent mischief, and to assure him of forgiveness about the sweetmeats.

Lord Rawson's gig arrived. Holloway saw the stage coachman as he alighted, and abruptly turning from him, shook hands with little Oliver, saying, "You look as if you had been waiting for me."

"Yes," said Oliver; "but I can't say what I want to say before everybody."

"I'll wait upon you presently," said Holloway, escaping from the coachman. As he crossed the hall he descried Mr. Carat, and a crowd of boys surrounding him, crying, "Mr. Carat's come! he has brought the prizes—he has brought the prizes! He'll show them all as soon as you've settled with him." Holloway called to the Jew, but little Oliver insisted upon being heard first.

"You must hear me! I've something to say to you about the prizes—about the lottery."

These words arrested Holloway's attention: he followed Oliver, and heard with surprise and consternation the history of the paper which had been found in the jar by Dr. B. "I've done for myself now, faith!" he exclaimed. "I suppose the doctor knows all about the hand I have in the lottery."

"No," replied Oliver, "he does not."

"Why, *you* must have known it; and did not he question you and Howard?"

"Yes; but when we told him that we had nothing to do with it, he did not press us further."

"You are really a noble little fellow," exclaimed Holloway, "to bear me no malice for the many ill turns I have done you. This last has fallen upon myself, as ill luck would have it. But, before we go any farther, your sweetmeats are safe in the press in my room. I didn't mean to steal them—only to plague you, child; but you have your revenge now."

"I don't want any revenge, indeed," said Oliver, "for I'm never happy when I've quarrelled with anybody; and even when people quarrel with me, I don't feel quite sure that I'm in the right, which makes me uncomfortable; and besides, I don't want to find out that they are quite in the wrong, and that makes me uncomfortable the other way. After all, quarrelling and bearing malice are very disagreeable things, somehow or other. Don't you, when you have made it up with people, and shaken hands, Holloway—don't you feel quite light, and ready to jump again? So shake hands, if you are not above shaking hands with such a little boy as I am, and I shall never think again about the sweetmeats or old *fag* times."

Holloway could not help feeling touched. "Here's my hand," cried he; "I'm sorry I've tormented you so often,—I'll never plague you any more. But now I don't know what upon earth to do. Where's Charles Howard? If he can't help me I'm undone. I've got into more scrapes than I can get out of, I know. I wish I could see him."

"I'll run and bring him to you: he's the best person at knowing what should be done—at least for me, I know—that ever I saw."

Holloway abruptly began as soon as Howard came up to him.

"Howard," said he, "you know this plaguey lottery business—but you don't know half yet: here's Carat come to be paid for his tickets, and here's that dunning stage coachman sticks close to me for his five guineas, and not one farthing have I upon earth!"

"Not a farthing? But you don't mean that you have not the money for Mr. Carat?"

"But I *do*, though."

"Why, you cannot have spent it since yesterday morning?"

"No; but I have lost half, and lent half; and the half that I have lent is gone for ever, I'm afraid, as much as that which I lost."

"Who did you lend the money to? how did you lose it?"

"I lost part to Sir John O'Shannon last night at billiards,—more fool I to play, only because I wanted to cut a figure among those fine people at Marryborough. I wonder my father lets me go there; I know I shan't go back there this Easter, unless Lord Rawson makes me an apology, I can tell him. I've as good a right to be upon my high horse as he has; for though his father's an earl, my father's a great deal richer, I know, and has lent him a great deal of money too, and that's the only reason he's civil to us; but I can only tell him—"

Here Howard brought the angry Holloway from his high horse by asking what all this had to do with Mr. Carat, who was waiting to be paid.

"Why, don't I explain to you," said Holloway, "that I lent *him*—Lord Rawson, I mean—all the money I had left yesterday, and I couldn't get it out of him again, though I told him my distress about the stage coachman? Did you ever know anything so selfish? Did you ever know anything so shabby—so shameful? And then to make me his butt, as he did last night at supper, because there were two or three dashing young men by! I think more of *that* than of all the rest. Do you know, he asked me to eat custard with my apple pie, just to point me out for an alderman's son; and when I only differed from him about Captain Shouldham's puppy's ears, Lord Rawson asked how I should know anything about dogs' ears, just to put me in mind that I was a schoolboy. But I'll never go to Marryborough any more, unless he begs my pardon. I've no notion of being a humble friend. But it does not signify being in a passion about it now," continued Holloway. "What I want you, Howard, to do for me, is just to think, for I can't think at present, I'm in such a hurry with all these things coming across me at once. What can I do to find money for the stage coachman and for Mr. Carat? Why, both together come to fifteen guineas! And what can I do about Dr. B.? And do you know my father is coming here this very morning? How shall I manage? He'd never forgive me; at least, he'd not give me any money for I don't know how long, if these things were to come out. What would you advise me to do?"

Howard, with his usual honest policy, advised Holloway at once to tell all the circumstances to his father. Holloway was at first much alarmed at this proposal, and insisted upon it that this method would not *do at all* with the alderman, though it might do very well with such a woman as Mrs. Howard. At length, however, overcome partly by

the argument and partly by the persuasion of his new adviser, Holloway determined upon this confession.

Alderman Holloway arrived, and was beginning to talk to Dr. B. of his son's proficiency in his studies, when the young gentleman made his appearance, with a countenance extremely embarrassed and agitated. The sight of Dr. B. deprived Holloway of courage to speak. The doctor fixed his penetrating eye upon the pale culprit, who immediately stopped short in the middle of the room, stammering out,—“I came to speak, sir—I had something to say to my father, sir—I came, if you please, to speak to my father, sir.”

To Holloway's utter astonishment, Dr. B.'s countenance and manner suddenly changed at these words, all his severity vanished, and, with a look and voice the most encouraging, he led the abashed youth towards his father.

“You came to speak to your father, sir? Speak to him, then, without fear, without reserve; you will certainly find in a father your most indulgent friend. I'll leave you together.”

This opening of the case by Dr. B. was of equal advantage both to the father and to the son. Alderman Holloway, though without literature, was not without understanding: his affection for his son made him quickly comprehend the good sense of the doctor's hint. The alderman was not *surprised* by the story of the overturn of the stage coach, because he had heard it before from his footman. But the lottery transaction with the Jew, and, above all, with the loss and loan of so much money to his friend, Lord Rawson, struck him with some astonishment; yet he commanded his temper, which was naturally violent, and after a constrained silence he begged his son to summon Mr. Supine. “At least,” cried the alderman, “I've a right to be in a passion with that careless, indolent, *dilettanti* puppy, whom I've been paying all this while for taking such good care of you. I wish I had hold of his German flute at this instant. You are very right, Augustus, to come like a man, and tell me all these things; and now I must tell you that some of them I had heard of before. I wish I had that Jew, that Mr. Carat of yours, here! and that stage coachman who had the impertinence to take you out with him at night. But it's all Mr. Supine's fault,—and mine, for not choosing a better tutor for you. As to Lord Rawson, I can't blame you either much for that, for I encouraged the connection, I must own. I'm glad you have quarrelled with him, however; and pray look out for a better friend as fast as possible. You were very right to tell me all these things: on that consideration, and that alone, I'll lend my hand to getting you out of these scrapes.”

“For that,” cried Holloway, “I may thank Howard, then, for he advised and urged me to tell you all this at once.”

“Call him; let me thank him,” said the alderman. “He is an excellent young man, then—call him.”

Dr. B. now entered the room with little Oliver.

When Holloway returned with Howard, he beheld the stage coachman standing silent on one side of his father; Mr. Carat, the Jew, on the other side, jabbering an unintelligible vindication of himself; whilst Dr. B. was contemplating the box of lottery prizes, which lay open upon

the table. Mr. Supine, leaning against the chimneypiece, appeared in the attitude of an Antinous in despair.

"Come, my little friend," said Dr. B. to Oliver; "you did not put into the lottery, I understand. Choose from amongst these things whatever you please. It is better to trust to prudence than fortune, you see. Mr. Howard, I know that I am rewarding you at this instant in the manner you best like and best deserve."

There was a large old-fashioned chased gold toothpick-case on which Oliver immediately fixed his eye. After examining it very carefully, he made it his choice, in preference to anything in the box. As soon as the doctor delivered it to him, Oliver, without waiting to hear his own praise, or yet to hear his friend Howard's, pushed his way hastily out of the room; whilst the alderman, with all the eloquence of which he was master, expressed his gratitude to Howard for the advice which he had given his son. "Cultivate this young gentleman's friendship," added he, turning to Holloway: "he has not a title; but even *I*, Augustus, am now ready to acknowledge he is worth twenty Lord Rawsons. Had he a title he would grace it; and that's as much as I can say for any man."

The Jew all this time stood in the greatest trepidation; he trembled lest the alderman should have him taken up and committed to gaol for his illegal, unlicensed lottery. He poured forth as many protestations as his knowledge of the English language could afford of the purity of his intentions; and to demonstrate his disinterestedness, began to display the trinkets in his prize-box, with a panegyric upon each. Dr. B. interrupted him by paying for the toothpick-case which he had bought for Oliver. "Now, Mr. Carat," said the doctor, "you will please to return, in the first place, the money you have received for your *illegal* lottery tickets."

The word *illegal*, pronounced in a tremendous tone, operated instantaneously upon the Jew: his hand, which had closed upon Holloway's guineas, opened; he laid the money down upon the table; but mechanically seized his box of trinkets, which he seemed to fear would be next seized as forfeits. No persons are so apprehensive of injustice and fraud as those who are themselves dishonest. Mr. Carat, bowing repeatedly to Alderman Holloway, shuffled toward the door, asking if he might now depart; when the door opened with such a force as almost to push the retreating Jew upon his face.

Little Oliver, out of breath, burst into the room, whispered a few words to Dr. B. and Alderman Holloway, who answered, "*He* may come in;" and a tall, stout man, an officer from Bow Street, immediately entered. "There's your man, sir," said the alderman, pointing to the Jew—"there is Mr. Carat." The man instantly seized Mr. Carat, producing a warrant from Justice — for apprehending the Jew upon suspicion of his having in his possession certain valuable jewels, the property of Mrs. Frances Howard.

Oliver was eager to explain. "Do you know, Howard," said he, "how all this came about? Do you know your aunt's gone to Bow Street, and has taken the mulatto woman with her, and Mr. Russell is gone with her? and she thinks, and he thinks, and *I* think, she'll certainly have her jewels, her grandmother's jewels, that were left in Jamaica."

"How? but how?" exclaimed Howard.

"Tell us how!" cried everybody at once.

"Why," said Oliver, "by the toothpick-case. The reason I chose that toothpick-case out of the Jew's box was, because it came into my head, the minute I saw it, that the mulatto woman's curious thimble—you remember her thimble, Howard—would just fit one end of it. I ran home with Mr. Russell and tried it, and the thimble screwed on as nicely as possible; and the chasing, as Mr. Russell said, and the colour of the gold, matched exactly. Oh, Mrs. Howard was so surprised when we showed it to her,—so astonished to see this toothpick-case in England, for it had been left, she said, with all her grandmother's diamonds and *things* in Jamaica."

"Yes," interrupted Howard, "I remember my aunt told us, when you asked her about Cuba's thimble, that she gave it to Cuba when she was a child, and that it belonged to some old trinket. Go on."

"Well, where was I? Oh, then, as soon as she saw the toothpick-case, she asked how it had been found; and I told her all about the lottery and Mr. Carat; then she and Mr. Russell consulted, and away they went with Cuba, in a coach, and all the rest you know; and I wish I could hear the end of it!"

"And so you shall, my good little fellow; we'll all go together to hear the Jew's examination: you shall go with me in my coach to Bow Street."

"This is a holiday," cried Dr. B., who was much interested in hearing the event of this business, and he begged to have a seat, as well as Oliver, in the alderman's coach. Howard and Holloway ran for their hats, and they were all impatience for the coming of a hackney coach, which the Bow Street officer had sent for at Mr. Carat's request.

In the midst of their bustle, the poor stage coachman, who had waited with uncommon patience, in hopes that Alderman Holloway would at last recollect him, pressed forward, and petitioned to be paid his five guineas for the lost parcel, "before the gentlemen went. I have lost my place already," said he, "and the little goods I have will be seized this day for the value of that unlucky parcel, master."

The alderman put his hand slowly into his purse; but just when he had pulled out five guineas, a servant came into the room to inform Dr. B. that a sailor was waiting in the hall, who desired to speak directly about something of consequence to the stage coachman.

Dr. B., who imagined that the sailor might have something to do with the business in question, ordered that he might be shown into the room.

"I wants one Gregory Giles, a stage coachman, if such a one be here amongst ye, gentlefolks, and nobody else," cried the sailor, producing a parcel wrapped up in brown paper.

"It's my very parcel," exclaimed the stage coachman. "I'm Gregory Giles. God bless your honest heart! where did ye find it? Give it me!"

The sailor said he had found it in a dry ditch on the Bath road, a little beyond the first turnpike going out of town; that he had inquired at the turnpike-house; had heard that the stage had been overturned a few days before, and that parcel had been lost, about which the coach-

man had been in great trouble ; that he had gone directly to the inn where the coach put up ; had traced the coachman from place to place, and was heartily glad he had found him at last.

"Thank'ee, with all my heart," said the coachman, "for all the trouble you've been at ; and here's the crown reward that I offered for it, and my thanks into the bargain."

"No, no," said the honest sailor, pushing back the money, "I won't take anything from a poor fellow like myself ; put your silver into your pocket : I hear you lost your place already by that parcel. There was a great talk at the turnpike-house about your losing your place for giving some young gentleman a lift. Put up your money."

Young Howard, struck with this sailor's honesty and good-nature, proposed a subscription for him, and began by putting down half a guinea himself. All the young gentlemen, who had just received the half-guineas for their lottery tickets, were eager to bestow some of their money to better purpose. Holloway had no money to give.

The sailor received the money from Howard with a single nod of his head, by way of thanks. "I'm not a main speechifier, masters ; but I'm thankful ; and you, master, who were foremost, most of all, I wish you may roll in his Majesty's coin before you die yourself, so I do !"

The hackney coach was now come to the door for Mr. Carat, and everybody hurried off as fast as possible.

"Where are they all steering to ?" said the sailor. The stage coachman told him all that he had heard of the matter. "I'll be in their wake, then," cried the sailor ; "I shall like to see the Jew upon his court-martial ; I was choused once by a Jew myself." He got to Bow Street as soon as they did.

The first thing Howard learned was, that the jewels, which had been all found at Mr. Carat's, precisely answered the description which his aunt had given of them. The Jew was in the utmost consternation ; finding that the jewels were positively sworn to, he declared, upon his examination, that he had bought them from a captain of a ship ; that he had paid the full value for them ; and that at the time he purchased them, he had no suspicion of their having been fraudulently obtained. This defence appearing evidently evasive, the magistrates who examined Mr. Carat informed him that, unless he could produce the person from whom he had bought the jewels, he must be committed to Newgate for receiving stolen goods. Terrified at this sentence, the Jew, though he had at first asserted that he knew nothing of the captain from whom he had received the diamonds, now acknowledged that he actually lodged at his house.

"Hah !" exclaimed Holloway ; "I remember the day that I and Lord Rawson called at your house, you were settling accounts, your foreman told us, with a captain of a ship who was to leave England in a few days ; it's well he's not off."

An officer was immediately sent to Mr. Carat's in quest of this captain ; but there were great apprehensions that he might have escaped at the first alarm of the search for the jewels. Fortunately, however, he had not been able to get off, as two of Justice ——'s men had been stationed at Mr. Carat's house. The officer from Bow Street found him in his

own bed-chamber, rummaging a portmanteau for some papers which he wanted to burn ; his papers were seized, and carried along with him before the magistrate.

Alderman Holloway knew the captain the moment he was brought into the room, though his dress and whole appearance were very different from what they had been when he had waited upon the alderman, some months before this time, with a dismal plausible story of his own poverty and misfortunes. He had then told him that his mate and he had had a quarrel upon the voyage from Jamaica; that the mate knew what a valuable cargo he had on board ; that just when they got in sight of land the crew rose upon him, the mate seized him, and by force put him into a boat and set him ashore.

The discovery of the jewels at Mr. Carat's at once overturned the captain's whole story. Cunning people often insert something in their narration to make it better, which ultimately tends to convict them of falsehood. The captain having now no other resource, and having the horrors of imprisonment and the certainty of condemnation upon a public trial full before him, threw himself, as the only chance that remained for him, upon Mrs. Howard's mercy ; confessed that all that he had told her before was false ; that his mate and he had acted in concert ; that the rising of the crew against him had been contrived between them ; that he had received the jewels when he was set ashore, for his immediate share of the booty ; and that the mate had run the ship off to Charlestown to sell her cargo. According to agreement, the captain added, he was to have had a share in the cargo ; but the mate had *cheated him* of that : he had never heard from him, or of him, he would take his oath, from the day he was set ashore, and knew nothing of him or the cargo.

"Avast, friend, by your leave," cried the honest sailor who had found the stage coachman's parcel—"avast, friend, by your leave," said he, elbowing his way between Alderman Holloway and his next neighbour, and getting clear into the middle of the circle. "I know more of this matter, *my lord*, or please your worship, which is much the same thing, than anybody here ; and I'm glad on't, mistress," continued the tar, pulling a quid of tobacco out of his mouth, and addressing himself to Mrs. Howard ; then turning to the captain : "Wasn't *she* the 'Lively Peggy,' pray ? it's no use tacking. Wasn't your mate one John Matthews, pray ? And hadn't she a great patch in the starboard side of her mainsail, I want to know ? Captain, your face tells truth in spite of your teeth."

The captain instantly grew pale and trembled, on which the sailor turned abruptly from him, and went on with his story. "Mistress," said he, "though I'm a loser by it, no matter. The 'Lively Peggy' and her cargo are safe and sound in Plymouth at this very time being, and we have her mate in limbo, curse him ! We made a prize of him coming from America, for he was under French colours, and a fine prize we thought we'd made ; but her cargo belongs to a British subject, and there's an end of our prize-money : no matter for that. There was an ugly look with Matthews from the first ; and I found, the day we took her, something odd in the look of her stern. The rascals had done

their best to paint over her name; but *I*, though no great scholar, made a shift to spell the 'Lively Peggy' through it all. We have the mate in limbo at Plymouth; but it's all come out without any more to-do; and, mistress, I'll get you her bill of lading in a trice, and I give ye joy with all my heart—you, I should say, master," said he, nodding at Howard, "for the gentlewoman's your kin, I've made out. God bless you both! I told you you'd roll in his Majesty's coin afore you went to *Davy's Locker*, and so you will, thank my stars."

Alderman Holloway, a man used to business, would not indulge himself in a single compliment upon this occasion till he had cautiously searched the captain's papers. The bill of lading, which had been sent with the "Lively Peggy" from Jamaica, was found amongst them; it was an exact list, corresponding precisely with that which Mrs. Howard's agent had sent her by post, of the consignment shipped after the sale of her plantation. The alderman, satisfied, after counting the puncheons of rum and hogsheads of sugar, turned to Mrs. Howard, and shook hands with her, with a face of mercantile congratulation, declaring that "she was now as good a woman as ever she had been, and need never desire to be better."

"My dear Oliver," cried Howard, "this is all owing to you; *you* discovered——"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Oliver, precipitately; "all that I did was accident; all that you did was not accident. You first made me love you, by teaching me that I was not a blockhead, and by freeing me from——"

"*A tyrant*, you were going to say," cried Holloway, colouring deeply "and if you had, you'd have said the truth. I thought, Howard, *afterward*, that you were a brave fellow for taking his part, I confess. But Oliver, I thought you had forgiven me for all these things."

"Forgiven! oh, yes, to be sure," cried little Oliver. "I wasn't thinking of myself, or you either; I was only thinking of Howard's good-nature; and then," continued he, "Howard was just as good to the mulatto woman as he was to me. Wasn't he, Cuba?"

"That he was!" replied the poor woman; and looking at Mrs. Howard, she added, "massa's *heart* as good as hers."

"And his *head's* as good as his heart, which makes it all better still," continued Oliver with enthusiasm. "Mr. Russell, you know how hard he worked at that translation, to earn money to support poor Cuba, and to paper the room, and to pay the bricklayer *for* the smoky chimney; these things weren't done by accident, were they? though it was by accident that I happened to observe Cuba's curious thimble."

"There are some people," interrupted Mr. Russell, "who, by accident, never observe anything. We will not allow you, Oliver, to call your quick habit of observation accident; your excellent capacity will——"

"*My* excellent capacity!" repeated Oliver, with unfeigned surprise; "why, you know, I get by rote slower than anybody in the world."

"You may, notwithstanding, have an excellent capacity: much may be learned without books; much more with books, Oliver; but, for your comfort, you need not learn them by rote."

"I'm glad of it, heartily," cried Oliver. "But this put something out

of my head, that I was in a great hurry to say.—Oh, one other thing about *accident*. It was not *accident*; but it was Howard's sense, in persuading me not to put into the lottery, that was the very cause of Dr. B.'s giving me the choice of all the things in the Jew's box; and the sailor, who found the parcel—it was Howard's generosity to him that made him follow us, and be interested about us, and listen, was not it, sailor?"

The sailor, as soon as he at all understood what Oliver meant to ask him, replied, "Master, it was a small whiff of *curiosity* that brought me to this port; but you may make it out to be what you please—not but what I was glad to do a good turn where a good turn had been done me, when it came in my way."

Oliver looked rather disappointed that he could not get precisely the answer he wanted; but Dr. B. made his case out for him to universal satisfaction, by saying, "Well, Oliver, we are ready to allow all you want us to perceive,—in one word, that your friend Howard *has not been educated by accident*," looking at Mrs. Howard.

The Jew and the captain of the "Lively Peggy" were now left in the hands of the law. The sailor was properly rewarded. Mr. Russell was engaged to superintend the education of Holloway. He succeeded, and was presented by the alderman with a living in Surrey. Mr. Supine never visited Italy, and did not meet with any consolation but in his German flute. Howard continued eager to improve himself: nor did he imagine that the moment he left school, and parted from his tutor, his education was finished; and that his books were, "like past misfortunes," good for nothing but to be forgotten. His love for literature he found one of the first pleasures of his life, nor did he, after he came into the possession of a large fortune, find that his habits of constant occupation lessened his enjoyments, for he was never known to yawn at a window upon a rainy morning!

Little Oliver's understanding rapidly improved; his affection for his friend Howard increased as he grew up, for he always remembered that Howard was the first person who discovered that he was not a dunce.

Mrs. Howard had the calm satisfaction of seeing an education well finished which she had well begun; and she enjoyed in her nephew's friendship, esteem, and unconstrained gratitude, all the rewards which her good sense, firmness, and benevolence had so well deserved.





THE GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

MADAME DE ROSIER.



AMONG the sufferers during the bloody reign of Robespierre was Madame de Rosier, a lady of good family, excellent understanding, and most amiable character. Her husband, and her only son, a promising young man of about fourteen, were dragged to the horrid prison of the Conciergerie, and their names soon afterwards appeared in the list of those who fell a sacrifice to the tyrant's cruelty. By the assistance of a faithful domestic, Madame de Rosier, who was destined to be the next victim, escaped from France, and took refuge in England—England! that generous country, which, in favour of the unfortunate, forgets her national prejudices, and to whom, in their utmost need, even her "*natural enemies*" flee for protection. English travellers have sometimes been accused of forgetting the civilities which they receive in foreign countries, but their conduct towards the French emigrants has sufficiently demonstrated the injustice of this reproach.

Madame de Rosier had reason to be pleased by the delicacy of several families of distinction in London, who offered her their services under the name of gratitude; but she was incapable of encroaching upon the kindness of her friends. Misfortune had not extinguished the energy of her mind, and she still possessed the power of maintaining herself honourably by her own exertions. Her character and her abilities being well known, she easily procured recommendations as a preceptress. Many ladies anxiously desired to engage such a governess for their children, but Mrs. Harcourt had the good fortune to obtain the preference.

Mrs. Harcourt was a widow, who had been a very fine woman, and continued to be a very fine lady. She had good abilities, but as she lived in a constant round of dissipation, she had not time to cultivate her understanding or to attend to the education of her family; and she had satisfied her conscience by procuring for her daughters a fashionable governess and expensive masters. The governess whose place

Madame de Rosier was now to supply had quitted her pupils to go abroad with a lady of quality, and Mrs. Harcourt knew enough of the world to bear her loss without emotion; she, however, stayed at home one whole evening to receive Madame de Rosier, and to introduce her to her pupils. Mrs. Harcourt had three daughters and a son—Isabella, Matilda, Favoretta, and Herbert. Isabella was about fourteen; her countenance was intelligent, but rather too expressive of confidence in her own capacity, for she had, from her infancy, been taught to believe that she was a genius. Her memory had been too much cultivated; she had learned languages with facility, and had been taught to set a very high value upon her knowledge of history and chronology. Her temper had been hurt by flattery, yet she was capable of feeling all the generous passions.

Matilda was a year younger than Isabella: she was handsome, but her countenance, at first view, gave the idea of hopeless indolence; she did not learn the French and Italian irregular verbs by rote as expeditiously as her sister, and her impatient preceptress pronounced, with an irrevocable nod, that Miss Matilda was *no* genius. The phrase was quickly caught by her masters, so that Matilda, undervalued even by her sister, lost all confidence in herself, and, with the hope of success, lost the wish for exertion. Her attention gradually turned to dress and personal accomplishments; not that she was vain of her beauty, but she had more hopes of pleasing by the graces of her person than of her mind. The timid, anxious blush which Madame de Rosier observed to vary in Matilda's countenance when she spoke to those for whom she felt affection convinced this lady that if Matilda were *no* genius, it must have been the fault of her education. On sensibility, all that is called genius, perhaps, originally depends: those who are capable of feeling a strong degree of pain and pleasure may surely be excited to great and persevering exertion by calling the proper motives into action.

Favoretta, the youngest daughter, was about six years old. At this age the habits that constitute character are not formed, and it is therefore absurd to speak of the character of a child of six years old. Favoretta had been from her birth the plaything of her mother and of her mother's waiting-maid. She was always produced when Mrs. Harcourt had company, to be admired and caressed by the fashionable circle; her ringlets and her lively nonsense were the never-failing means of attracting attention from visitors. In the drawing-room, Favoretta, consequently, was happy, always in high spirits, and the picture of good humour; but, change the scene, and Favoretta no longer appeared the same person. When alone, she was idle and spiritless; when with her maid or her brother and sisters, pettish and capricious. Her usual playfellow was Herbert, but their plays regularly ended in quarrels—quarrels in which both parties were commonly in the wrong, though the whole of the blame necessarily fell upon Herbert, for Herbert was neither caressing nor caressed. Mrs. Grace, the waiting-maid, pronounced him to be the plague of her life, and prophesied evil of him, because, as she averred, if she combed his hair a hundred times a day, it would never be fit to be seen. Besides this, she declared “there was no managing to keep

him out of mischief," and he was so "thick-headed at his book," that Mrs. Grace, on whom the task of teaching him his alphabet had, during the negligent reign of the late governess, devolved, affirmed that he never would learn to read like any other young gentleman. Whether the zeal of Mrs. Grace for his literary progress were of service to his understanding may be doubted; there could be no doubt of its effect upon his temper. A sullen gloom overspread Herbert's countenance whenever the shrill call of "Come and say your task, Master Herbert!" was heard; and the continual use of the imperative mood—"Let that alone, *do*, Master Herbert!"—"Don't make such a racket, Master Herbert!"—"Do hold your tongue, and sit still where I bid you, Master Herbert!"—operated so powerfully upon this young gentleman, that at eight years old he partly fulfilled his tormentor's prophecies; for he became a little surly rebel, who took pleasure in doing exactly the contrary to everything that he was desired to do, and who took pride in opposing his powers of endurance to the force of punishment. His situation was scarcely more agreeable in the drawing-room than in the nursery, for his mother usually announced him to the company by the appropriate appellation of *Roughhead*; and Herbert *Roughhead*, being assailed at his entrance into the room by a variety of petty reproaches and maternal witticisms upon his uncouth appearance, became bashful and awkward, averse from *polite* society, and prone to the less fastidious company of servants in the stable and the kitchen. Mrs. Harcourt absolutely forbade his intercourse with the postillions, though she did not think it necessary to be so strict in her injunctions as to the butler and footman, because, argued she, "children will get to the servants when one's from home, and it is best that they should be with such of them as one can trust. Now, Stephen is quite a person one can entirely depend upon, and he has been so long in the family, the children are quite used to him, and safe with him."

How many mothers have a Stephen, on whom they can entirely depend!

Mrs. Harcourt, with politeness which in this instance supplied the place of good sense, invested Madame de Rosier with full powers, as the preceptress of her children, except as to their religious education. She stipulated that Catholic tenets should not be instilled into them. To this Madame de Rosier replied—"that children usually follow the religion of their parents, and that proselytes seldom do honour to their conversion; that were she, on the other hand, to attempt to promote her pupil's belief in the religion of their country, her utmost powers could add nothing to the force of public religious instruction, and to the arguments of those books which are necessarily put into the hands of every well-educated person."

With these opinions, Madame de Rosier readily promised to abstain from all direct or indirect interference in the religious instruction of her pupils. Mrs. Harcourt then introduced her to them as "a friend in whom she had entire confidence, and whom she hoped and believed they would make it their study to please."

Whilst the ceremonies of the introduction were going on, Herbert kept himself aloof, and with his whip suspended over the stick on which

he was riding, eyed Madame de Rosier with no friendly aspect. However, when she held out her hand to him, and when he heard the encouraging tone of her voice, he approached, held his whip fast in his right hand, but very cordially gave the lady his left to shake.

"Are you to be my governess?" said he; "you won't give me very long tasks, will you?"

"Favoretta, my dear, what has detained you so long?" cried Mrs. Harcourt, as the door opened, and as Favoretta, with her hair in nice order, was ushered into the room by Mrs. Grace. The little girl ran up to Madame de Rosier, and, with the most caressing freedom, cried, "Will you love me? I have not my red shoes on to-day!"

Whilst Madame de Rosier assured Favoretta that the want of the red shoes would not diminish her merit, Matilda whispered to Isabella, "Mourning is very becoming to her, though she is not fair;" and Isabella, with a look of absence, replied, "But she speaks English amazingly well for a Frenchwoman."

Madame de Rosier did speak English remarkably well; she had spent some years in England in her early youth, and perhaps the effect of her conversation was heightened by an air of foreign novelty. As she was not hackneyed in the common language of conversation, her ideas were expressed in select and accurate terms, so that her thoughts appeared original as well as just.

Isabella, who was fond of talents, and yet fonder of novelty, was charmed the first evening with her new friend, more especially as she perceived that her abilities had not escaped Madame de Rosier. She displayed all her little treasures of literature, but was surprised to observe that, though every shining thing she said was taken notice of, nothing dazzled the eyes of her judge; gradually her desire to talk subsided, and she felt some curiosity to hear. She experienced the new pleasure of conversing with a person whom she perceived to be her superior in understanding, and whose superiority she could admire without any mixture of envy.

"Then," said she, pausing one day, after having successfully enumerated the dates of the reigns of all the English kings, "I suppose you have something in French, like our Gray's '*Memoria Technica*,' or else you never could have such a prodigious quantity of dates in your head. Had you as much chronology and history when you were of my age as—as——"

"As you have?" said Madame de Rosier; "I do not know whether I had at your age, but I can assure you that I have not now."

"Nay," replied Isabella, with an incredulous smile, "but you only say that from modesty."

"From vanity, more likely."

"Vanity? impossible! you don't understand me."

"Pardon me, but you do not understand *me*."

"A person," cried Isabella, "can't surely be vain—what we in English call vain—of *not* remembering anything."

"Is it then impossible that a person should be what you in English call vain of *not* remembering what is useless? I daresay you can tell me the name of that wise man who prayed for the art of forgetting."

"No, indeed, I don't know his name; I never heard of him before. Was he a Grecian, or a Roman, or an Englishman?—can't you recollect his name? What does it begin with?"

"I do not wish, either for your sake or my own, to remember the name; let us content ourselves with the wise man's sense, whether he were a Grecian, a Roman, or an Englishman; even the first letter of his name might be left among the useless things—might it not?"

"But," replied Isabella, a little piqued, "I do not know what you call useless things."

"Those of which you can make no use," said Madame de Rosier, with simplicity.

"You don't mean, though, all the names, and dates, and kings, and Roman emperors, and all the remarkable events that I have learned by heart?"

"It is useful, I allow," replied Madame de Rosier, "to know by heart the names of the English kings and Roman emperors, and to remember the dates of their reigns; otherwise we should be obliged, whenever we wanted them, to search in the books in which they are to be found, and that wastes time."

"Wastes time—yes; but what's worse," said Isabella, "a person looks so awkward and foolish in company who does not know these things—things that everybody knows."

"And that everybody is supposed to know," added Madame de Rosier.

"A person," continued Isabella, "could make no figure in conversation, you know, amongst well-informed people, if she didn't know these things."

"Certainly not," said Madame de Rosier; "nor could she make a figure amongst well-informed people by telling them what, as you observed just now, everybody knows."

"But I did not mean," said Isabella, after a mortified pause, "that everybody knows *the remarkable events*, though they may have learned the reigns of the kings by heart; for I assure you, the other day I found it a great advantage, when somebody was talking about the powder tax, to be able to tell, in a room full of company, that powder for the hair was first introduced into England in the year 1614; and that potatoes, which, very luckily for me, were next to powder in the 'Tablet of Memory,' were first brought to England in the year 1586; and the very same evening, when mamma was showing some pretty coloured note-paper, which she had just got, I had an opportunity of saying that white paper was first made in England in the year 1587; and a gentleman made me a bow, and said he would give the world for my memory. So you see that these, at least, are not to be counted amongst the *useless* things—are they?"

"Certainly not," replied Madame de Rosier. "We can form some idea of the civilization of a country at any period by knowing that such a frivolous luxury as powder was then first introduced: trifles become matters of importance to those who have the good sense to know how to make them of use; and as for paper, that and the art of printing are so intimately connected——"

"Ah!" interrupted Isabella, "if they had asked me, I could have told them when the first printing-press was established in Westminster Abbey—in 1494."

"And paper was made in England?"

"Have you forgot so soon?—in 1587."

"It is well worth remarking," said Madame de Rosier, "that literature in England must have at that time made but a very slow progress, since a hundred years had elapsed between the establishing of your printing-press and the making of your white paper. I allow these are not useless facts."

"*That* never struck me before," said Isabella, ingenuously; "I only remembered these things to repeat in conversation."

Here Madame de Rosier, pleased to observe that her pupil had caught an idea that was new to her, dropped the conversation, and left Isabella to apply what had passed. Active and ingenious young people should have much left to their own intelligent exertions and to their own candour.

Matilda, the second daughter, was at first pleased with Madame de Rosier, because she looked well in mourning; and afterwards she became interested for her, from hearing the history of her misfortunes, of which Madame de Rosier one evening gave her a simple, pathetic account. Matilda was particularly touched by the account of the early death of this lady's beautiful and accomplished daughter: she dwelt upon every circumstance, and, with anxious curiosity, asked a variety of questions.

"I think I can form a perfect idea of her now," said Matilda, after she had inquired concerning the colour of her hair, of her eyes, her complexion, her height, her voice, her manners, and her dress; "I think I have a perfect idea of her now."

"Oh, no," said Madame de Rosier, with a sigh, "you cannot form a perfect idea of my Rosalie from any of these things. She was handsome and graceful; but it was not her person—it was her mind," said the mother, with a faltering voice: her voice had till this instant been steady and composed.

"I beg your pardon; I will ask you no more questions," said Matilda.

"My love," said Madame de Rosier, "ask me as many as you please: I like to think of *her*. I may now speak of her without vanity: her character would have pleased you."

"I am sure it would," said Matilda. "Do you think she would have liked me or Isabella the best?"

"She would have liked each of you for your different good qualities, I think; she would not have made her love an object of competition, or the cause of jealousy between two sisters; she could make herself sufficiently beloved without stooping to any such mean arts. She had two friends, who loved her tenderly; they knew that she was perfectly sincere, and that she would not flatter either of them. You know *that* is only childish affection which is without esteem. Rosalie was esteemed *autant qu'aimée*."

"How I should have liked such a friend! But I am afraid she would have been so much my superior, she would have despised me. Isabella

would have had all her conversation, because she knows so much, and I know nothing."

"If you know that you know nothing," said Madame de Rosier, with an encouraging smile, "you know as much as the wisest of men. When the oracle pronounced Socrates to be the wisest of men, he explained it by observing that he knew himself to be ignorant, 'whilst other men,' said he, 'believing that they know everything, are not likely to improve.'"

"Then you think I am likely to improve?" said Matilda, with a look of doubtful hope.

"Certainly," said Madame de Rosier; "if you exert yourself, you may be anything you please."

"Not anything I please, for I should please to be as clever, and as good, and as amiable, and as estimable, too, as your Rosalie; but that's impossible. Tell me, however, what she was at my age, and what sort of things she used to do and say, and what books she read, and how she employed herself from morning till night."

"That must be for to-morrow," said Madame de Rosier. "I must now show Herbert the book of prints that he wanted to see."

It was the first time that Herbert had ever asked to look into a book. Madame de Rosier had taken him entirely out of the hands of Mrs. Grace; and finding that his painful associations with the sight of the syllables in his dogs'-eared spelling-book could not immediately be conquered, she prudently resolved to cultivate his powers of attention upon other subjects, and not to return to syllabic difficulties until the young gentleman should have forgotten his literary misfortunes, and acquired sufficient energy and patience to ensure success.

"It is of little consequence," said she, "whether the boy read a year sooner or later; but it is of great consequence that he should love literature."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Harcourt, to whom this observation was addressed. "I am sure you will manage all those things properly. I leave him entirely to you: Grace quite gives him up. If he read by the time we must think of sending him to school, I shall be satisfied; only keep him out of my way," said she, laughing, "when he is stammering over that unfortunate spelling-book, for I don't pretend to be gifted with the patience of Job."

"Have you any objection," said Madame de Rosier, "to me buying for him some new toys?"

"None in the world: buy anything you will—do anything you please; I give you *carte blanche*," said Mrs. Harcourt.

After Madame de Rosier had been some time at Mrs. Harcourt's, and had carefully studied the characters, or, more properly speaking, the habits of all her pupils, she took them with her one morning to a large toy-shop, or rather warehouse for toys, which had been lately opened under the direction of an ingenious gentleman, who had employed proper workmen to execute rational toys for the rising generation.

When Herbert entered "the rational toy-shop," he looked all round, and, with an air of disappointment, exclaimed, "Why, I see neither whips, nor horses, nor phaetons, nor coaches!"

"Nor dressed dolls!" said Favoretta, in a reproachful tone, "nor baby-houses!"

"Nor soldiers, nor a drum!" continued Herbert.

"I am sure I never saw such a toy-shop," said Favoretta: "I expected the finest things that were ever seen, because it was such a new, *great* shop; and here are nothing but vulgar-looking things—great carts and wheelbarrows, and things fit for orange-women's daughters, I think."

This sally of wit was not admired as much as it would have been by Favoretta's flatterers in her mother's drawing-room. Her brother seized upon the very cart which she had abused, and, dragging it about the room with noisy joy, declared he had found out that it was better than a coach and six that would hold nothing; and he was even satisfied without horses, because he reflected that he could be the best horse himself, and that wooden horses, after all, cannot gallop, and they never mind if you whip them ever so much. "You must drag them along all the time, though you *make believe*," said Herbert, "that they draw the coach of themselves. If one gives them the least push, they tumble down on their sides; and one must turn back for ever and ever to set them up upon their wooden legs again. I don't like make-believe horses; I had rather be both man and horse for myself." Then, whipping himself, he galloped away, pleased with his centaur character.

When the little boy in "*Sacontala*" is offered for a plaything "*a peacock of earthenware, painted with rich colours*," he answers, "*I shall like the peacock if it can run and fly—not else.*" The Indian drama of "*Sacontala*" was written many centuries ago. Is it not surprising, notwithstanding it has so long been observed that children dislike useless, motionless playthings, it is but of late that more rational toys have been devised for their amusement?

Whilst Herbert's cart rolled on, Favoretta viewed it with scornful eyes; but at length, cured by the neglect of the spectators of this fit of disdain, she condescended to be pleased, and spied a few things worthy of her notice. Bilboquets, battledores, and shuttlecocks she acknowledged were no bad things. "And pray," said she, "what are those pretty little baskets, Madame de Rosier? and those others, which look as if they were but just begun? and what are those strings that look like mamma's bell-cords? and is that a thing for making laces, such as Grace laces me with? and what are those cabinets with little drawers for?"

Madame de Rosier had taken notice of these little cabinets; they were for young mineralogists. She was also tempted by a botanical apparatus; but as her pupils were not immediately going into the country, where flowers could be procured, she was forced to content herself with such things as could afford them employment in town. The making of baskets, of bell-ropes, and of cords for window-curtains, were occupations in which she thought they might successfully apply themselves. The materials for these little manufactures were here ready prepared, and only such difficulties were left as children love to conquer. The materials for the baskets, and a little magnifying-glass which Favoretta wished to have, were just packed up in a basket which was to serve for a model, when Herbert's voice was heard at the other end of the shop;

he was exclaiming, in an impatient tone, "I must and I will eat them, I say!" He had crept under the counter, and, unperceived by the busy shopman, had dragged out of a pigeon-hole near the ground a parcel wrapped up in brown paper; he had seated himself upon the ground, with his back to the company, and, with patience worthy of a better object, at length untied the difficult knot, pulled off the string, and opened the parcel. Within the brown paper there appeared a number of little packets, curiously folded in paper of a lighter brown. Herbert opened one of these, and finding that it contained a number of little round things, which looked like comfits, he raised the paper to his mouth, which opened wide to receive them. The shopman stopped his arm, assuring him that they were *not good to eat*; but Herbert replied in the angry tone which caught Madame de Rosier's ear. "They are the seeds of radishes, my dear," said she: "if they be sown in the ground, they will become radishes; then they will be fit to eat, but not till then: taste them now, and try." He willingly obeyed, but put the seeds very quickly out of his mouth when he found that they were not sweet. He then said that he wished he might have them, that he might sow them in the little garden behind his mother's house, that they might be fit to eat some time or other.

Madame de Rosier bought the radish-seeds, and ordered a little spade, a hoe, and a watering-pot to be sent home for him.

Herbert's face brightened with joy: he was surprised to find that any of his requests were granted, because Grace had regularly reproved him for being troublesome whenever he asked for anything; hence he had learned to have recourse to force or fraud to obtain his objects. He ventured now to hold Madame de Rosier by the gown: "Stay a little longer," said he, "I want to look at everything." His curiosity dilated with his hopes.

When Madame de Rosier complied with his request to "stay a little longer," he had even the politeness to push a stool towards her, saying, "You'd better sit down, you will be tired of standing, as some people say they are; but I'm not one of them. Tell 'em to give me down that wonderful thing, that I may see what it is, will you?"

The wonderful thing which had caught Herbert's attention was a *dry printing-press*. Madame de Rosier was glad to procure this little machine for Herbert; for she hoped that the new associations of pleasure which he would form with the types in the little compositor's stick would efface the painful remembrance of his early difficulties with the syllables in the spelling-book. She also purchased a box of models of common furniture, which were made to take to pieces and to be put together again, and on which the names of all the parts were printed. A number of other useful toys tempted her, but she determined not to be too profuse: she did not wish to purchase the love of her little pupils by presents; her object was to provide them with independent occupations—to create a taste for industry without the dangerous excitation of continual variety.

Isabella was delighted with the idea of filling up a small biographical chart which resembled Priestley's; she was impatient also to draw the map of the world upon a small silk balloon, which could be filled with common air or folded up flat at pleasure.

Matilda, after much hesitation, said she had decided her mind just as they were going out of the shop. She chose a small loom for weaving ribbon and tape, which Isabella admired, because she remembered to have seen it described in "Townsend's Travels;" but before the man could put up the loom for Matilda, she begged to have a little machine for drawing in perspective, because the person who showed it assured her that it required *no sort of genius* to draw perfectly well in perspective with this instrument.

In their way home, Madame de Rosier stopped the carriage at a circulating library. "Are you going to ask for the novel we were talking of yesterday?" cried Matilda.

"A novel!" said Isabella, contemptuously; "no, I daresay Madame de Rosier is not a novel-reader."

"'Zeluco,' sir, if you please," said Madame de Rosier. "You see, Isabella, notwithstanding the danger of forfeiting your good opinion, I have dared to ask for a novel."

"Well, I always understood, I am sure," replied Isabella, disdainfully, "that none but trifling, silly people were novel-readers."

"Were readers of trifling, silly novels, perhaps you mean," answered Madame de Rosier, with temper; "but I flatter myself you will not find 'Zeluco' either trifling or silly."

"No, not 'Zeluco,' to be sure," said Isabella, recollecting herself; "for now I remember, Mr. Gibbon, the great historian, mentions 'Zeluco' in one of his letters; he says it is the best philosophical romance of the age. I particularly remember *that*, because somebody had been talking of 'Zeluco' the very day I was reading that letter; and I asked my governess to get it for me, but she said it was a novel. However, as Mr. Gibbon calls it a philosophical romance——"

"The name," said Madame de Rosier, "will not make much difference to *us*; but I agree with you in thinking that as people who cannot judge for themselves are apt to be misled by names, it would be advantageous to invent some new name for philosophical novels, that they may no longer be contraband goods—that they not be confounded with the trifling, silly productions for which you have so just a disdain."

"Now, ma'am, will you ask," cried Herbert, as the carriage stopped at his mother's door, "will you ask whether the man has brought home my spade and the watering-pot? I know you don't like that I should go to the servants for what I want; but I'm in a great hurry for the spade, because I want to dig the bed for my radishes before night—I've got my seeds safe in my hand."

Madame de Rosier, much pleased by this instance of obedience in her impatient pupil, instantly inquired for what he wanted, to convince him that it was possible he could have his wishes gratified by a person who was not an inhabitant of the stable or the kitchen. Isabella might have registered it in her list of remarkable events that Herbert this day was not seen either with the postillion or the coachman. Madame de Rosier, who was aware of the force of habit, and who thought that no evil could be greater than that of hazarding the integrity of her little pupils, did not exact from them any promise of abstaining from the company of the servants, with whom they had been accustomed to con-

verse; but she had provided the children with occupations, that they might not be tempted by idleness to seek for improper companions; and by interesting herself with unaffected good-nature in their amusements, she endeavoured to give them a taste for the sympathy of their superiors in knowledge, instead of a desire for the flattery of inferiors. She arranged their occupations in such a manner that, without watching them every instant, she might know what they were doing and where they were; and she showed so much readiness to procure for them anything that was reasonable, that they found it the shortest method to address their petitions to *her* in the first instance. Children will necessarily delight in the company of those who make them happy. Madame de Rosier knew how to make her pupils contented by exciting them to employments in which they felt that they were successful.

"Mamma! mamma! dear mamma!" cried Favoretta, running into the hall, and stopping Mrs. Harcourt, who was dressed and going out to dinner, "do come into the parlour to look at my basket, my beautiful basket, that I am making *all* myself."

"And *do*, mother, or some of you, come out into the garden, and see the bed that I've dug with my own hands for my radishes. I'm as hot as fire, I know," said Herbert, pushing his hat back from his forehead.

"Oh! don't come near me with the watering-pot in your hand," said Mrs. Harcourt, shrinking back, and looking at Herbert's hands, which were not as white as her own.

"The carriage is but just come to the door, ma'am," said Isabella, who next appeared in the hall; "I only want you for one instant, to show you something that is to hang up in your dressing-room when I have finished it, mamma. It is really elegant."

"Well, don't keep me long," said Mrs. Harcourt; "for, indeed, I am too late already."

"Oh, no; indeed you will not be too late, mamma. Only look at my basket," said Favoretta, gently pulling her mother by the hand into the parlour.

Isabella pointed to her silk globe, which was suspended in the window, and taking up her camel-hair pencil, cried, "Only look, ma'am, how nicely I have traced the Rhine, the Po, the Elbe, and the Danube; you see I have not quite finished Europe. It will be another looking thing when Asia, Africa, and America are done, and when the colours are quite dry."

"Now, Isabella, pray let her look at my basket," cried the eager Favoretta, holding up the scarcely-begun basket. "I will do a row, to show you how it is done;" and the little girl, with busy fingers, began to weave. The ingenious and delicate appearance of the work and the happy countenance of the little workwoman fixed the mother's pleased attention, and she for a moment forgot that her carriage was waiting.

"The carriage is at the door, ma'am," said the footman.

"I must be gone!" cried Mrs. Harcourt, starting from her reverie. "What am I doing here? I ought to have been away this half-hour. Matilda! why is not she amongst you?"

Matilda, apart from the busy company, was reading with so much earnestness that her mother called twice before she looked up.

"How happy you all look," continued Mrs. Harcourt, "and I am going to one of those terrible *great* dinners,—I shan't eat one morsel; then cards all night, which I hate as much as you do, Isabella. Pity me, Madame de Rosier! Good bye, happy creatures!" And, with some real and some affected reluctance, Mrs. Harcourt departed.

It is easy to make children happy for one evening, with new toys and new employments; but the difficulty is to continue the pleasure of occupation after it has lost its novelty: the charm of novelty cannot be durable, but the power of habit may well supply its place. Madame de Rosier exerted herself, for some weeks, to invent occupations for her pupils, that she might induce in their minds a love for industry; and when they had tasted the pleasure and formed the habit of doing *something*, she now and then suffered them to experience the misery of having nothing to do. The state of *ennui*, when contrasted with that of pleasurable mental or bodily activity, becomes odious and insupportable to children.

Our readers must have remarked that Herbert, when he seized upon the radish-seeds in the rational toy-shop, had not then learned just notions of the nature of property. Madame de Rosier did not, like Mrs. Grace, repeat ineffectually, fifty times a day—"Master Herbert, don't touch that!"—"Master Herbert, for shame!"—"Let that alone, sir!"—"Master Herbert, how dare you, sir!"—but she prudently began by putting forbidden goods entirely out of his reach; thus, she at least prevented the necessity for perpetual irritating prohibitions, and diminished with the temptation the desire to disobey; she gave him some things for his *own* use, and scrupulously refrained from encroaching upon his property; Isabella and Matilda followed her example in this respect, and thus practically explained to Herbert the meaning of the words *mine* and *yours*. He was extremely desirous of going with Madame de Rosier to different shops, but she coolly answered his entreaties by observing "that she could not venture to take him into any one's house till she was sure that he would not meddle with what was not his own." Herbert now felt the inconvenience of his lawless habits: to enjoy the pleasures, he perceived that it was necessary to submit to the duties, of society; and he began to respect "*the rights of things and persons*."* When his new sense of right and wrong had been sufficiently exercised at home, Madame de Rosier ventured to expose him to more dangerous trials abroad: she took him to a carpenter's workshop, and though the saw, the hammer, the chisel, the plane, and the vice assailed him in various forms of temptation, his powers of forbearance came off victorious. "*To bear and forbear*" has been said to be the sum of manly virtue; the virtue of forbearance in childhood must always be measured by the pupil's disposition to activity: a vivacious boy must often have occasion to forbear more in a quarter of an hour than a dull, indolent child in a quarter of a year.

"May I touch this?"—"May I meddle with that?" were questions which our prudent hero now failed not to ask before he meddled with the property of others; and he found his advantage in this mode of

proceeding. He observed that his governess was in this respect as scrupulous as she required that he should be, and he consequently believed in the truth and *general* utility of her precepts.

The coachmaker's, the cooper's, the turner's, the cabinet-maker's, even the black ironmonger's and noisy tinman's shop, afforded entertainment for many a morning; a trifling gratuity often purchased much instruction, and Madame de Rosier always examined the countenance of the workman before she suffered her little pupils to attack him with questions. The eager curiosity of children is generally rather agreeable than tormenting to tradesmen who are not too busy to be benevolent, and the care which Herbert took not to be troublesome pleased those to whom he addressed himself. He was delighted, at the upholsterer's, to observe that his little models of furniture had taught him how several things were *put together*, and he soon learned the workmen's names for his ideas. He readily understood the use of all that he saw when he went to a bookbinder's and to a printing-house, because in his own printing and bookbinder's press he had seen similar contrivances in miniature.

Prints as well as models were used to enlarge his ideas of visible objects. Madame de Rosier borrowed the "Dictionnaire des Arts et des Métiers," "Buffon," and several books which contained good prints of animals, machines, and architecture; these provided amusement on rainy days. At first she found it difficult to fix the attention of the boisterous Herbert and the capricious Favoretta. Before they had half examined one print they wanted to turn over the leaf to see another; but this desultory impatient curiosity she endeavoured to cure by steadily showing only one or two prints for one day's amusement. Herbert, who could but just spell words of one syllable, could not read what was written at the bottom of the prints, and he was sometimes ashamed of applying to Favoretta for assistance; the names that were printed upon his little models of furniture he at length learned to make out. The press *was obliged to stand still* when Favoretta or his friend Madame de Rosier was not at hand to tell him, letter by letter, how to spell the words that he wanted to print. He one evening went up to Madame de Rosier, and, with a resolute face, said, "I must learn to read."

"If anybody will be so good as to teach you, I suppose you mean," said she, smiling.*

"Will *you* be so good?" said he: "perhaps you could teach me, though Grace says 't is very difficult; I'll do my best."

"Then I'll do *my* best, too," said Madame de Rosier.

The consequences of these good resolutions were suprising to Mrs. Grace. Master Herbert was quite changed, she observed; and she wondered why he would never read, when she took so much pains with him for an hour every day to hear him his task. "Madame de What-d'ye-call-her," added Mrs. Grace, "need not boast much of the hand she has had in the business; for I've been by at odd times and watched her ways whilst I have been dressing Miss Favoretta, and she has been hearing you your task, Master Herbert."

* *Vide* Rousseau.

"She doesn't call it my task ; I hate that word."

"Well, I don't know what she calls it, for I don't pretend to be a French governess, for my part ; but I can read English, Master Herbert, as well as another ; and it's strange if I could not teach my mother tongue better than an emigrant. What I say is, that she never takes much pains one way or the other ; for by the clock in mistress's dressing-room I minuted her twice, and she was five minutes at one time, and not above seven the other. Easy earning money for governesses now-a-days. No tasks !—No, not she !—Nothing all day long, but play—play—play—laughing, and running, and walking, and going to see all the shops and sights, and going out in the coach to bring home radishes and tongue-grass, to be sure ; and everything in the house is to be as she pleases, to be sure. I am sure my mistress is too good to her, only because she was born a lady, they say. Do, pray, Master Herbert, stand still whilst I comb your hair, unless that's against your new governess's commandments."

"I'll comb my own hair, Grace," said Herbert, manfully. "I don't like one word you have been saying, though I don't mind anything you or anybody else can say against *my friend*—she is my friend ;—and she has taught me to read, I say, without bouncing me about, and shaking me, and Master Herberting me for ever.—And what harm did it do the coach to bring home my radishes ? My radishes are come up, and she shall have some of them. And I like the sights and shops she shows me ; but she does not like that I should talk to you, therefore I'll say no more, but good morning to you, Grace."

Herbert, red with generous passion, rushed out of the room ; and Grace, pale with malicious rage, turned towards the other door that opened into Mrs. Harcourt's bed-chamber, for Madame de Rosier at this moment appeared.—"I thought I heard a great noise ?"

"It was only Master Herbert, ma'am, that *won't never* stand still to have his hair combed, and says he'll comb it for himself. I am sure I wish he would."

Madame de Rosier saw, by the embarrassed manner and stifled choler of Mrs. Grace, that the whole truth of the business had not been told, and she repented her indiscretion in having left Herbert with her even for a few minutes. She forbore, however, to question Herbert, who maintained a *dignified* silence upon the subject ; and the same species of silence would also become the historian upon this occasion, were it not necessary that the character of an intriguing lady's-maid should, for the sake both of parents and children, be fully delineated.

Mrs. Grace, offended by Madame de Rosier's success in teaching her former pupil to read, jealous of this lady's favour with her mistress and with the young ladies, irritated by the bold defiance of the indignant champion who had stood forth in his *friend's* defence, formed a *secret* resolution to obtain revenge. This she imparted, the very same day, to her confidant, Mrs. Rebecca. Mrs. Rebecca was the favourite maid of Mrs. Fanshaw, an acquaintance of Mrs. Harcourt's. Grace invited Mrs. Rebecca to drink tea with her. As soon as the preliminary ceremonies of the tea-table had been adjusted, she proceeded to state her grievances.

"In former times, as nobody knows better than you, Mrs. Rebecca, I had my mistress's ear, and was all and all in the house with her and the young ladies, and the old governess ; and it was I that was to teach Master Herbert to read, and Miss Favoretta was almost constantly, from morning to night, except when she was called for by company, with me, and a sweet little well-dressed creature, always, you know, she was."

"A sweet little creature, indeed, ma'am ; and I was wondering, before you spoke, not to see her in your room as usual to-night," replied Mrs. Rebecca.

"Dear Mrs. Rebecca, you need not wonder at that or anything else that's wonderful, in our present government above stairs, I'll assure you ; for we have a new French governess, and new measures. Do you know, ma'am, the coach is ordered to go about at all hours, whenever she pleases *for* to take the young ladies out, and she is quite like my mistress. But no one can bear two mistresses, you know, Mrs. Rebecca ; wherefore I'm come to a resolution, in short, that either she or I shall quit the house, and we shall presently see which of us it must be. Mrs. Harcourt, at the upshot of all things, must be conscious, at the bottom of her heart, that if she is the elegantest dresser about town, it's not all her own merit."

"Very true, indeed, Mrs. Grace," replied her complaisant friend ; "and what sums of money her millinery might cost her if she had no one clever at making up things at home ! You are blamed by many, let me tell you, for doing as much as you do ;—Mrs. Private, the milliner, I know from the best authority, is not your friend : now, for my part, I think it is no bad thing to have friends *abroad*, if one comes to any difficulties at home. Indeed, my dear, your attachment to Mrs. Harcourt quite blinds you—but, to be sure, you know your own affairs best."

"Why, I am not for changing when I am well," replied Mrs. Grace. "Mrs. Harcourt is abroad a great deal, and hers is, all things considered, a very eligible house. Now, what I build my hopes upon, my dear Mrs. Rebecca, is this—that ladies, like some people, who have been beauties, and come to *make themselves up*, and wear pearl powder, and false auburn hair, and twenty things that are not to be advertised, you know, don't like quarrelling with those that are in the secret ; and ladies who have never made a *rout* about governesses and *education* till lately, and now, perhaps, only for fashion's sake, would, upon a pinch—don't you think?—rather part with a French governess, when there are so many, than with a favourite maid, who knows her ways, *and has* a good taste in dress, which so few can boast."

"Oh, surely, surely !" said Mrs. Rebecca ; and having tasted Mrs. Grace's *crème de noveau*, it was decided that war should be declared against *the governess*.

Madame de Rosier, happily unconscious of the machinations of her enemies, and even unsuspecting of having any, was, during this important conference, employed in reading Marmontel's "Silvain" with Isabella and Matilda. They were extremely interested in this little play, and Mrs. Harcourt, who came into the room whilst they were reading,

actually sat down on the sofa beside Isabella, and, putting her arm round her daughter's waist, said, "Go on, love ; let me have a share in some of your pleasures : lately, whenever I see you, you all look the picture of happiness. Go on, pray, Madame de Rosier."

"It was I who was reading, mamma," said Isabella, pointing to the place over Madame de Rosier's shoulder—

"Une femme douce et sage
A toujours tant d'avantage !
Elle a pour elle en partage
L'agrément et la raison."

"Isabella," said Mrs. Harcourt, from whom a scarcely audible sigh had escaped, "Isabella really reads French almost as well as she does English."

"I am improved very much since I have heard Madame de Rosier read," said Isabella.

"I don't doubt *that* in the least : you are, all of you, much improved, I think, in everything. I am sure I feel very much obliged to Madame de Rosier."

Matilda looked pleased by this speech of her mother's, and affectionately said, "I am glad, mamma, you like her as well as we do—Oh ! I forgot that Madame de Rosier was by ; but it is not flattery, however."

"You see you have won all their hearts"—*from me*, Mrs. Harcourt was near saying, but she paused, and, with a faint laugh, added, "vet, you see, I am not jealous. Matilda, read those lines that your sister has just read ; I want to hear them again."

Mrs. Harcourt sent for her work, and spent the evening at home. Madame de Rosier, without effort or affectation, dissipated the slight feeling of jealousy which she observed in the mother's mind, and directed towards her the attention of her children, without disclaiming, however, the praise that was justly her due. She was aware that she could not increase her pupils' real affection for their mother by urging them to sentimental hypocrisy.

Whether Mrs. Harcourt understood her conduct this evening she could not discover, for politeness does not always speak the unqualified language of the heart ; but she trusted to the effect of time, on which persons of integrity may always securely rely for their reward. Mrs. Harcourt gradually discovered that, as she became more interested in the occupations and amusements of her children, they became more and more grateful for her sympathy ; she consequently grew fonder of domestic life, and of the person who had introduced its pleasures into her family.

That we may not be accused of attributing any miraculous power to our French governess, we shall explain the natural means by which she improved her pupils.

We have already pointed out how she discouraged in Isabella the vain desire to load her memory with historical and chronological facts, merely for the purpose of ostentation. She gradually excited her to read books of reasoning, and began with those in which reasoning and amusement are mixed. She also endeavoured to cultivate her imagination, by giving her a few well-chosen passages to read from the best

English, French, and Italian poets. It was an easier task to direct the activity of Isabella's mind than to excite Matilda's dormant powers. Madame de Rosier patiently waited till she discovered something which seemed to please Matilda more than usual. The first book that she appeared to like particularly was "*Les Conversations d'Emilie*:" one passage she read with great delight aloud, and Madame de Rosier, who perceived by the manner of reading it that she completely understood the elegance of the French, begged her to try if she could translate it into English. It was not more than half a page. Matilda was not terrified at the length of such an undertaking: she succeeded, and the praises that were bestowed upon her translation excited in her mind some portion of ambition.

Madame de Rosier took the greatest care, in conversing with Matilda, to make her feel her own powers: whenever she used good arguments, they were immediately attended to; and when Matilda perceived that a prodigious memory was not essential to success, she was inspired with courage to converse unreservedly.

An accident pointed out to Madame de Rosier another resource in Matilda's education. One day Herbert called his sister Matilda to look at an ant who was trying to crawl up a stick; he seemed scarcely able to carry his large white load in his little forceps, and he frequently fell back when he had just reached the top of the stick. Madame de Rosier, who knew how much of the art of instruction depends upon seizing the proper moments to introduce new ideas, asked Herbert whether he had ever heard of the poor snail who, like this ant, slipped back continually as he was endeavouring to climb a wall twenty feet high.

"I never heard of that snail. Pray tell me the story," cried Herbert.

"It is not a story, it is a question in arithmetic," replied Madame de Rosier. "This snail was to crawl up a wall twenty feet in height; he crawled up five feet every day, and slipped back again four feet every night; in how many days did he reach the top of the wall?"

"I love questions in arithmetic," exclaimed Matilda, "when they are not too difficult." And immediately she whispered to Madame de Rosier the answer to this easy question.

Her exclamation was not lost: Madame de Rosier determined to cultivate her talents for arithmetic. Without fatiguing Matilda's attention by long exercises in the common rules, she gave her questions which obliged her *to think*, and which excited her to reason and to invent: she gradually explained to her pupil the relations of numbers, and gave her rather more clear ideas of the nature and use of the common rules of arithmetic than she had acquired from her writing-master, who had taught them only in a technical manner. Matilda's confidence in herself was thus increased. When she had answered a difficult question, she could not doubt that she had succeeded—this was not a matter which admitted of the uncertainty which alarms timid tempers. Madame de Rosier began by asking her young arithmetician questions only when they were by themselves, but by-and-bye she appealed to her before the rest of the family. Matilda coloured at first, and looked as if she knew nothing of the business; but a distinct an-

swer was given at last, and Isabella's opinion of her sister's abilities rose with amazing rapidity when she heard that Matilda understood decimal fractions.

"Now, my dear Matilda," said Madame de Rosier, "since you understand what even Isabella thinks difficult, you will, I hope, have sufficient confidence in yourself to attempt things which Isabella does not think difficult."

Matilda shook her head. "I am not Isabella yet," said she.

"No," cried Isabella, with generous, sincere warmth, "but you are much superior to Isabella. I am certain that I could not answer those difficult questions, though you think me so quick; and when once you have learned anything, you never forget it. The ideas are not superficial," continued Isabella, turning to Madame de Rosier, "they have depth, like the pins in Mosaic work."

Madame de Rosier smiled at this allusion, and, encouraged by her smile, Isabella's active imagination immediately produced another simile.

"I did not know my sister's abilities till lately—till you drew them out, Madame de Rosier, like your drawing upon the screen in sympathetic inks: when you first produced it, I looked, and said there was nothing; and when I looked again, after you had held it to the fire for a few moments, beautiful colours and figures appeared."

We hope our readers have observed that Isabella's conversation has become more agreeable since she has suppressed some of her "remarkable events." When the memory is overloaded, the imagination or the inventive faculty often remains inactive; wit, as well as invention, depends upon the quick combination of ideas.

Madame de Rosier, without using any artifice, succeeded in making Isabella and Matilda friends, instead of rivals, by placing them as much as possible in situations in which they could mutually sympathize, and by discouraging all painful competition.

With Herbert and Favoretta she pursued a similar plan. She scarcely ever left them alone together, that she might not run the hazard of their quarrelling in her absence. At this age children have not sufficient command of their tempers; they do not understand the nature of society and of justice; the less they are left together, when they are of unequal strength, and *when they have not any employments in which they are mutually interested*, the better. Favoretta and Herbert's petty but loud and violent disputes had nearly ceased since these precautions had been regularly attended to: as they had a great deal of amusement in the few hours which they spent together, they grew fond of each other's company. When Herbert was out in his little garden, he was impatient for the time when Favoretta was to come to visit his works; and Favoretta had equal pleasure in exhibiting to her brother her various manufactures.

Madame de Rosier used to hear them read in Mrs. Barbauld's excellent little books and in "Evenings at Home." She generally told them some interesting story when they had finished reading, and they regularly seated themselves side by side on the carpet opposite to her.

One day Herbert established himself in what he called his "happy

corner," Favoretta placed herself close beside him, and Madame de Rosier read to them that part of "Sandford and Merton" in which Squire Chace is represented beating Harry Sandford unmercifully because he refused to tell which way the hare was gone. Madame de Rosier observed that this story made a great impression upon Herbert, and she thought it a good opportunity, whilst his mind was warm, to point out the difference between resolution and obstinacy. Herbert had been formerly disposed to obstinacy; but this defect in his temper never broke out towards Madame de Rosier, because she carefully avoided urging him to do those things to which she knew him to be averse, and she frequently desired him to do what she knew would be agreeable to him: she thought it best to suffer him gradually to forget his former bad habits and false associations before she made any trial of his obedience; then she endeavoured to give him new habits by placing him in new situations. She now resolved to address herself to his understanding, which, she perceived, had opened to reason.

He exclaimed with admiration, upon hearing the account of Harry Sandford's fortitude, "That's right! that's right! I'm glad Harry did not tell that cruel Squire Chace which way the hare was gone. I like Harry for bearing to be beaten *rather than speak a word when he did not choose it*. I love Harry, don't you?" said he, appealing to Madame de Rosier.

"Yes, I like him very much," said Madame de Rosier, "but not for the reason that you have just given."

"No?" said Herbert, starting up; "why, ma'am, don't you like Harry for saving the poor hare?—don't you admire him for bearing all the hard blows, and for saying, when the man asked him afterwards why he didn't tell which way the hare was gone, 'Because I don't choose to betray the unfortunate'?"

"Oh, don't you love him for that?" said Favoretta, rising from her seat. "I think Herbert himself would have given just such an answer, only not in such good words. I wonder, Madame de Rosier, you don't like that answer."

"I have never said that I did not like that answer," said Madame de Rosier, as soon as she was permitted to speak.

"Then you *do* like it? then you *do* like Harry?" exclaimed Herbert and Favoretta both at once.

"Yes, I like that answer, Herbert; I like your friend Harry for saying that he did not *choose* to betray the unfortunate: you did not do *him* justice, or yourself, when you said just now that you liked Harry because he bore to be beat rather than speak a word when he did not *choose it*."

Herbert looked puzzled.

"I mean," continued Madame de Rosier, "that before I can determine whether I like and admire anybody for persisting in doing or in not doing anything, I must hear their reasons for their resolution. 'I don't choose it' is no reason: I must hear their reasons for choosing or not choosing it, before I can judge."

"And I have told you the reason Harry gave for not choosing to speak when he was asked, and you said it was a good one; and you like him for his courage, don't you?" said Herbert.

"Yes," said Madame de Rosier; "those who are resolute when they have good reasons for their resolution, I admire; those who persist merely because *they choose it*, and who cannot or will not tell why they choose it, I despise."

"Oh, so do I!" said Favoretta. "You know, brother, whenever you say you don't choose it, I am always angry, and ask you why."

"And if you were not *always* angry," said Madame de Rosier, "perhaps, *sometimes*, your brother would tell you why."

"Yes, that I should," said Herbert; "I always have a good reason to give Favoretta, though I don't always choose to give it."

"Then," said Madame de Rosier, "you cannot always expect your sister to admire the justice of your decisions."

"No," replied Herbert; "but when I don't give her a reason, 't is generally because it is not worth while. There can be no great wisdom, you know, in resolutions about trifles—such as whether she should be my horse, or I her horse, or whether I should water my radishes before breakfast or after."

"Certainly, you are right; there can be no great wisdom in resolutions about such trifles, therefore wise people never are obstinate about trifles."

"Do you know," cried Herbert, after a pause, "they used, before you came, to say that I was obstinate; but with you I have never been obstinate, because you know how to manage me; you manage me a great deal more *cunningly* than Grace used to do."

"I would not manage you more *cunningly* than Grace used to do, if I could," replied Madame de Rosier, "for then I should manage you worse than she did. It is no pleasure to me to govern you—I had much rather that you should use your reason to govern yourself."

Herbert pulled down his waistcoat, and drawing up his head, looked with conscious dignity at Favoretta.

"You know," continued Madame de Rosier, "that there are two ways of governing people—by reason and by force. Those who have no reason, or who do not use it, must be governed by force."

"I am not one of those," said Herbert, "for I hate force."

"But you must also love reason," said Madame de Rosier, "if you would not be *one of those*."

"Well, so I do, when I hear it from *you*," replied Herbert, bluntly, "for you give me reasons that I can understand when you ask me to do or not to do anything. I wish people would always do so."

"But, Herbert," said Madame de Rosier, "you must sometimes be contented to do as you are desired, even when I do not think it proper to give you my reasons; you will hereafter find that I have good ones."

"I have found that already, in a great many things," said Herbert, "especially about the caterpillar."

"What about the caterpillar?" said Favoretta.

"Don't you remember," said Herbert, "the day that I was going to tread upon what I thought was a little bit of black stick, and *she* desired me not to do it, and I did not, and afterward I found out that it was a caterpillar? ever since that day I have been more ready, you know," continued he, turning to Madame de Rosier, "to believe that you might

be in the right, and to do as you bid me. You don't think me obstinate, do you?"

"No," said Madame de Rosier.

"No! no!—do you hear that, Favoretta?" cried Herbert, joyfully. "Grace used to say I was as obstinate as a mule, and she used to call me an ass, too; but even poor asses are not obstinate when they are well treated. Where is the ass in the 'Cabinet of Quadrupeds,' Favoretta, which we were looking at the other day? Oh, pray let me read the account to you, Madame de Rosier. It is towards the middle of the book, Favoretta; let me look, I can find it in a minute. It is not long—may I read it to you?"

Madame de Rosier consented, and Herbert read as follows:

"Much has been said of the stupid and stubborn disposition of the ass, but we are greatly inclined to suspect that the aspersion is ill founded: whatever bad qualities of this kind he may sometimes possess, they do not appear to be the consequences of any natural defect in his constitution or temper, but arise from the manner used in training him, and the bad treatment he receives. We are the rather led to this assertion, from having lately seen one, which experiences a very different kind of treatment from his master than is the fate of the generality of asses. The humane owner of this individual is an old man, whose employment is the selling of vegetables, which he conveys from door to door on the back of his ass. He is constantly baiting the poor creature with handfuls of hay, pieces of bread, or greens, which he procures in his progress. It is with pleasure we relate—for we have often curiously observed the old man's demeanour towards his ass—that he seldom carries any instrument of incitement with him, nor did we ever see him lift his hand to drive it on.

"Upon our observing to him that he seemed to be very kind to his ass, and inquiring whether he were apt to be stubborn, how long he had had him, &c., he replied, 'Ah, master, it is of no use to be cruel; and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain, for he is ready to do anything, and will go anywhere. I bred him myself, and have had him these two years; he is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me. You will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him to stop him, but they were not able to effect it; yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he run his head kindly into my breast.'

"The countenance of this individual is open, lively, and cheerful; his pace nimble and regular; and the only inducement used to make him increase his speed is that of calling him by name, which he readily obeys."

"I am not an *ass*," said Herbert, laughing, as he finished this sentence, "but I think Madame de Rosier is very like the good old man, and I always obey whenever she speaks to me. By-the-bye," continued Herbert, who now seemed eager to recollect something by which he could show his readiness to obey, "by-the-bye, Grace told me that my mother desired I should go to her, and have my hair combed every day: now, I don't like it, but I'll do it, because mamma desires it, and I will go this instant. Will you come and see how still I can stand? I will show you that I am not obstinate."

Madame de Rosier followed the little hero, to witness his triumph *over himself*. Grace happened to be with her mistress, who was dressing.

"Mamma, I am come to do as you bid me," cried Herbert, walking stoutly into the room. "Grace, here's the comb;" and he turned to her the tangled locks at the back of his head. She pulled unmercifully, but he stood without moving a muscle of his countenance.

Mrs. Harcourt, who saw in her looking-glass what was passing, turned round and said, "Gently, gently, Grace; indeed, Grace, you do pull that poor boy's hair as if you thought that his head had no feeling: I am sure if you were to pull my hair in that manner, I could not bear it so well."

"Your hair! Oh, dear, ma'am, that's quite another thing; but Master Herbert's is always in such a tangle, there's no such thing as managing it." Again Mrs. Grace gave a desperate pull; Herbert bore it, looked up at Madame de Rosier, and said, "Now, that was resolution, not obstinacy, you know."

"Here is your little, obedient, and patient boy," said Madame de Rosier, leading Herbert to his mother, "who deserves to be rewarded with a kiss from you."

"That he shall have," said Mrs. Harcourt; "but why does Grace pull your hair so hard? and are not you almost able to comb your own hair?"

"Able! that I am. Oh, mother, I wish I might do it for myself."

"And has Madame de Rosier any objection to it?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"None in the least," said Madame de Rosier; "on the contrary, I wish that he should do everything that he can do for himself; but he told me that it was your desire that he should apply to Mrs. Grace, and I was pleased to see his ready obedience to your wishes. You may be very certain that, even in the slightest trifle, as well as in matters of consequence, it is *our* wish as much as it is our duty to do exactly as you desire."

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Harcourt, laying her hand upon Madame de Rosier's, with an expression of real kindness mixed with her habitual politeness, "I am sensible of your goodness, but you know that in the slightest trifles, as well as in matters of consequence, I leave everything implicitly to your better judgment. As to this business between Herbert and Grace, I don't understand it."

"Mother——" said Herbert.

"Ma'am," said Grace, pushing forward, but not very well knowing what she intended to say, "if you recollect, you desired me to comb Master Herbert's hair, ma'am; and I told Master Herbert so, ma'am—that's all."

"I do not recollect anything about it, indeed, Grace."

"Oh, dear, ma'am! don't you recollect the last day there was company, and Master Herbert came to the top of the stairs, and you was looking at the *organ's*-lamp, I said, 'Dear! Master, Herbert's hair's as rough as a porcupine's;' and you said directly, ma'am, if you recollect, 'I wish you would make that boy's hair fit to be seen'? Those *was* your very words, ma'am; and I thought you meant always, ma'am."

"You mistook me, Grace," said Mrs. Harcourt, smiling at her maid's eager volubility; "in future, you understand that Herbert is to be entire master of his own hair."

"Thank you, mother," said Herbert.

"Nay, my dear Herbert, thank Madame de Rosier: I only speak in her name. You understand, *I am sure, Grace, now*," said Mrs. Harcourt, calling to her maid, who seemed to be in haste to quit the room; "you, I hope, understand, Grace, that Madame de Rosier and I are always of one mind about the children; therefore you need never be puzzled by contradictory orders—hers are to be obeyed."

Mrs. Harcourt was so much pleased, when she looked at Herbert, as she concluded this sentence, to see an expression of great affection and gratitude, that she stooped instantly to kiss him.

"Another kiss! two kisses to-day from my mother, and one of her own accord!" exclaimed Herbert, joyfully, running out of the room to tell the news to Favoretta.

"That boy has a heart," said Mrs. Harcourt, with some emotion; "you have found it out for me, Madame de Rosier, and I thank you."

Madame de Rosier seized the propitious moment to present a card of invitation which Herbert, with much labour, had printed with his little printing-press.

"What have we here?" said Mrs. Harcourt, and she read aloud—"Mr. Herbert Harcourt's love to his dear mother, and if she be not engaged this evening, he should be exceedingly glad of her company to meet Isabella, Matilda, Favoretta, and Madame de Rosier, who have promised to sup with him upon his own radishes to-night. They are all very impatient for *your* answer."

"My answer they shall have in an instant," said Mrs. Harcourt. "Why, Madame de Rosier, this is the boy who could neither read nor spell six months ago. Will you be my messenger?" added she, putting a card into Madame de Rosier's hand, which she had written with rapidity.

"Mrs. Harcourt's love to her dear little Herbert,—if she had a hundred other invitations, she would accept of his."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Grace, when she found the feathers which she had placed with so much skill in her mistress's hair lying upon the table half an hour afterward; "why, I thought my mistress was going out!"

Grace's surprise deprived her even of the power of exclamation, when she learned that her mistress stayed at home to sup with Master Herbert upon radishes. At night she listened with malignant curiosity, as she sat at work in her mistress's dressing-room, to the frequent bursts of laughter, and to the happy little voices of the festive company, who were at supper in an adjoining apartment.

"This will never do!" thought Grace; but presently the laughter ceased, and listeningly attentively, she heard the voice of one of the *young ladies* reading. "Oho!" thought Grace, "if it comes to reading, Master Herbert will soon be asleep." But though it had *come to reading*, Herbert was at this instant broad awake.

At supper, when the radishes were distributed, Favoretta was very

impatient to taste them. The first which she tasted was *hot*, she said, and she did not quite like it.

"*Hot!*" cried Herbert, who criticised her language in return for her criticism upon his radishes—"I don't think you can call a radish *hot*—it is cold, I think. I know what is meant by tasting sweet, or sour, or bitter."

"Well," interrupted Favoretta, "what is the name for the taste of this radish, which bites my tongue?"

"*Pungent*," said Isabella, and she eagerly produced a quotation in support of her epithet—

"And *pungent* radish biting infant's tongue."

"I know, for once," said Matilda, smiling, "where you met with that line, I believe. Is it not in Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress,' in the description of the old woman's neat little garden?"

"Oh! I should like to hear about that old woman's neat little garden," cried Herbert.

"And so should I!" said Mrs. Harcourt and Madame de Rosier.

Isabella quickly produced the book after supper, and read the poem.

Herbert and Favoretta liked the old woman and her garden, and they were much interested for the little boy who was whipped for having been gazing at the pictures on the hornbook instead of learning his lesson; but, to Isabella's great mortification, they did not understand above half of what she read—the old English expressions puzzled them.

"You would not be surprised at this, my dear Isabella," said Madame de Rosier, "if you had made as many experiments upon children as I have. It is quite a new language to them, and what you have just been reading is scarcely intelligible to me, though you compliment me so much upon my knowledge of the English language." Madame de Rosier took the book and pointed to several words which she had not understood, such as "eftsoons," "certes," "*Dan Phœbus*," and "ne" and "y," which had made many lines incomprehensible.

Herbert, when he heard Madame de Rosier confess her ignorance, began to take courage, and came forward with his confessions.

"Gingerbread yrare," he thought, was some particular kind of gingerbread, and "Apples with cabbage-net ycovered o'er," presented no delightful image to his mind, because, as he said, he did not know what the word "netycovered" could mean.

These mistakes occasioned some laughter, but as Herbert perceived that he was no longer thought stupid, he took all the laughter with good humour, and he determined to follow in future Madame de Rosier's example, in pointing out the words which were puzzling.

Grace was astonished, at the conclusion of the evening, to find Master Herbert in such high spirits. The next day she heard sounds of woe, sounds agreeable to her wishes—Favoretta crying upon the stairs. It had been a rainy morning. Favoretta and Herbert had been disappointed in not being able to walk out; and after having been amused the preceding evening, they were less disposed to bear disappointment and less inclined to employ themselves than usual. Favoretta had finished her little basket, and her mother had promised that it should

appear at the dessert, but it wanted some hours of dinner-time, and between the making and the performance of a promise how long the time appears to an impatient child ! how many events happen which may change the mind of the promiser !

Madame de Rosier had lent Favoretta and Herbert, for their amusement, the first number of "The Cabinet of Quadrupeds," in which there are beautiful prints ; but, unfortunately, some dispute arose between the children. Favoretta thought her brother looked too long at the hunchbacked camel—he accused her of turning over leaves before she had half seen the prints ; but she listened not to his just reproaches, for she had caught a glimpse of the royal tiger springing upon Mr. Munro, and she could no longer restrain her impatience. Each party began to pull at the book, and the camel and the royal tiger were both in imminent danger of being torn to pieces, when Madame de Rosier interfered, parted the combatants, and sent them into separate rooms, as it was her custom to do whenever they could not agree together.

Grace, the moment she heard Favoretta crying, went up to the room where she was, and made her tiptoe approaches, addressing Favoretta in a tone of compassion, which, to a child's unpractised ear, might appear, perhaps, the natural voice of sympathy. The sobbing child hid her face in Grace's lap, and when she had told her complaint against Madame de Rosier, Grace comforted her for the loss of the royal tiger by the present of a queencake. Grace did not dare to stay long in the room, lest Madame de Rosier should detect her ; she therefore left the little girl, with a strict charge "not to say a word of the queencake to her governess."

Favoretta kept the queencake, that she might divide it with Herbert, for she now recollected that she had been most to blame in the dispute about the prints. Herbert absolutely refused, however, to have any share of the cake ; and he strongly urged his sister to return it to Grace.

Herbert had *formerly*, to use his own expression, been accused of being fond of eating ; and so, perhaps, he was ; but since he had acquired other pleasures—those of affection and employment—his love of eating had diminished so much that he had eaten only one of his own radishes, because he felt more pleasure in distributing the rest to his mother and sisters.

It was with some difficulty that he prevailed upon Favoretta to restore the queencake. The arguments that he used we shall not detail, but he concluded with promising, that if Favoretta would return the cake, he would ask Madame de Rosier, the next time they passed by the pastry-cook's shop, to give them some queencakes ; "and I daresay she will give us some, for she is much more *really* good-natured than Grace."

Favoretta, with this hope of a future queencake, in addition to all her brother's arguments, at last determined to return Grace's present. "Herbert says I had better give it you back again," said she, "because Madame de Rosier does not know of it."

Grace was somewhat surprised by the effect of Herbert's oratory, and she saw that she must change her ground.

The next day, when the children were walking with Madame de Rosier by a pastrycook's shop, Herbert, with an honest countenance,

asked Madame de Rosier to give Favoretta and him a queencake. She complied, for she was glad to find that he always asked frankly for what he wanted, and yet that he bore refusals with good humour.

Just as Herbert was going to eat his queencake, he heard the sound of music in the street: he went to the door, and saw a poor man who was playing on the dulcimer; a little boy was with him, who looked extremely thin and hungry; he asked Herbert for some halfpence.

"I have no money of my own," said Herbert, "but I can give you this, which is my own."

Madame de Rosier held his hand back, which he had just stretched out to offer his queencake; she advised him to exchange it for something more substantial; she told him that he might have two buns for one queencake. He immediately changed it for two buns, and gave them to the little boy, who thanked him heartily. The man who was playing on the dulcimer asked where Herbert lived, and promised to stop at his door to play a tune for him, which he seemed to like particularly.

Convinced by the affair of the queencake that Herbert's influence was a matter of some consequence in the family, Mrs. Grace began to repent that she had made him her enemy, and she resolved, upon the first convenient occasion, to make him overtures of peace—overtures which she had no doubt would be readily accepted.

One morning she heard him sighing and groaning, as she thought, over some difficult sum which Madame de Rosier had set for him; he cast up one row aloud several times, but could not bring the total twice to the same thing. When he took his sum to Madame de Rosier, who was dressing, he was kept waiting a few minutes at the door, because Favoretta was not dressed. The young gentleman became a little impatient, and when he gained admittance his sum was wrong.

"Then I cannot make it right," said Herbert, passionately.

"Try," said Madame de Rosier; "go into that closet by yourself, and try once more, and perhaps you will find that you *can* make it right."

Herbert knelt down in the closet, though rather unwillingly, to this provoking sum.

"Master Herbert, my dear," said Mrs. Grace, following him, "will you be so good as to go for Miss Favoretta's scissors, if you please, which she lent you yesterday? She wants 'em, my dear."

Herbert, surprised by the unusually good-natured tone of this request, ran for the scissors, and at his return found that his difficult sum had been cast up in his absence; the total was written at the bottom of it, and he read these words, which he knew to be Mrs. Grace's writing—"Rub out my *figurs*, and write them in your own." Herbert immediately rubbed out Mrs. Grace's figures with indignation, and determined to do the sum for himself; he carried it to Madame de Rosier: it was wrong. Grace stared, and when she saw Herbert patiently stand beside Madame de Rosier and repeat his efforts, she gave up all idea of obtaining any influence over him.

"Madame de Rosier," said she to herself, "has bewitched 'em all, I think: it's odd one can't find out her art!"

Mrs. Grace seemed to think that she could catch the knack of educating children, as she had surreptitiously learnt from a fashionable

hairdresser the art of dressing hair. Ever since Mrs. Harcourt had spoken in such a decided manner respecting Madame de Rosier, her maid had artfully maintained the greatest appearance of respect for that lady in her mistress's presence, and had even been scrupulous to a troublesome extent in obeying *the governess's orders*; and by a studied show of attachment to Mrs. Harcourt, and much alacrity at her toilet, she had, as she flattered herself, secured a fresh portion of favour.

One morning Mrs. Harcourt found when she awoke that she had a headache and a slight feverish complaint. She had caught cold the night before in coming out of a warm assembly-room. Mrs. Grace affected to be very much alarmed at her mistress's indisposition, and urged her to send immediately for Dr. X——. To this Mrs. Harcourt half consented, and a messenger was sent for him. In the meantime Mrs. Harcourt, who had been used to be much attended to in her slight indispositions, expressed some surprise that Madame de Rosier, or some of her children, when they heard that she was ill, had not come to see her.

"Where is Isabella? where is Matilda? or Favoretta? What is become of them all? Do they know I am ill, Grace?"

"Oh, dear! yes, ma'am; but they're all gone out in the coach with Madame de Rosier."

"All?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"All, I believe, ma'am," said Grace; "though, indeed, I don't pretend to be sure, since I make it my business not to scrutinize, and to know as little as possible of what's going on in the house, lest I should seem to be too particular."

"Did Madame de Rosier leave any message for me before she went out?"

"Not with me, ma'am."

Here the prevaricating waiting-maid told barely the truth in words; Madame de Rosier had left a message with the footman in Grace's hearing.

"I hope, ma'am," continued Grace, "you weren't disturbed with the noise in the house early this morning?"

"What noise?—I heard no noise," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"No noise! dear ma'am, I'm as glad as can possibly be of that, at any rate; but, to be sure, there was a great racket. I was sadly afraid, ma'am, it would do no good to your poor head."

"What was the matter?" said Mrs. Harcourt, drawing back the curtain.

"Oh, nothing, ma'am, that need alarm you—only music and dancing."

"Music and dancing so early in the morning? Do, Grace, say all you have to say at once, for you keep me in suspense, which I am sure is not good for my head."

"La, ma'am, I was so afraid it would make you angry, ma'am, that was what made me so backward in mentioning it; but, to be sure, Madame de Rosier and the young ladies and Master Herbert, I suppose, thought you couldn't hear, because it was in the back parlour, ma'am."

"Hear what? what was in the back parlour?"

"Only a dulcimer-man, ma'am, playing for the young ladies."

"Did you tell them I was ill, Grace?"

It was the second time Mrs. Harcourt had asked this question. Grace was gratified by this symptom.

"Indeed, ma'am," she replied, "I did make bold to tell Master Herbert that I was afraid you would hear him jumping and making such an uproar up and down the stairs; but, to be sure, I did not say a word to the young ladies—as Madame de Rosier was by, I thought she knew best."

A gentle knock at the door interrupted Mrs. Grace's charitable animadversions.

"Bless me, if it isn't the young ladies! I'm sure I thought they were gone out in the coach."

As Isabella and Matilda came up to the side of their mother's bed, she said, in a languid voice, "I hope, Matilda, my dear, you did not stay at home on my account. Is Isabella there? What book has she in her hand?"

"'Zeluco,' mamma; I thought, perhaps, you would like to hear some more of it; you liked what I read to you the other day."

"But you forget that I have a terrible headache—pray don't let me detain either of you, if you have anything to do for Madame de Rosier."

"Nothing in the world, mamma," said Matilda; "she is gone out with Herbert and Favoretta, to see a poor woman."

No further explanation could take place, for at this instant Mrs. Grace introduced Dr. X—. Now, Dr. X— was not one of those complaisant physicians who flatter ladies that they are very ill when they have the slightest desire to be alarmed.

After satisfying himself that his patient was not quite so ill as Mrs. Grace had affected to believe, Dr. X— insensibly led from medical inquiries to general conversation; he had much playful wit and knowledge of the human heart, mixed with a variety of information, so that he could with happy facility amuse and interest nervous patients who were beyond the power of the solemn apothecary.

The doctor drew the young ladies into conversation, by rallying Isabella upon her simplicity in reading a novel openly in her mother's presence: he observed that she did not follow the example of the famous Serena, in "The Triumphs of Temper." "'Zeluco!'" he exclaimed, in an ironical tone of disdain; "why not the charming 'Sorrows of Werter,' or some of our fashionable hobgoblin romances?"

Isabella undertook the defence of her book with much enthusiasm, and either her cause or her defence was so much to Dr. X—'s taste, that he gradually gave up his feigned attack.

After the argument was over, and all the company, not excepting Mrs. Harcourt, who had almost forgotten her headache, were pleased with the vanquished doctor, he drew from his pocket-book three or four small cards;—they were tickets of admittance to Lady N—'s French reading parties.

Lady N— was an elderly lady, whose rank made literature fashionable amongst many who aspired to the honour of being noticed by her. She was esteemed such an excellent judge of manners, abilities, and character, that her approbation was anxiously courted, more especially

by mothers who were just introducing their daughters into the world. She was fond of encouraging youthful merit ; but she was nice—some thought fastidious—in her choice of her young acquaintance.

Mrs. Harcourt had been very desirous that Isabella and Matilda should be early distinguished by a person whose approving voice was of so much consequence in fashionable as well as literary society, and she was highly flattered by Dr. X——'s prophecy that Isabella would be a great favourite of this "nice-judging" Lady —— ; "Provided," added he, turning to Isabella, "you have the prudence not to be always, as you have been this morning, victorious in argument."

"I think," said Mrs. Harcourt, after the doctor had taken his leave—"I think I am much better ; ring for Grace, and I will get up."

"Mamma," said Matilda, "if you will give me leave, I will give my ticket for the reading party to Madame de Rosier, because I am sure it is an entertainment she will like particularly ; and, you know, she confines herself so much with us——"

"I do not wish her to confine herself *so* much, my dear, I am sure," said Mrs. Harcourt, coldly ; for at this instant Grace's representations of the morning's music and dancing, and some remains of her former jealousy of Madame de Rosier's influence over her children's affections, operated upon her mind. Pride prevented her from explaining herself further to Isabella or Matilda, and though they saw that she was displeased, they had no idea of the reason. As she was dressing, Mrs. Harcourt conversed with them about the books they were reading. Matilda was reading Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty," and she gave a distinct account of his theory.

Mrs. Harcourt, when she perceived her daughter's rapid improvement, felt a mixture of joy and sorrow.

"My dears," said she, "you will all of you be much superior to your mother ; but girls were educated in my days quite in a different style from what they are now."

"Ah ! there were no Madame de Rosiers then," said Matilda, innocently.

"What sort of a woman was your mother, mamma?" said Isabella—"my grandmother, mamma?"

"She—she was a very good woman."

"Was she sensible?" said Isabella.

"Matilda, my dear," said Mrs. Harcourt, "I wish you would see if Madame de Rosier has returned. I should be very glad to speak with her for one moment, if she be not engaged."

Under the veil of politeness Mrs. Harcourt concealed her real feelings, and declaring to Madame de Rosier that she did not feel in spirits or sufficiently well to go out that evening, she requested that Madame de Rosier would go in her stead to a dinner, where she knew her company would be particularly acceptable. "You will trust me, will you, with your pupils for one evening?" added Mrs. Harcourt.

The tone and manner in which she pronounced these words revealed the real state of her mind to Madame de Rosier, who immediately complied with her wishes.

Conscious of this lady's quick penetration, Mrs. Harcourt was abashed

by this ready compliance, and she blamed herself for feelings which she could not suppress.

"I am sorry that you were not at home this morning," she continued, in a hurried manner; "you would have been delighted with Dr. X——, he is one of the most entertaining men I am acquainted with; and you would have been vastly proud of your pupil there," pointing to Isabella; "I assure you she pleased me extremely."

CHAPTER II.

THE EVENTS OF AN EVENING.

IN the evening, after Madame de Rosier's departure, Mrs. Harcourt was not quite so happy as she had expected. They who have only seen children in picturesque situations are not aware how much the duration of this domestic happiness depends upon those who have the care of them. People who, with the greatest abilities and the most anxious affection, are inexperienced in education, should not be surprised or mortified if their first attempts be not attended with success. Mrs. Harcourt thought that she was doing what was very useful in hearing Herbert read: he read with tolerable fluency; but he stopped at the end of almost every sentence, to weigh the exact sense of the words. In this habit he had been indulged, or rather encouraged, by his preceptress; but his simple questions, and his desire to have every word precisely explained, were far from amusing to one who was little accustomed to the difficulties and misapprehensions of a young reader.

Herbert was reading a passage which Madame de Rosier had marked for him in Xenophon's "Cyropædia." With her explanations it might have been intelligible to him. Herbert read the account of Cyrus's judgment upon the two boys who had quarrelled about their great and little coats much to his mother's satisfaction, because he understood every word of it, except the word *constituted*.

"*Constituted judge*,—what does that mean, mamma?"

"Made a judge, my dear: go on."

"I saw a judge once, mamma, in a great wig: had Cyrus a wig when he was con—consti—made a judge?"

Isabella and Mrs. Harcourt laughed at this question, and they endeavoured to explain the difference between a Persian and an English judge.

Herbert, with some difficulty, separated the ideas which he had so firmly associated of a judge and a great wig; and when he had, or thought he had, an abstract notion of a judge, he obeyed his mother's repeated injunctions of "go on—go on." He went on, after observing that what came next was not marked by Madame de Rosier for him to read.

Cyrus's mother says to him, "*Child, the same things are not accounted just with your grandfather here, and yonder in Persia.*"

At this sentence Herbert made a dead stop, and after pondering for some time, said, "I don't understand what Cyrus's mother meant:

what does she mean by *accounted just*? *Accounted*, Matilda, I thought, meant only about casting up sums?"

"It has another meaning, my dear," Matilda mildly began.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake spare me!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt; "do not let me hear all the meanings of all the words in the English language. Herbert may look for the words that he does not understand in the dictionary when he has done reading. Go on now, pray; for," added she, looking at her watch, "you have been half an hour reading half a page. This would tire the patience of Job."

Herbert, perceiving that his mother was displeased, began in the same instant to be frightened: he hurried on as fast as he could, without understanding one word more of what he was reading. His precipitation was worse than his slowness: he stumbled over the words, missed syllables, missed lines—made the most incomprehensible nonsense of the whole; till at length Mrs. Harcourt shut the book in despair, and soon afterwards dispatched Herbert, who was also in despair, to bed. At this catastrophe Favoretta looked very grave, and a general gloom seemed to overspread the company.

Mrs. Harcourt was mortified at the silence that prevailed, and made several ineffectual attempts to revive the freedom and gaiety of conversation. "Ah!" said she to herself, "I knew it would be so; they cannot be happy without Madame de Rosier."

Isabella had taken up a book. "Cannot you read for our entertainment, Isabella, my dear, as well as for your own?" said her mother. "I assure you, I am as much interested always in what you read to me as Madame de Rosier herself can be."

"I was just looking, mamma, for some lines that we read the other day, which Madame de Rosier said she was sure you would like."

"Can you find them, Matilda? You know Madame de Rosier said that mamma would like them because she has been at the opera."

"I have been at a great many operas," said Mrs. Harcourt, drily; "but I like other things as well as operas; and I cannot precisely guess what you mean by *the* opera—has it no name?"

"*'Medea and Jason,'* ma'am."

"The *ballet* of '*Medea and Jason*.' It's a very fine thing, certainly; but one has seen it so often. Read on, my dear."

Isabella then read a passage, which, notwithstanding Mrs. Harcourt's inclination to be displeased, captivated her ear and seized her imagination.

"Slow out of earth, before the festive crowds,
On wheels of fire, amid a night of clouds,
Drawn by fierce fiends, arose a magic car,
Received the queen, and hovering, flamed in air.
As, with raised hands, the suppliant traitors kneel,
And fear the vengeance they deserved to feel;
Thrice with parched lips her guiltless babes she pressed,
And thrice she clasped them to her tortured breast.
Awhile with white uplifted eyes she stood,
Then plunged her trembling poniards in their blood.
'Go, kiss your sire! go, share the bridal mirth!'
She cried, and hurled their quivering limbs on earth.
Rebelling thunders rock the marble towers,
And red-tongued lightnings shoot their arrowy showers;
Earth yawns!—the crashing ruin sinks!—o'er all
Death with black hands extends his mighty pall."

"They are admirable lines, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt.

"I knew, mamma, you would like them," said Isabella; "and I'm sure I wish I had seen the ballet too."

"You were never at an opera," said Mrs. Harcourt, after Isabella had finished reading: "should you, either of you, or both, like to go with me to-night to the opera?"

"To-night, ma'am?" cried Isabella, in a voice of joy.

"To-night, mamma?" said Matilda, timidly; "but you were not well this morning."

"But I am very well now, my love,—at least, quite well enough to go out with you; let me give you *some* pleasure. Ring for Grace, my dear Matilda," added Mrs. Harcourt, looking at her watch, "and do not let us be sentimental, for we have not a moment to lose; we must prevail upon Grace to be as quick as lightning in her operations."

Grace was well disposed to be quick; she was delighted with what she called *the change of measures*; she repeated continually, in the midst of their hurried toilette, "Well, I am so glad, young ladies, you're going out with your *mamma* at last. I never saw my mistress look so well as she does to-night."

Triumphant, and feeling herself to be a person of consequence, Grace was indefatigably busy, and Mrs. Harcourt thought that her talkative zeal was the overflowing of an honest heart.

After Mrs. Harcourt, with Isabella and Matilda, were gone to the opera, Favoretta, who had been sent to bed by her mother because she was in the way when they were dressing, called to Grace to beg that she would close the shutters in her room, for the moon shone upon her bed, and she could not go to sleep.

"I wish mamma would have let me sit up a little longer," said Favoretta, "for I am not at all sleepy."

"You always go to bed a great deal earlier, you know, miss," said Grace, "when your governess is at home. I would let you get up and come down to tea with me, for I'm just going to take my late dish of tea, to rest myself, only I dare not let you, because——"

"Because what?"

"Because, miss, you remember how you served me about the queen-cake."

"But I do not want you to give me any queen-cake; I only want to get up for a little while," said Favoretta.

"Then get up," said Grace, "but don't make a noise to waken Master Herbert."

"Do you think," said Favoretta, "that Herbert would think it wrong?"

"Indeed, I don't think at all about what he thinks," said Mrs. Grace, tossing back her head as she adjusted her dress at the glass; "and if you think so much about it, you'd better lie down again."

"Oh! I can't lie down again," said Favoretta; "I have got my shoes on. Stay for me, Grace,—I am just ready."

Grace, who was pleased with an opportunity of indulging this little girl, and who flattered herself that she should regain her former power over Favoretta's undistinguishing affections, waited for her most wil-

lingly. Grace drank her *late* dish of tea in her mistress's dressing-room, and did everything in her power to humour "her sweet Favoretta."

Mrs. Rebecca, Mrs. Fanshaw's maid, was summoned; she lived in the next street. She was quite overjoyed, she said, on entering the room, to see Miss Favoretta; it was an age since she had a sight or a glimpse of her.

We pass over the edifying conversation of the two ladies. Miss Favoretta was kept awake and in such high spirits by flattery, that she did not perceive how late it was—she begged to stay up a little longer, and a little longer.

Mrs. Rebecca joined in these entreaties, and Mrs. Grace could not refuse them, especially as she knew that the coach would not go for Madame de Rosier till after her mistress's return from the opera. The coachman had made this arrangement for his own convenience, and had placed it entirely to the account of his horses.

Mrs. Grace depended rather imprudently upon the coachman's arrangement; for Madame de Rosier, finding that the coach did not call for her at the hour she had appointed, sent for a chair, and returned home whilst Grace, Mrs. Rebecca, and Favoretta were yet in Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room.

Favoretta was making a great noise, so they did not hear the knock at the door.

One of the housemaids apprised Mrs. Grace of Madame de Rosier's arrival.—"She's getting out of her chair, Mrs. Grace, in the hall."

Grace started up, put Favoretta into a little closet, and charged her not to make the least noise *for her life*. Then, with a candle in her hand and a treacherous smile upon her countenance, she sallied forth to the head of the stairs, to light Madame de Rosier. "Dear ma'am, my mistress will be *so* sorry the coach didn't go for you in time; she found herself better after you went, and the two young ladies are gone with her to the opera."

"And where are Herbert and Favoretta?"

"In bed, ma'am, and asleep hours ago. Shall I light you, ma'am, this way to your room?"

"No," said Madame de Rosier; "I have a letter to write, and I'll wait in Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room till she comes home."

"Very well, ma'am.—Mrs. Rebecca, it's only Madame de Rosier; Madame de Rosier, it's only Rebecca, Mrs. Fanshaw's maid, ma'am, who's here very often when my mistress is at home, and just stepped up to look at the young lady's drawings, which my mistress gave me leave to show her the first time she drank tea with me, ma'am."

Madame de Rosier, who thought all this did not concern her in the least, listened to it with cold indifference, and sat down to write her letter.

Grace fidgetted about the room as long as she could find any pretence for moving anything into or out of its place; and at length, in no small degree of anxiety for the prisoner she had left in the closet, quitted the dressing-room.

As Madame de Rosier was writing, she once or twice thought that she heard some noise in the closet: she listened, but all was silent;

and she continued to write, till Mrs. Harcourt, Isabella, and Matilda came home.

Isabella was in high spirits, and began to talk with considerable volubility to Madame de Rosier about the opera.

Mrs. Harcourt was full of apologies about the coach, and Matilda rather anxious to discover what it was that had made a change in her mother's manner towards Madame de Rosier.

Grace, glad to see that they were all intent upon their own affairs, lighted their candles expeditiously, and stood waiting, in hope that they would immediately leave the room, and that she should be able to release her prisoner.

Favoretta usually slept in a little closet within Mrs. Grace's room, so that she foresaw no difficulty in getting her to bed.

"I heard—did not you hear a noise, Isabella?" said Matilda.

"A noise? no; where?" said Isabella, and went on talking alternately to her mother and Madame de Rosier, whom she held fast, though they seemed somewhat inclined to retire to rest.

"Indeed," said Matilda, "I did hear a noise in that closet."

"Oh, dear, Miss Matilda," cried Grace, getting between Matilda and the closet, "it's nothing in life but a mouse."

"A mouse? where?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"Nowhere, ma'am," said Grace; "only Miss Matilda was hearing noises, and I said they must be mice."

"There, mamma! there! that was not a mouse, surely?" said Matilda: "it was a noise louder, certainly, than any mouse could make."

"Grace is frightened," said Isabella, laughing.

Grace, indeed, looked pale and terribly frightened.

Madame de Rosier took a candle, and walked directly to the closet.

"Ring for the men," said Mrs. Harcourt.

Matilda held back Madame de Rosier; and Isabella, whose head was now just recovered from the opera, rang the bell with considerable energy.

"Dear Miss Isabella, don't ring so; dear ma'am, don't be frightened, and I'll tell you the whole truth, ma'am," said Grace to her mistress: "it's nothing in the world to frighten anybody—it's only Miss Favoretta, ma'am."

"Favoretta!" exclaimed everybody at once, except Madame de Rosier, who instantly opened the closet door, but no Favoretta appeared.

"Favoretta is not here," said Madame de Rosier.

"Then I'm undone!" exclaimed Grace; "she must have got out upon the leads." The leads were at this place narrow and very dangerous.

"Don't scream, or the child is lost," said Madame de Rosier.

Mrs. Harcourt sank down into an arm-chair; Madame de Rosier stopped Isabella, who pressed into the closet.

"Don't speak, Isabella; Grace, go into the closet, call Favoretta—hear me—quietly," said Madame de Rosier, steadily; for Mrs. Grace was in such confusion of mind that she was going to call upon the child without waiting to hear what was said to her. "Hear me," said Madame de Rosier, "or *you are* undone: go into that closet without

making any bustle, call Favoretta gently; she will not be frightened when she hears only your voice."

Grace did as she was ordered, and returned from the closet in a few instants with Favoretta. Grace instantly began an exculpatory speech, but Mrs. Harcourt, though still trembling, had sufficient firmness to say, "Leave us, Grace, and let me hear the truth from the child."

Grace left the room. Favoretta related exactly what had happened, and said that when she heard all their voices in the dressing-room, and when she heard Matilda say, "There's a noise!" she was afraid of being discovered in the closet, and had crept out through a little door, with which she was well acquainted, that opened upon the leads.

Mrs. Harcourt now broke forth into indignant exclamations against Grace. Madame de Rosier gently pacified her, and hinted that it would be but just to give her a fair hearing in the morning.

"You are always yourself! always excellent!" cried Mrs. Harcourt. "You have saved my child! we none of us had any presence of mind but yourself."

"Indeed, mamma, I *did* ring the bell, however," said Isabella.

With much difficulty, those who had so much to say submitted to Madame de Rosier's entreaty of "Let us talk of it in the morning." She was afraid that Favoretta, who was present, would not draw any salutary moral from what might be said in the first emotions of joy for her safety. Madame de Rosier undressed the little girl herself, and took care that she should not be treated as a heroine just escaped from imminent danger.

The morning came, and Mrs. Grace listened with anxious ear for the first sound of her mistress's bell; but no bell rang, and when she heard Mrs. Harcourt walking in her bed-chamber, Grace augured ill of her own fate, and foreboded the decline and fall of her empire.

"If my mistress can get up and dress herself without me, it's all over with me," said Grace; "but I'll make one trial." Then she knocked, with her most obliging knock, at her mistress's door, and presented herself with a Magdalen face. "Can I do anything for you, ma'am?"

"Nothing, I thank you, Grace. Send Isabella and Matilda."

Isabella and Matilda came; but Mrs. Harcourt finished dressing herself in silence, and then said, "Come with me, my dear girls, to Madame de Rosier's room. I believe I had better ask her the question that I was going to ask you. Is she up?"

"Yes, but not dressed," said Matilda, "for we have been reading to her."

"And talking to her," added Isabella, "which, you know, hinders people very much, mamma, when they are dressing."

At Madame de Rosier's door they found Herbert, with his slate in his hand and his sum ready cast up.

"May I bring this little man in with me?" said Mrs. Harcourt to Madame de Rosier. "Herbert, shake hands with me," continued his mother; "I believe I was a little impatient with you and your Cyrus last night, but you must not expect that everybody should be as good to you as this lady has been," leading him up to Madame de Rosier. "Set this gentleman's heart at ease, will you?" continued she, pre-

senting the slate upon which his sum was written to Madame de Rosier. "He looks the picture, or rather the reality, of honesty and good humour this morning, I think. I am sure that *he* has not done anything that he is ashamed of."

Little Herbert's countenance glowed with pleasure at receiving such praise from his mother; but he soon checked his pride, for he discovered Favoretta, upon whom every eye had turned as Mrs. Harcourt concluded her speech.

Favoretta was sitting in the farthest corner of the room, and she turned her face to the wall when Herbert looked at her; but Herbert saw that she was in disgrace. "Your sum is quite right, Herbert," said Madame de Rosier.

"Herbert, take your slate," said Matilda; and the young gentleman had at length the politeness to relieve her outstretched arm.

"Send him out of the way," whispered Mrs. Harcourt.

"Go out of the room, Herbert, my dear," said Madame de Rosier, who never made use of artifices upon any occasion to get rid of children. "Go out of the room, Herbert, my dear, for we want to talk about something which we do not wish that you should hear."

Herbert, though he was anxious to know what could be the matter with Favoretta, instantly withdrew, saying, "Will you call me again when you've done talking?"

"We can speak French," added Madame de Rosier, looking at Favoretta: "since we cannot trust that little girl in a room by herself, we must speak in a language which she does not understand when we have anything to say that we do not choose she should hear."

"After all this preparation," said Mrs. Harcourt, in French, "my little mouse will make you laugh—it will not surprise or frighten you, Matilda, quite so much as the mouse of last night. You must know, that I have been much disturbed by certain noises."

"More noises!" said Matilda, drawing closer to listen.

"More noises!" said Mrs. Harcourt, laughing; "but the noises which disturbed my repose were not heard in the dead of the night, just as the clock struck twelve—the charming hour for being frightened out of one's wits, Matilda. My noises were heard in broad daylight, about the time—

'When lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake.'

Was not there music and dancing here, early yesterday morning, when I had the headache, Isabella?"

"Yes, mamma," said Isabella; "Herbert's dulcimer-boy was here: we call him Herbert's dulcimer-boy, because Herbert gave him two buns the other day. The boy and his father came from gratitude, to play a tune for Herbert, and we all ran and asked Madame de Rosier to let them in."

"We did not know you had the headache, mamma," said Matilda, "till they had played several tunes, and we heard Grace saying something to Herbert about racketing upon the stairs—he only ran upstairs once, for my music-book, and the moment Grace spoke to him, he came to us, and said that you were not well; then Madame de Rosier stopped

the dulcimer, and we all left off dancing, and we were very sorry Grace had not told us sooner that you were ill: at that time it was ten—nearly eleven o'clock."

"Grace strangely misrepresented all this," said Mrs. Harcourt. "As she gave her advice so late, I am sorry she gave it at all—she prevented you and your sister Matilda from the pleasure of going out with Madame de Rosier."

"We prevented ourselves—Grace did not prevent us, I assure you, mamma," said Isabella, eagerly: "we wished to stay at home with you—Herbert and Favoretta were only going to see the royal tiger."

"Then you did not stay at home by Madame de Rosier's desire?"

"No, indeed, madam," said Madame de Rosier, who had appeared not in any haste to justify herself: "your children always show you affection by their own desire, never by mine: your penetration would certainly discover the difference between attentions prompted by a governess and those which are shown by artless affection."

"My dear Madame de Rosier, say no more," said Mrs. Harcourt, holding out her hand; "you are a real friend."

Madame de Rosier now went to call Herbert, but, on opening the door, Mrs. Grace fell forward upon her face into the room; she had been kneeling with her head close to the keyhole of the door, and probably the sound of her own name, and a few sentences now and then spoken in English, had so fixed her attention that she did not prepare in time for her retreat.

"Get up, Grace, and walk in, if you please," said Mrs. Harcourt, with much *sang froid*: "we have not the least objection to your hearing our conversation."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Grace, as soon as she had recovered her feet, "I'm above listening to anybody's conversations, except that when one hears one's own name, and knows that one has enemies, it is but natural to listen in one's own defence."

"And is that all you can do, Grace, in your own defence?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"It's not all I can say, ma'am," replied Grace, pushed to extremities, and still with a secret hope that her mistress, *upon a pinch, would not part with a favourite maid*. "I see I'm of no further use in the family—neither to young or old; and new-comers have put me quite out of favour, and have your ear to themselves; so, if you please, ma'am, I had better look out for another situation."

"If you please, Grace," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"I will leave the house this instant, if you think proper, ma'am."

"If you think proper, Grace," said her mistress, with immovable philosophy.

Grace burst into tears. "I never thought it would come to this, Mrs. Harcourt,—I, that have lived so long such a favourite. But I don't blame you, madam; you have been the best and kindest of mistresses to me, and, whatever becomes of me, to my dying words I shall always give you and the dear young ladies the best of characters."

"The character we may give *you*, Grace, is of rather more consequence."

"Everything that I say and do," interrupted the sobbing Grace, "is *vilified* and misinterpreted by those who wish me ill. I——"

"You have desired to leave me, Grace, and my desire is that you should leave me," said Mrs. Harcourt, with firmness. "Madame de Rosier and I strictly forbade you to interfere with any of the children in our absence: you have thought proper to disregard these orders; and were you to stay longer in my house, I perceive that you would teach my children first to disobey and afterward to deceive me."

Grace, little prepared for this calm decision, now, in a frightened, humbled tone, began to make promises of reformation; but her promises and apologies were vain: she was compelled to depart, and everybody was glad to have done with her.

Favoretta, young as she was, had already learned from this cunning waiting-maid habits of deceit which could not be suddenly changed. Madame de Rosier attempted her cure by making her feel, in the first place, the inconveniences and the disgrace of not being trusted. Favoretta was ashamed to perceive that she was the only person in the house who was watched; and she was heartily glad when, by degrees, she had opportunities allowed her of obtaining a character for truth, and all the pleasures and all the advantages of confidence.

Things went on much better after the gnome-like influence of Mrs. Grace had ceased; but we must now hasten to introduce our readers to Mrs. Fanshaw. Mrs. Fanshaw was a card-playing lady, who had been educated at a time when it was not thought necessary for women to have any knowledge or any taste for literature. As she advanced in life, she continually referred to the maxims, as well as to the fashions, of her youth, and the improvements of modern female education she treated as dangerous innovations. She had placed her daughter at a boarding-school in London, the expense of which was its chief recommendation, and she saw her regularly at the Christmas and Midsummer holidays. At length, when Miss Fanshaw was about sixteen, her prudent mother began to think that it was time to take her from school, and to introduce her into the world. Miss Fanshaw had learned to speak French passably, and to read a *little* Italian, and to draw a *little*, to play tolerably well upon the pianoforte, and to dance as well as many other young ladies. She had been sedulously taught a sovereign contempt for whatever was called *vulgar* at the school where she was educated; but as she was profoundly ignorant of everything but the routine of that school, she had no precise idea of propriety: she only knew what was thought vulgar or genteel at Suxberry House, and the authority of Mrs. Suxberry—for that was the name of her schoolmistress—she quoted as incontrovertible upon all occasions. Without reflecting upon what was wrong or right, she decided with pert vivacity on all subjects, and firmly believed that no one could know or could learn anything who had not been educated precisely as she had been. She considered her mother as an inferior personage, destitute of genteel accomplishments: her mother considered her as a model of perfection, that could only have been rendered thus thoroughly accomplished by the *most expensive masters*; her only fear was that her dear Jane should be rather *too learned*.

Mrs. Harcourt, with Isabella and Matilda, paid Mrs. Fanshaw a visit as soon as they heard that her daughter was come home.

Miss Fanshaw, an erect, stiffened figure, made her *entrée*, and it was impossible not to perceive that her whole soul was intent upon her manner of holding her head and placing her elbows as she came into the room. Her person had undergone all the ordinary and extraordinary tortures of backboards, collars, stocks, dumb-bells, &c., &c., &c., &c. She looked at Isabella and Matilda with some surprise and contempt during the first ten minutes after her entrance, for they were neither of them seated in the exact posture which she had been instructed to think the only position in which a *young lady* should sit in company. Isabella got up to look at a drawing: Miss Fanshaw watched every step she took, and settled it in her own mind that Miss Harcourt did not walk as if she had ever been at Suxberry House. Matilda endeavoured to engage the upright figure that sat beside her in conversation; but the figure had no conversation, and the utmost that Matilda could obtain was a few monosyllables, pronounced with affected gravity; for at Suxberry House this young lady had been taught to maintain an invincible silence when produced to strangers; but she made herself amends for this constraint, the moment she was with her companions, by a tittering, gossiping species of communication, which scarcely deserves the name of conversation.

Whilst the silent Miss Fanshaw sat up so as to do her dancing-master strict justice, Mrs. Fanshaw was stating to Mrs. Harcourt the enormous expense to which she had gone in her daughter's education. Though firm to her original doctrine, that woman had no occasion for learning, in which word of reproach she included all literature, she nevertheless had been convinced, by the unanimous voice of fashion, that accomplishments were *most desirable for young ladies*—desirable merely because they were fashionable; she did not in the least consider them as sources of independent occupation.

Isabella was struck with sudden admiration at the sight of a head of Jupiter, which Miss Fanshaw had just finished; and Mrs. Harcourt borrowed it for her to copy; though Miss Fanshaw was secretly but decidedly of opinion that no one who had not learned from the drawing-master at Suxberry House could copy this head of Jupiter with any chance of success.

There was a pretty little netting-box upon the table, which caught Matilda's eye, and she asked the silent figure what it was made of. The silent figure turned its head mechanically, but could give no information upon the subject. Mrs. Fanshaw, however, said that she had bought the box at the "Repository for Ingenious Works," and that the reason she chose it was, because Lady N—— had recommended it to her.

"It is some kind of new manufacture, her ladyship tells me, invented by some poor little boy that she patronizes: her ladyship can tell you more of the matter, Miss Matilda, than I can," concluded Mrs. Fanshaw; and producing her netting, she asked Mrs. Harcourt if she had not been vastly notable to have got forward so fast with her work.

The remainder of the visit was spent in recounting her losses at the

card-table, and in exhortation to Mrs. Harcourt to send Miss Isabella and Matilda to finish their education at Suxberry House.

Mrs. Harcourt was somewhat alarmed by the idea that her daughters would not be equal to Miss Fanshaw in accomplishments; but fortunately for Madame de Rosier and herself, she was soon induced to change her opinion by further opportunities of comparison.

In a few days her visit was returned. Mrs. Harcourt happened to mention the globe that Isabella was painting. Miss Fanshaw begged to see it; and she went into Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room, where it hung. The moment she found herself with Isabella and Matilda, *out of company*, the silent figure became talkative: the charm seemed to be broken, or rather reversed, and she began to chatter with pert, incessant rapidity.

"Dear me!" said she, casting a scornful glance at Matilda's globe, "this is vastly pretty; but we've no such thing at Suxberry House. I wonder Mrs. Harcourt didn't send both of you to Suxberry House: everybody sends their daughters, who can afford it, now, to Suxberry House; but, to be sure, it's very expensive: we had all silver forks, and everything in the highest style; and Mrs. Suxberry keeps a coach. I assure you she's not at all like a schoolmistress, and she thinks it very rude and vulgar of anybody to call her a schoolmistress. Won't you ask your mamma to send you, if it's only for the name of it, for one year, to Suxberry House?"

"No," said Matilda; "we are so happy under the care of Madame de Rosier."

"Ah, dear me! I forgot: mamma told me you'd *got* a new French governess lately. Our French teacher at Suxberry House was so strict and so cross, if one made a mistake in the tenses. It's very well for you your governess is not cross. Does she give you very hard exercises? Let me look at your exercise-book, and I'll tell you whether it is the right one; I mean *that* we used to have at Suxberry House."

Miss Fanshaw snatched up a book, in which she saw a paper which she took for a French exercise.

"Come, show it me, and I'll correct the faults for you, before your governess sees it, and she'll be so surprised."

"Madame de Rosier has seen it," said Matilda; but Miss Fanshaw, in a romping manner, pulled the paper out of her hands. It was the translation of a part of "*Les Conversations d'Emilie*," which we formerly mentioned.

"La!" said Miss Fanshaw, "we had no such book as this at Suxberry House."

Matilda's translation she was surprised to find correct.

"And do you write themes?" said she. "We always wrote themes once every week at Suxberry House, which I used to hate of all things, for I never could find anything to say: it made me hate writing, I know; but that's all over now; thank goodness, I've done with themes, and French letters, and exercises, and translations, and all those plaguing things! And now I've left school for ever, I may do just as I please. That's the best of going to school—it's over some time or other, and there's an end of it; but you that have a governess and

masters at home, you go on for ever and ever, and you have no holidays either; and you have no out-of-school hours—you are kept *hard at it* from morning till night. Now, I should hate that of all things. At Suxberry House, when we had got our tasks done, and finished with the writing-master and drawing-master, and when we had practised for the music-master, and *all that*, we might be as idle as we pleased, and do what we liked out of school-hours: you know, that was very pleasant. I assure you you'd like being at Suxberry House amazingly."

Isabella and Matilda, to whom it did not appear the most delightful of all things to be idle, nor the most desirable thing in the world to have their education finished, and then to lay aside all thoughts of further improvement, could not assent to Miss Fanshaw's concluding assertion. They declared that they did not feel any want of holidays, at which Miss Fanshaw stared; they said that they had no tasks, and that they liked to be employed rather than to be idle, at which Miss Fanshaw laughed, and sarcastically said, "You need not talk to me as if your governess was by, for I'm not a tell-tale—I shan't repeat what you say."

Isabella and Matilda, who had not two methods of talking, looked rather displeased at this ill-bred speech.

"Nay," said Miss Fanshaw, "I hope you aren't affronted *now* at what I said. When we are by ourselves, you know, one says just what comes into one's head.—Whose handsome coach is this, pray, with a coronet?" continued she, looking out at the window. "I declare it is stopping at your door: do let us go down. I'm never afraid of going into the room when there's company, for we were taught to go into a room at Suxberry House; and Mrs. Suxberry says it's very vulgar to be ashamed; and I assure you it's all custom: I used to colour as Miss Matilda does, every minute; but I got over it before I had been long at Suxberry House."

Isabella, who had just been reading "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," recollected at this instant Dr. Gregory's opinion, "that when a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty." She had not, however, time to *quote* this in Matilda's defence, for Miss Fanshaw ran downstairs, and Isabella recollected before she overtook her that it would not be polite to remind her of her early loss of charms.

Lady N—— was in the coach which had excited Miss Fanshaw's admiration; and this young lady had a glorious opportunity of showing the graces that she had been taught at so much expense, for the room was full of company. Several morning visitors had called upon Mrs. Harcourt, and they formed a pretty large circle, which Miss Fanshaw viewed upon her entrance with a sort of studied assurance.

Mrs. Fanshaw watched Lady N——'s eye as her daughter came into the room; but Lady N—— did not appear to be much struck with the second-hand graces of Suxberry House; her eye passed over Miss Fanshaw, in search of something less affected and more interesting.

Miss Fanshaw had now resumed her *company face* and attitude; she sat in prudent silence, whilst Lady N—— addressed her conversation to Isabella and Matilda, whose thoughts did not seem to be totally engrossed by their own persons.

Doctor X—— had prepared this lady to think favourably of Madame de Rosier's pupils, by the account which he had given her of Isabella's remarks on "*Zeluco*." A person of good sense, who has an encouraging countenance, can easily draw out the abilities of young people, and from their manner of listening, as well as from their manner of speaking, can soon form a judgment of their temper and understanding.

Miss Fanshaw, instead of attending with a desire to improve herself from sensible conversation, sat with a look as absent as that of an unskilful actress whilst the other performers are engaged in their parts.

There was a small book-case in a recess at the farthest end of the room, and upon a little table there were some books, which Isabella and Matilda had been reading with Madame de Rosier. Mrs. Fanshaw looked towards the table with a sarcastic smile, and said, "You are great readers, young ladies, I see: may we know what are your studies?"

Miss Fanshaw, to show how well she could walk, crossed the room and took up one of the books.

"'Alison upon Taste'—that's a pretty book, I daresay; but, la! what's this, Miss Isabella?—'*A Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments*;'—dear me! that must be a curious performance—by a smith!—a common smith!"

Isabella good-naturedly stopped her from further absurd exclamations, by turning to the title-page of the book, and showing her the words, "*Adam Smith*."

"Ah! *A* stands for *Adam*! very true; I thought it was *a* smith," said Miss Fanshaw.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, who had quickness enough to perceive that her daughter had made some mistake, by the countenances of the company, but who had not sufficient erudition to know what the mistake could be—"well, my dear, and suppose it was *a* smith, there's nothing extraordinary in that—nothing extraordinary in a smith's writing a book, now-a-days; why not a common blacksmith, as well as a common ploughman? I was asked, I know, not long ago, to subscribe to the poems of a common ploughman."

"The Ayrshire Ploughman?" said Lady N——.

"Yes, they call him so, as I recollect; and I really had a mind to put my name down, for I think I saw your ladyship's amongst the subscribers."

"Yes, they are beautiful poems," said Lady N——.

"So I understand—there are some vastly pretty things in his collection; but one hears of so many good things coming out every day," said Mrs. Fanshaw, in a plaintive voice—"in these days, I think, everybody writes——"

"And reads," said Lady N——.

"And reads," said Mrs. Fanshaw. "We have learned ladies now, wherever one goes, who tell one they never play at cards—I am sure they are very bad company. Jane," said she turning to her daughter, "I hope you won't take it into your head to turn out a reading lady."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Fanshaw; "we had not much time for reading at Suxberry House, we were so busy with our masters. We

had a charming English master, though, to teach us elocution, because it's so fashionable now to read well aloud. Miss Harcourt, *isn't it odd* to read English books to a French governess?" continued this young lady, whose constrained taciturnity now gave way to a strong desire to show herself off before Lady N——. She had observed that Isabella and Matilda had been listened to with approbation, and she imagined that when she spoke she could certainly eclipse them.

Mrs. Harcourt replied to her observation, that Madame de Rosier not only read and spoke English remarkably well, but that she had also a general knowledge of English literature.

"Oh, here are some French books," said Miss Fanshaw, taking down one out of the book-case—"‘Journal Etranger ;’ dear me ! are you translating *of* this, Miss Isabella?"

"No," said Mrs. Harcourt ; "Madame de Rosier brought it down-stairs yesterday, to show us an essay of Hume's on the study of history, which is particularly addressed to women ; and Madame de Rosier says that it is not to be found in several of the late editions of ‘Hume's Essays’—she thought it singular that it should be preserved in a French translation."

"There is," said Isabella, "an entertaining account in that essay of a lady who asked Hume to lend her some novels ! He lent her ‘Plutarch's Lives,’ which she thought very amusing, till she found out that they were true. As soon as she came to the names of Cæsar and Alexander, she returned the books."

Mrs. Fanshaw was surprised that Lady N—— begged to look at this essay, and was much disappointed to observe that the graceful manner in which Miss Fanshaw presented the book to her ladyship escaped notice.

"Pray, Miss Matilda, is that a drawing?" said Mrs. Fanshaw, in hopes of leading to a more favourable subject.

"Oh, dear me ! do pray favour us with a sight of it !" cried Miss Fanshaw ; and she eagerly unrolled the paper, though Matilda assured her that it was not a drawing.

It was Hogarth's print of a country dance, which is prefixed to his "Analysis of Beauty."

"It is the *oddest* thing !" exclaimed Miss Fanshaw, who thought everything *odd* or *strange* which she had not seen at Suxberry House.

Without staying to observe the innumerable strokes of humour and of original genius in the print, she ran on—"La ! it was hardly worth any one's while, surely, to draw such a set of vulgar figures—one hates low humour." Then, in a hurry to show her taste for dress, she observed that "People formerly must have had no taste at all ; one can hardly believe such things were ever worn."

Mrs. Fanshaw, touched by this reflection upon the taste of former times, though she seldom presumed to oppose any of her daughter's opinions, could not here refrain from saying a few words in defence of *sacs*, long waists, and whalebone stays, and she pointed to a row of stays in the margin of one of these prints of Hogarth's.

Miss Fanshaw, who did not consider that, with those who have any taste for propriety in manners, she could not gain anything by a triumph

over her mother, laughed in a disdainful manner at her mother's "*partiality for stays*," and wondered how anybody could think long waists becoming.

"The short waists of the present day," interposed Mrs. Harcourt, "will perhaps appear out of drawing twenty years hence."

Miss Fanshaw, who was warmed by her mother's presumptuous adherence to her own opinion, now forgot her artificial manners, and spoke as she would have done to her schoolfellows "*when they were by themselves*."

"Surely, anybody who knows anything of drawing, or has any taste for an antique figure, or for anything else, must acknowledge the present fashion to be most graceful," she appealed to Isabella and Matilda.

They were so much struck with the impropriety of her manner towards her mother, that they did not immediately answer; Matilda at length said, "It is natural to like what we have been early used to."

Mrs. Harcourt observed that "The present fashion, when the eye is accustomed to it, always appears prettier than any other."

And Isabella asked, "If Hogarth or Alison had not shown that much of what is called taste depends upon custom and early associations?"

"Custom, dear! what has custom to do with taste?" said Miss Fanshaw, pertly; "and as to associations—ladies surely have as much taste as gentlemen, you know; and I never heard of any association for ladies."

Matilda, in hopes of turning the young lady's thoughts from any further contest with her mother about long and short waists, pointed to the greyhound which Hogarth has judiciously introduced in the print of the country dance, to contrast the graceful waving lines in his form with the awkward angular figures of some of the dancers—"Is not that a pretty little dog?" asked Matilda.

"Yes," answered Miss Fanshaw, "but not half so beautiful as Mrs. Suxberry's little French dog, who looks quite like a powder-puff——"

"Or like a thrum mop, as Hogarth says," added Lady N——.

Matilda, who was not by any means desirous of displaying her own knowledge, and who was, from unaffected gentleness, eager to prevent Miss Fanshaw from further exposing her ignorance, rolled up the print; and Lady N——, smiling at Mrs. Harcourt, said, "I never saw a print more *gracefully* rolled up in my life." Miss Fanshaw immediately rolled up another of the prints, but no applause ensued.

To retrieve Miss Fanshaw's credit, Mrs. Harcourt politely mentioned the head of Jupiter which she had lent to Isabella, and desired Isabella to show it to Lady N——, who was an excellent judge of drawing. "And pray, Miss Harcourt," said Mrs. Fanshaw, "let us see your copy, for I hear you have copied it." Miss Fanshaw seconded her mother the more earnestly when she perceived Isabella's reluctance, which she thought could proceed only from a sense of inferiority. The two heads were produced. Miss Fanshaw's was sufficiently admired; but when Lady N—— saw Isabella's copy, she thought it much superior to the other. Everybody present was of her ladyship's opinion.

Miss Fanshaw was amazed that any one who had not taken lessons from *her* master could copy a head of Jupiter.

"These are really masterly touches," said Lady N——, pointing out some parts of the drawing which were particularly well finished.

Isabella, with simplicity, looked at her drawing to see what it could be that was so much approved; but she perceived that her drawing-master had retouched it, and the very strokes which Lady N—— had pointed out as superior Isabella knew were not her own. A slight blush came over her face; but, without hesitation, she turned to her mother and said that she did not deserve the praises which had been bestowed upon her drawing; "for," added she, "I see that every one of the features have been retouched by my drawing-master."

Miss Fanshaw looked triumphant at this speech, and began to titter when Isabella rubbed out part of the eyebrows of her Jupiter. "Oh!" said she, affectedly, to Lady N——, who was calmly looking at Isabella, "how can your ladyship let her go on at this rate? If you let her rub out that stroke it will ruin every feature of the face."

"T is not a set of features I admire," said Lady N——.

Miss Fanshaw ceased to titter, and Mrs. Fanshaw, who did not clearly understand what was meant, concluded that her ladyship was a very *odd* woman; and at the next pause in the conversation the mother and daughter took their leave, seemingly dissatisfied with their visit.

Matilda, just after Mrs. Fanshaw left the room, recollected her pretty netting-box, and asked Lady N—— whether she knew anything of the little boy by whom it was made.

Her ladyship gave such an interesting account of him that Matilda determined to have her share in relieving his distress.

Matilda's benevolence was formerly rather passive than active; but from Madame de Rosier she had learned that sensibility should not be suffered to evaporate in sighs or in sentimental speeches. She had also learned that economy is necessary to generosity, and she consequently sometimes denied herself the gratification of her own tastes, that she might be able to assist those who were in distress. She had lately seen a beautiful print* of the King of France taking leave of his family, and as Madame de Rosier was struck with it, she wished to have bought it for her; but she now considered that a guinea, which was the price of the print, might be better bestowed on this poor little ingenious, industrious boy; so she begged her mother to send to the repository for one of his boxes. The servants were all busy, and Matilda did not receive her box till the next morning.

Herbert was reading to Madame de Rosier when the servant brought the box into the room. Favoretta got up to look at it, and immediately Herbert's eye glanced from his book; in spite of all his endeavours to command his attention, he heard the exclamations of "Beautiful! How smooth! Like tortoise-shell! What can it be made of?"

"My dear Herbert, shut the book," said Madame de Rosier, "if your head be in that box. Never read one moment after you have ceased to attend."

"It is my fault," said Matilda; "I will put the box into my pocket till he has finished reading."

* By Egginton.

When Herbert had recalled his wandering thoughts, and had fixed his mind upon what he was about, Madame de Rosier put her hand upon the book: he started. "Now let us see the *beautiful* box," said she.

After it had passed through Favoretta's and Herbert's impatient hands, Matilda, who had scarcely looked at it herself, took it to the window, to give it a sober examination. "It is not made of paper or pasteboard, and it is not the colour of tortoise-shell," said Matilda. "I never saw anything like it before. I wonder what it can be made of?"

Herbert at this question, unperceived by Matilda, who was examining the box very earnestly, seized the lid, which was lying upon the table, and ran out of the room; he returned in a few minutes, and presented the lid to Matilda. "I can tell you one thing, Matilda," said he, with an important face, "it is an animal—an animal substance, I mean."

"Oh, Herbert!" cried Matilda, "what have you been doing?—you have blackened the corner of the box."

"Only the least bit in the world," said Herbert, "to try an experiment. I only put one corner to the candle that Isabella had lighted to seal her letter."

"My dear Herbert, how could you burn your sister's box?" expostulated Madame de Rosier. "I thought you did not love mischief."

"Mischief!—no, indeed: I thought you would be pleased that I remembered how to distinguish animal from vegetable substances. You know, the day that my hair was on fire, you told me how to do that; and Matilda wanted to know what the box was made of, so I tried."

"Well," said Matilda, good-naturedly, "you have not done me much harm; but, another time, don't burn a box that cost a guinea, to try an experiment; and, above all things, never, upon any account, take what is not your own."

The corner of the lid that had been held to the candle was a little warped, so that the lid did not slide into its groove as easily as it did before. Herbert was disposed to use force upon the occasion, but Matilda with difficulty rescued her box by an argument which fortunately reached his understanding time enough to stop his hand.

"It was the heat of the candle that warped it," said she; "let us dip it into boiling water, which cannot be made *too hot*."

"Not hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees," interposed Isabella, who had lately become proud to show her memory in *science*, "and that will, perhaps, bring it back to its shape."

The lid of the box was dipped into boiling water, and restored to its shape. Matilda, as she was wiping it dry, observed that some yellow paint or varnish came off; and in one spot, on the inside of the lid, she discovered something like writing.

"Who will lend me a magnifying-glass?"

Favoretta produced hers.

"I have kept it," said she, "a great, *great* while, ever since we were at the rational toy-shop."

"Madame de Rosier, do look at this!" exclaimed Matilda; "here are letters, quite plain! I have found the name, I do believe, of the

boy who made the box!" and she spelled, letter by letter, as she looked through the magnifying-glass, the words Henri Montmorenci.

Madame de Rosier started up, and Matilda, surprised at her sudden emotion, put the box and magnifying-glass into her hand. Madame de Rosier's hand trembled so much that she could not fix the glass.

"*Je ne vois rien : lisez—vite, ma chère amie ! un mot de plus !*" said she, putting the glass again into Matilda's hand, and leaning over her shoulder with a look of agonizing expectation.

The word *de* was all Matilda could make out. Isabella tried : it was in vain—no other letters were visible.

"*De* what?—*de* Rosier !—it must be !—my son is alive !" said the mother.

Henri Montmorenci was the name of Madame de Rosier's son ; but when she reflected, for an instant, that this might also be the name of some other person, her transport of joy was checked, and seemed to be converted into despair.

Her first emotions over, the habitual firmness of her mind returned. She sent directly to the repository—no news of the boy could there be obtained. Lady N—— was gone for a few days to Windsor, so no intelligence could be had from her. Mrs. Harcourt was out—no carriage at home—but Madame de Rosier set out immediately, and walked to Golden Square, near which place she knew that a number of French emigrants resided. She stopped first at a bookseller's shop ; she described the person of her son, and inquired if any such person had been seen in that neighbourhood.

The bookseller was making out a bill for one of his customers ; but, struck with Madame de Rosier's anxiety, and perceiving that she was a foreigner by her accent, he put down his pen, and begged her to repeat once more the description of her son. He tried to recollect whether he had seen such a person—but he had not. He, however, with true English good-nature, told her that she had an excellent chance of finding him in this part of the town, if he were in London. "He was sorry that his shopman was from home, or he would have sent him with her, through the streets near the square where he knew the emigrants chiefly lodged ;" he gave her, in writing, a list of the names of these streets, and stood at his door to watch and speed her on her way.

She called at all the neighbouring shops—she walked down several narrow streets, inquiring at every house where she thought that there was any chance of success—in vain. At one, a slipshod maid-servant came to the door, who stared at seeing a well-dressed lady, and who was so bewildered that she could not for some time answer any questions ; at another house, the master was out ; at another, the master was at dinner. As it got towards four o'clock, Madame de Rosier found it more difficult to obtain civil answers to her inquiries, for almost all the tradesmen were at dinner, and when they came to the door, looked out of humour at being interrupted, and disappointed in not meeting with a customer. She walked on, her mind still indefatigable ; she heard a clock in the neighbourhood strike five ; her strength was not equal to the energy of her mind ; and the repeated answers of "We know of no such person"—"No such boy lives here, ma'am," made her

at length despair of success. One street upon her list remained unsearched ; it was narrow, dark, and dirty : she stopped for a moment at the corner, but a porter, heavily laden, with a sudden "By your leave, ma'am !" pushed forwards, and she was forced into the doorway of a small ironmonger's shop. The master of the shop, who was weighing some iron goods, let the scale go up, and, after a look of surprise, said, "You've lost your way, madam, I presume—be pleased to rest yourself—it is but a dark place ;" and wiping a stool on which some locks had been lying, he left Madame de Rosier, who was indeed exhausted with fatigue, to rest herself ; whilst, without any officious civility, after calling his wife from a back shop to give the lady a glass of water, he went on weighing his iron and whistling.

The woman, as soon as Madame de Rosier had drunk the water, inquired if she should send for a coach for her, or could do anything to serve her.

The extreme good-nature of the tone in which this was spoken seemed to revive Madame de Rosier : she told her that she was searching for an only son, whom she had for nearly two years believed to be dead ; she showed the paper on which his name was written : the woman could not read ; her husband read the name, but he shook his head—he knew of no lad who answered to the description.

Whilst they were speaking, a little boy came into the shop, with a bit of small iron wire in his hand, and twitching the skirt of the ironmonger's coat to attract his attention, asked if he had any such wire as that in his shop. When the ironmonger went to get down a roll of wire, the little boy had a full view of Madame de Rosier. Though she was naturally disposed to take notice of children, yet now she was so intent upon her own thoughts, that she did not observe him till he had bowed several times just opposite to her.

"Are you bowing to me, my good boy?" said she. "You mistake me for somebody else ; I don't know you ;" and she looked down again upon the paper on which she had written the name of her son.

"But, indeed, ma'am, I know *you*," said the little boy. "Aren't you the lady that was with the good-natured young gentleman who met me going out of the pastrycook's shop, and gave me the two buns?"

Madame de Rosier now looked in his face ; the shop was so dark that she could not distinguish his features, but she recollected his voice, and knew him to be the little boy belonging to the dulcimer-man.

"Father would have come again to your house," said the boy, who did not perceive her inattention—"father would have come to your house again, to play the tune the young gentleman fancied so much, but our dulcimer is broke."

"Is it? I am sorry for it," said Madame de Rosier. "But can you tell me," continued she to the ironmonger, "whether any emigrants lodge in the street to the left of your house?"

The master of the shop tried to recollect ; she again repeated the name and description of her son.

"I know a young French lad of that make," said the little dulcimer-boy.

"Do you?—Where is he? where does he lodge?" cried Madame de Rosier.

"I am not speaking as to his name, for I never heard his name," said the little boy; "but I'll tell you how I came to know him. One day lately——"

Madame de Rosier interrupted him with questions concerning the figure, height, age, eyes, of the French lad.

The little dulcimer-boy, by his answers, sometimes made her doubt, and sometimes made her certain, that he was her son.

"Tell me," said she, "where he lodges; I must see him immediately."

"I am just come from him, and I'm going back to him with the wire: I'll show the way with pleasure: he is the best-natured lad in the world,—he is mending my dulcimer; he deserves to be a great gentleman, and I thought he was not what he seemed," continued the little boy, as he walked on, scarcely able to keep before Madame de Rosier. "This way, ma'am, this way; he lives in the corner house turning into Golden Square." It was a stationer's.

"I have called at this house already," said Madame de Rosier; but she recollected that it was when the family were at dinner, and that a stupid maid had not understood her questions. She was unable to speak, through extreme agitation, when she came to the shop. The little dulcimer-boy walked straight forward—gently drew back the short curtain that hung before a glass door opening into a back parlour. Madame de Rosier sprang forward to the door, looked through the glass, and was alarmed to see a young man taller than her son: he was at work,—his back was towards her.

When he heard the noise of some one trying to open the door, he turned, and saw his mother's face—the tools dropped from his hands, and the dulcimer-boy was the only person present who had strength enough to open the door.

How sudden, how powerful, is the effect of joy! The mother, restored to her son, in a moment felt herself invigorated—and, forgetful of her fatigue, she felt herself another being. When she was left alone with her son, she looked round his little workshop with a mixture of pain and pleasure. She saw one of his unfinished boxes in the window-seat which served him for a work-bench; his tools were upon the floor. "These have been my support," said her son, taking them up; "how much am I obliged to my dear father for teaching me early how to use them!"

"Your father!" said Madame de Rosier; "I wish he could have lived to be rewarded as—I am; but tell me your history from the moment you were taken from me to prison. It was nearly two years ago; how did you escape?—how have you supported yourself since? Sit down and speak again, that I may be sure that I hear your voice."

"You shall hear my voice, then, my dear mother," said her son, "for at least half an hour, if that will not tire you. I have a long story to tell you. In the first place, you know that I was taken to prison—three months I spent in the Conciergerie, expecting every day to be ordered out to the guillotine. The jailer's son, a boy about my own age, who was sometimes employed to bring me food, seemed to look upon me with compassion; I had several opportunities of obliging him;



“He turned, and saw his mother’s face—the tools dropped from his hands, and the dulcimer-boy was the only person present who had strength enough to open the door.”—p. 246

his father often gave him long returns of the names of the prisoners, and various accounts, to copy into a large book ; the young gentleman did not like this work ; he was much fonder of exercising as a soldier with some boys in the neighbourhood, who were learning the national exercise ; he frequently employed me to copy his lists for him, and this I performed to his satisfaction ; but what completely won his heart was my mending the lock of his fusil. One evening he came to me in a new uniform and in high spirits ; he was just made a captain by the unanimous voice of his corps ; and he talked of *his* men, and *his* orders, with prodigious fluency ; he then played *his* march upon his drum, and insisted upon teaching it to me ;—he was much pleased with my performance, and suddenly embracing me, he exclaimed, ‘ I have thought of an excellent thing for you ; stay till I have arranged the plan in my head, and you shall see if I am not a great general.’ The next evening he did not come to me till it was nearly dusk ; he was in his new uniform, but out of a bag which he brought in his hand, in which he used to carry his father’s papers, he produced his old uniform, rolled up into a surprisingly small compass. ‘ I have arranged everything,’ said he ; ‘ put on this old uniform of mine—we are just of a size—by this light nobody will perceive any difference ; take my drum and march out of the prison slowly ; beat my march on the drum as you go out ; turn to the left down to the Place de —, where I exercise my men. You’ll meet with one of my soldiers there, ready to forward your escape.’ I hesitated, for I feared that I should endanger my young general ; but he assured me that he had taken his precautions so ‘ *admirably*,’ that even after my escape should be discovered, no suspicion would fall upon him. ‘ But if you delay,’ cried he, ‘ we are both of us undone.’ I hesitated not a moment longer, and never did I change my clothes so expeditiously in my life ; I obeyed my little captain exactly, marched out of the prison slowly, playing deliberately the march which I had been taught ; turned to the left, according to orders, and saw my punctual guide waiting for me on the Place de —, just by the broken statue of Henry the Fourth.

“ Follow me, fellow-citizen !’ said he, in a low voice ; ‘ we are not all Robespierres.’

“ Most joyfully I followed him. We walked on in silence, till at length we came to a narrow street, where the crowd was so great that I thought we should both of us have been squeezed to death. I saw the guillotine at a distance, and I felt sick.

“ ‘ Come on,’ said my guide, who kept fast hold of me, and he turned sharp into a yard, where I heard the noise of carts and the voices of muleteers. ‘ This man,’ said he—leading me up to a muleteer, who seemed to be just ready to depart—‘ is my father, trust yourself to him.’

“ I had nobody else to trust myself to. I got into the muleteer’s covered cart ; he began a loud song ; we proceeded through the square where the crowd were assembled. The enthusiasm of the moment occupied them so entirely that we were fortunately disregarded. We got out of Paris safely. I will not tire you with all my terrors and escapes. I at length got on board a neutral vessel and landed at Bristol. Escaped from prison and the fear of the guillotine, I thought

myself happy—but my happiness was not very lasting. I began to apprehend that I should be starved to death: I had not eaten for many hours. I wandered through the bustling streets of Bristol, where everybody I met seemed to be full of their own business, and brushed by me without seeing me. I was weak, and I sat down upon a stone by the door of a public house.

"A woman was twirling a mop at the door; I wiped away the drops with which I was sprinkled by this operation. I was too weak to be angry; but a hairdresser, who was passing by, and who had a nicely-powdered wig poised upon his hand, was furiously enraged, because a few drops of the shower which had sprinkled me reached the wig. He expressed his anger half in French and half in English; but at last I observed to him in French, that the wig was still '*bien poudrée.*' This calmed his rage, and he remarked that I also had been *horribly* drenched by the shower. I assured him that this was a trifle in comparison with my other sufferings.

"He begged to hear my misfortunes, because I spoke French; and as I followed him to the place where he was going with the wig, I told him that I had not eaten for many hours; that I was a stranger in Bristol, and had no means of earning any food. He advised me to go to a tavern, which he pointed out to me—'The Rummer.' He told me a circumstance which convinced me of the humanity of the master of the house.*

"I resolved to apply to this benevolent man. When I first went into his kitchen I saw his cook, a man with a very important face, serving out a large turtle. Several people were waiting with covered dishes for turtle-soup and turtle, which had been bespoken in different parts of the city. The dishes, as fast as they were filled, continually passed by me, tantalizing me by their savoury odours. I sat down upon a stool near the fire; I saw food within my reach, that honesty forbade me to touch, though I was starving. How easy it is to the rich to be honest! I was at this time so weak that my ideas began to be confused—my head grew dizzy; I felt the heat of the kitchen fire extremely disagreeable to me. I do not know what happened afterwards, but when I came to myself I found that I was leaning against some one who supported me near an open window—it was the master of the house. I do not know why I was ashamed to ask him for food; his humanity, however, prevented me. He first gave me a small basin of broth, and afterwards a little bit of bread, assuring me, with infinite good-nature, that he gave me food in such small quantities because he was afraid that it would hurt

* During Christmas week, it was the custom in Bristol to keep a cheap ordinary in taverns. The master of the "Rummer" observed a stranger, meanly dressed, who constantly frequented the public table. It was suspected that he carried away some of the provision; and a waiter at length communicated his suspicions to the master of the house. He watched the stranger, and actually detected him putting a large mince pie into his pocket. Instead of publicly exposing him, the landlord, who judged from the stranger's manner that he was not an ordinary pilferer, called the man aside as he was going away, and, charging him with the fact, demanded what could tempt him to such meanness. The poor man immediately acknowledged that he had for several days carried off precisely what he would have eaten himself, for his starving wife; but he had eaten nothing.

The humane, considerate landlord gently reprimanded him for his conduct, and soon found means to have him usefully and profitably employed.

me to satisfy my hunger at once—a worthy, humane physician, he said, had once told him that persons in my situation should be treated in this manner. I thanked him for his kindness, adding that I did not mean to encroach upon his hospitality; he pressed me to stay at his house for some days, but I could not think of being a burden to him when I had strength enough to maintain myself.

“In the window of the little parlour where I ate my turtle I saw a novel, which had been left there by the landlord’s daughter, and in the beginning of this book was pasted a direction to the circulating library in Bristol. I was in hopes that I might earn my bread as a *scribe*. The landlord of the ‘Rummer’ told me that he was acquainted with him, and that I might easily procure employment from him on reasonable terms.

“Mr. S——, for that was the name of the master of the library, received me with an air of encouraging benevolence, and finding that I could read and write English tolerably well, he gave me a manuscript to copy, which he was preparing for the press. I worked hard, and made, as I fancied, a beautiful copy of my manuscript; but the printers complained of my upright French hand, which they could not easily decipher. I began to new model my writing, to please the taste of my employers, and as I had sufficient motive to make me take pains, I at last succeeded. I found it a great advantage to be able to read and write the English language fluently, and when my employers perceived my education had not been neglected, and that I had some knowledge of literature, their confidence in my abilities increased. I hope you will not think me vain if I add that I could perceive my manners were advantageous to me; I was known to be a gentleman’s son, and even those who set but little value upon *manners* seemed to be influenced by them without perceiving it. But without pronouncing my own eulogium, let me content myself with telling you my history.

“I used often, in carrying my day’s work to the printer’s, to pass through a part of the town of Bristol which has been allotted to poor emigrants, and there I saw a variety of little ingenious toys, which were sold at a high price, or at a price which appeared to me to be high. I began to consider that I might earn money by invention, as well as by mere manual labour; but before I gave up any part of my time to my new schemes, I regularly wrote as much each day as was sufficient to maintain me. Now it was that I felt the advantage of having been taught when I was a boy the use of carpenter’s tools, and some degree of mechanical dexterity. I made several clumsy toys, and I tried various unsuccessful experiments, but I was not discouraged. One day I heard a dispute near me about some trinket—a toothpick-case, I believe—which was thought by the purchaser to be too highly priced; the man who made it repeatedly said, in recommendation of the toy, ‘Why, sir, you could not know it from tortoise-shell.’

“I at this instant recollected to have seen at the ‘Rummer’ a great heap of broken shells, which the cook had thrown aside, as if they were of no value. Upon inquiry I found that there was part of the inside shell which was thought to be useless—it occurred to me that I might possibly make it useful. The good-natured landlord ordered

that all this part of the shells should be carefully collected and given to me. I tried to polish it for many hours in vain ; I was often tempted to abandon my project ; there was a want of *finish*, as the workmen call it, in my manufacture, which made me despair of its being saleable. I will not weary you with a history of all my unsuccessful processes ; it was fortunate for me, my dear mother, that I remembered one of the principles which you taught me when I was a child—that it is not *genius*, but perseverance, which brings things to perfection. I persevered, and though I did not bring my manufacture to *perfection*, I actually succeeded so far as to make a very neat-looking box out of my refuse shells. I offered it for sale—it was liked ; I made several more, and they were quickly sold for me, most advantageously, by my good friend Mr. S——. He advised me to make them in the shape of netting-boxes ; I did so, and their sale extended rapidly.

“Some benevolent lady, about this time, raised a subscription for me ; but as I had now an easy means of supporting myself, and as I every day beheld numbers of my countrymen nearly in the condition in which I was when I first went to the ‘Rummer,’ I thought it was not fit to accept of the charitable assistance which could be so much better bestowed upon others. Mr. S—— told me that the lady who raised the contribution, so far from being offended, was pleased by my conduct in declining her bounty, and she undertook to dispose of as many of my netting-boxes as I could finish. She was one of the patronesses of a repository in London, which has lately been opened, called the ‘Repository for Ingenious Works.’ When she left Bristol, she desired Mr. S—— to send my boxes thither.

“My little manufacture continued to prosper—by practice I grew more and more expert, and I had no longer any fears that I should not be able to maintain myself. It was fortunate for me that I was obliged to be constantly employed : whenever I was not actually at hard work, whenever I had leisure for reflection, I was unhappy.

“A friend of Mr. S——’s, who was going to London, offered to take me with him. I had some curiosity to see this celebrated metropolis, and I had hopes of meeting with some of my friends amongst the emigrants in this city : amongst all the emigrants at Bristol there was not one person with whom I had been acquainted in France.

“Impelled by these hopes, I quitted Bristol, and arrived a few weeks ago in London. Mr. S—— gave me a direction to a cabinet-maker in Leicester Fields, and I was able to pay for a decent lodging, for I was now master of what appeared to me a large sum of money—seven guineas.

“Some time after I came to town, as I was returning from a visit to an emigrant with whom I had become acquainted, I was stopped at the corner of a street by a crowd of people—a *mob*, as I have been taught to call it since I came to England—who had gathered round a blind man, a little boy, and a virago of a woman, who stood upon the steps before a print-shop door. The woman accused the boy of being a thief ; the boy protested that he was innocent, and his ingenuous countenance spoke strongly in his favour. He belonged to the blind man, who, as soon as he could make himself heard, complained bitterly

of the damage which had been done to his dulcimer. The mob, in their first fury, had broken it. I was interested for the man, but more for the boy. Perhaps, said I to myself, he has neither father nor mother!

"When the woman, who was standing yet furious at the shop door, had no more words for utterance, the little boy was suffered to speak in his own defence. He said that, as he was passing by the open window of the print-shop, he put his hand in to give part of a bun which he was eating to a little dog, who was sitting on the counter near the window, and who looked thin and miserable, as if he was half-starved. 'But,' continued the little boy, 'when I put the bun to the dog's mouth, he did not eat it; I gave him a little push to make him mind me, and he fell out of the window into my hands; and then I found that it was not a real dog, but only the picture of a dog, painted upon pasteboard. The mistress of the shop saw the dog in my hand, and snatched it away, and accused me of being a thief; so then, with the noise she made, the chairmen who were near the door came up, and the mob gathered, and our dulcimer was broken, and I am very sorry for it.' The mistress of the print-shop observed, in a loud and contemptuous tone, that all this must be a lie, for *such a one as he* could not have buns to give away to dogs! Here the blind man vindicated his boy, by assuring us that he came honestly by the bun—that two buns had been given to him about an hour before this time by a young gentleman, who met him as he was coming out of a pastrycook's shop. When the mob heard this explanation, they were sorry for the mischief they had done to the blind man's dulcimer, and, after examining it with expressions of sorrow, they quietly dispersed. I thought that I could perhaps mend the dulcimer, and I offered my services; they were gladly accepted, and I desired the man to leave it at the cabinet-maker's in Leicester Fields where I lodged. In the meantime the little boy, whilst I had been examining the dulcimer, had been wiping the dirt from off the pasteboard dog, which, during the fray, had fallen into the street. 'Is not it like a real dog?' said the boy; 'was it not enough to deceive anybody?'

"It was, indeed, extremely like a *real dog*—like my dog Cæsar, whom I had taken care of from the time I was five years old, and whom I was obliged to leave at our house in Paris when I was dragged to prison. The more I looked at this pasteboard image the more I was convinced that the picture must have been drawn from the life. Every streak, every spot, every shade of its own brown coat I remembered. Its extreme thinness was the only circumstance in which the picture was unlike my Cæsar. I inquired from the scolding woman of the shop how she came by this picture. 'Honestly,' was her laconic answer; but when I asked whether it were to be sold, and when I paid its price, the lady changed her tone; no longer considering me as the partisan of the little boy against whom she was enraged, but rather looking upon me as a customer who had paid too much for her goods, she condescended to inform me that the dog was painted by one of the *poor* French emigrants who lived in her neighbourhood. She directed me to the house, and I discovered the man to be my father's old servant, Michael. He was overjoyed at the sight of me; he was infirm, and unequal to any

laborious employment; he had supported himself, with great difficulty, by painting toys and various figures of men, women, and animals, upon pasteboard. He showed me two excellent figures of French *poissardes*, and also a good cat, of his doing; but my Cæsar was the best of his works.

"My lodgings at the cabinet-maker's were too small to accommodate Michael; and yet I wished to have him with me, for he seemed so infirm as to want assistance; I consequently left my cabinet-maker, and took lodgings with this stationer: he and his wife are quiet people, and I hope poor Michael has been happier since he came to me; he has, however, been for some days confined to his bed, and I have been so busy that I have not been able to stir from home. To-day the poor little boy called for his dulcimer; I must own that I found it a more difficult job to mend it than I had expected. I could not match the wire, and I sent the boy out to an ironmonger's a few hours ago. How little did I expect to see him return with—my mother!"

We shall not attempt to describe the alternate emotions of joy and sorrow which quickly succeeded each other in Madame de Rosier's heart whilst she listened to her son's little history. Impatient to communicate her happiness to her friends, she took leave hastily of her beloved son, promising to call for him early the next day. "Settle all your business to-night," said she, "and I will introduce you to *my* friends to-morrow. *My* friends I say proudly, for I have made friends since I came to England; and England, amongst other commodities excellent in their kind, produces incomparable friends—friends in adversity. *We* know their value. Adieu; settle all your affairs here expeditiously."

"I have no affairs, no business, my dear mother," interrupted Henri, "except to mend the dulcimer as I promised, and that I'll finish directly. Adieu till to-morrow morning! What a delightful sound!"

With all the alacrity of benevolence he returned to his work, and his mother returned to Mrs. Harcourt's. It was nearly eight o'clock before she arrived at home. Mrs. Harcourt, Isabella, and Matilda met her with inquiring eyes.

"She smiles!" said Matilda; and Herbert, with a higher jump than he had ever been known to make before, exclaimed, "She has found her son!—I am sure of it!—I knew she would find him!"

"Let her sit down," said Matilda, in a gentle voice.

Isabella brought her an excellent dish of coffee, and Mrs. Harcourt, with kind reproaches, asked "why she had not brought her son *home* with her." She rang the bell with much vivacity as she spoke, ordered her coach to be sent instantly to Golden Square, and wrote an order, as she called it, for his coming *immediately* to her, quitting all dulcimers and dulcimer-boys, under pain of his mother's displeasure. "Here, Madame de Rosier," said she, with peremptory playfulness, "counter-sign my order, that I may be sure of my prisoner."

Scarcely were the note and the carriage dispatched, before Herbert and Favoretta stationed themselves at the window, that they might be ready to give the first intelligence. Their notions of time and distance were not very accurate upon this occasion, for before the carriage had been out of sight ten minutes they expected it to return; and they ex-

claimed, at the sight of every coach that appeared at the end of the street, "Here's the carriage!—here he is!" But the carriages rolled by continually, and convinced them of their mistakes.

Herbert complained of the dull light of the lamps, though the street was remarkably well lighted; and he next quarrelled with the glare of the flambeaux which footmen brandished behind carriages that were unknown to him. At length a flambeau appeared with which he did not quarrel. Herbert, as its light shone upon the footman, looked with an eager eye; then put his finger upon his own lips, and held his other hand forcibly before Favoretta's mouth; for now he was certain. The coach stopped at the door; Madame de Rosier ran downstairs; Mrs. Harcourt and all the family followed her. Herbert was at the coach door before Henri de Rosier could leap out, and he seized his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

The sympathy of all her joyful pupils, the animated kindness with which Mrs. Harcourt received her son, touched Madame de Rosier with the most exquisite pleasure. The happiness that we are conscious of having deserved is doubly grateful to the heart.

Mrs. Harcourt did not confine her attentions within the narrow limits of politeness; with generous eagerness she exerted herself to show her gratitude to the excellent governess of her children. She applied to the gentleman who was at the head of the academy for the education of the sons of French emigrants, and recommended Henri de Rosier to him in the strongest terms.

In the meantime Lady N——, who had been warmly interested in Madame de Rosier's favour by what she had seen of her, and more by what she had seen of her pupils, wrote to her brother, who was at Paris, to request that he would make every possible inquiry concerning the property of the late Comte de Rosier. The answer to her letter informed her that Madame de Rosier's property was restored to her and to her son by the new government of France.

Mrs. Harcourt, who now foresaw the probability of Madame de Rosier's return to France, could not avoid feeling regret at the thoughts of parting with a friend, to whom her whole family was sincerely attached. The plan of education which had been traced out remained yet unfinished; and she feared, she said, that Isabella and Matilda might feel the want of their accomplished preceptress; but these fears were the best omens for her future success: a sensible mother, in whom the desire to educate her family has been once excited, and who turns the energy of her mind to this interesting subject, seizes upon every useful idea, every practical principle, with avidity; and she may trust securely to her own persevering cares. Whatever a mother learns for the sake of her children she never forgets.

The rapid improvement of Mrs. Harcourt's understanding, since she had applied herself to literature, was her reward, and her incitement to fresh application. Isabella and Matilda were now of an age to be her companions, and her taste for domestic life was confirmed every day by the sweet experience of its pleasures.

"You have taught me your value, and now you are going to leave me," said she to Madame de Rosier. "I quarrelled with the Duke de

Rochefoucault for his asserting that in the misfortunes of our best friends there is always something that is not disagreeable to us ; but I am afraid I must stand convicted of selfishness, for, in the good fortune of my best friend, there is something that I cannot feel to be perfectly agreeable."





MADemoiselle PANACHE.

CHAPTER I.

HELEN TEMPLE'S CHILDHOOD.



RS. TEMPLE had two daughters, Emma and Helen. She had taken a great deal of care of their education, and they were very fond of their mother, and particularly happy whenever she had leisure to converse with them: they used to tell her everything that they thought and felt, so that she had it in her power early to correct, or rather to teach them to correct, any little faults in their disposition, and to rectify those errors of judgment to which young people, from want of experience, are so liable.

Mrs. Temple lived in the country, and her society was composed of a few intimate friends; she wished, especially during the education of her children, to avoid the numerous inconveniences of what is called an extensive acquaintance. However, as her children grew older, it was necessary that they should be accustomed to see a variety of characters, and still more necessary that they should learn to judge of them. There was little danger of Emma's being hurt by the first impressions of new faces and new ideas; but Helen, of a more vivacious temper, had not yet acquired her sister's good sense. We must observe that Helen was a little disposed to be fond of novelty, and sometimes formed a prodigiously high opinion of persons whom she had seen but for a few hours. "Not to admire" was an art which she had to learn.

When Helen was between eleven and twelve years old, Lady S—— returned from abroad, and came to reside at her country-seat, which was very near Mrs. Temple's. The lady had a daughter, Lady Augusta, who was a little older than Helen. One morning a fine coach drove to the door, and Lady S—— and her daughter were announced. We shall not say anything at present of either of the ladies, except that Helen was much delighted with them, and talked of nothing else to her sister all the rest of the day.

The next morning, as these two sisters were sitting at work in their mother's dressing-room, the following conversation began:

"Sister, do you like pink or blue the best?" said Helen.

"I don't know: blue, I think."

"Oh, blue, to be sure. Mother, which do you like best?"

"Why, 't is a question of such importance I must have time to deliberate. I am afraid I like pink the best."

"Pink? dear! that's very odd! But, mamma, didn't you think yesterday that Lady Augusta's sash was a remarkably pretty pale blue?"

"Yes, I thought it was very pretty; but, as I have seen a great many such sashes, I did not think it was anything very remarkable."

"Well, perhaps it was not remarkably pretty; but you'll allow, ma'am, that it was very well put on?"

"It was put on as other sashes are, as well as I remember."

"I like Lady Augusta exceedingly, mother."

"What! because she has a blue sash?"

"No, I am not quite so silly as that," said Helen, laughing; "not because she has a blue sash."

"Why, then, did you like her?—because it was well put on?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Why, then?"

"Why, mamma! why do you ask why? I cannot tell why. You know one often likes and dislikes people at first without exactly knowing why."

"One! whom do you mean by one?"

"Myself and everybody."

"You, perhaps, but not everybody, for only silly people like and dislike without any reason."

"But I hope I'm not one of the silly people. I only meant that I had no thought about it: I daresay, if I were to think about it, I should be able to give you a great many reasons."

"I shall be contented with one good one, Helen."

"Well, then, ma'am, in the first place, I liked her because she was so good humoured."

"You saw her but for one half-hour. Are you sure that she is good humoured?"

"No, ma'am; but I'm sure she looked very good humoured."

"That's another affair. However, I acknowledge it is reasonable to feel disposed to like any one who has a good-humoured countenance, because the temper has, I believe, a very strong influence upon certain muscles of the face; and, Helen, though you are no great physiognomist, we will take it for granted that you were not mistaken. Now, I did not think that Lady Augusta had a remarkably good-tempered countenance, but I hope that I am mistaken. Was this your only reason for liking her exceedingly?"

"No, not my only reason; I liked her—because—because—indeed, ma'am," said Helen, growing a little impatient at finding herself unable to arrange her own ideas—"indeed, ma'am, I don't just remember anything in particular, but I know I thought her very agreeable altogether."

"Saying that you think a person very agreeable *altogether* may be a common mode of expression; but I am obliged to inform you that it is

no reason, nor do I exactly comprehend what it means, unless it means, in other words, that you don't choose to be at the trouble of thinking. I am sadly afraid, Helen, that you must be content at last to be ranked among the silly ones, who like and dislike without knowing why. Eh, Helen?"

"Oh, no, indeed, mother," said Helen, putting down her work.

"My dear, I am sorry to distress you; but what are become of the *great many* good reasons?"

"Oh! I have them still; but then I'm afraid to tell them, because Emma will laugh at me."

"No, indeed, I won't laugh," said Emma; "besides, if you please, I can go away."

"No, no; sit still: I will tell them directly. Why, mother, you know, before we saw Lady Augusta, everybody told us how pretty, and accomplished, and agreeable she was."

"Everybody!—nobody that I remember," said Emma, "but Mrs. H. and Miss K."

"Oh, indeed, sister, and Lady M. too."

"Well, and Lady M.,—that makes three."

"But are three people everybody?"

"No, to be sure," said Helen, a little disconcerted; "but you promised not to laugh at me, Emma. However, mother, without joking, I am sure Lady Augusta is very accomplished at least. Do you know, ma'am, she has a French governess? But I forget her name."

"Never mind her name; it is little to the purpose."

"Oh, but I recollect it now: Mademoiselle Panache."

"Why, undoubtedly, Lady Augusta's having a French governess, and her name being Mademoiselle Panache, are incontrovertible proofs of the excellence of her education. But I think you said you were sure that she was very accomplished: now, what do you mean by accomplished?"

"Why, that she dances extremely well, and that she speaks French and Italian, and that she draws exceedingly well indeed: takes likenesses, mamma! likenesses in miniature, mother!"

"You saw them, I suppose?"

"Saw them! No, I did not see them, but I heard of them."

"That's a singular method of judging of pictures."

"But, however, she certainly plays extremely well upon the piano-forte, and understands music perfectly. I have a particular reason for knowing this, however."

"You did not hear her play?"

"No, but I saw an Italian song written in her own hand, and she told me she set it to music herself."

"You saw her music, and heard of her drawings;—excellent proofs! Well, but her dancing?"

"Why, she told me the name of her dancing-master, and it sounded like a foreign name."

"So I suppose he *must* be a good one," said Emma, laughing.

"But, seriously, I do believe she is sensible."

"Well, your cause of belief?"

"Why, I asked her if she had read much history, and she answered, '*a little*;' but I saw by her look that she meant *a great deal*. Nay, Emma, you are laughing now—I saw you smile."

"Forgive her, Helen; indeed, it was very difficult to help it," said Mrs. Temple.

"Well, mother," said Helen, "I believe I have been a little hasty in my judgment, and all my good reasons are reduced to nothing: I dare say all this time Lady Augusta is very ignorant and very ill-natured."

"Nay, now you are going into the opposite extreme: it is possible she may have all the accomplishments and good qualities which you first imagined her to have; I only meant to show you that you had no proofs of them hitherto."

"But surely, mother, it would be but good-natured to believe a stranger to be amiable and sensible when we know nothing to the contrary; strangers may be as good as the people we have known all our lives; so it would be very hard upon them, and very silly in us too, if we were to take it for granted that they were everything that was bad, merely because they were strangers."

"You do not yet reason with perfect accuracy, Helen. Is there no difference between thinking people everything that is good and amiable, and taking it for granted that they are everything that is bad?"

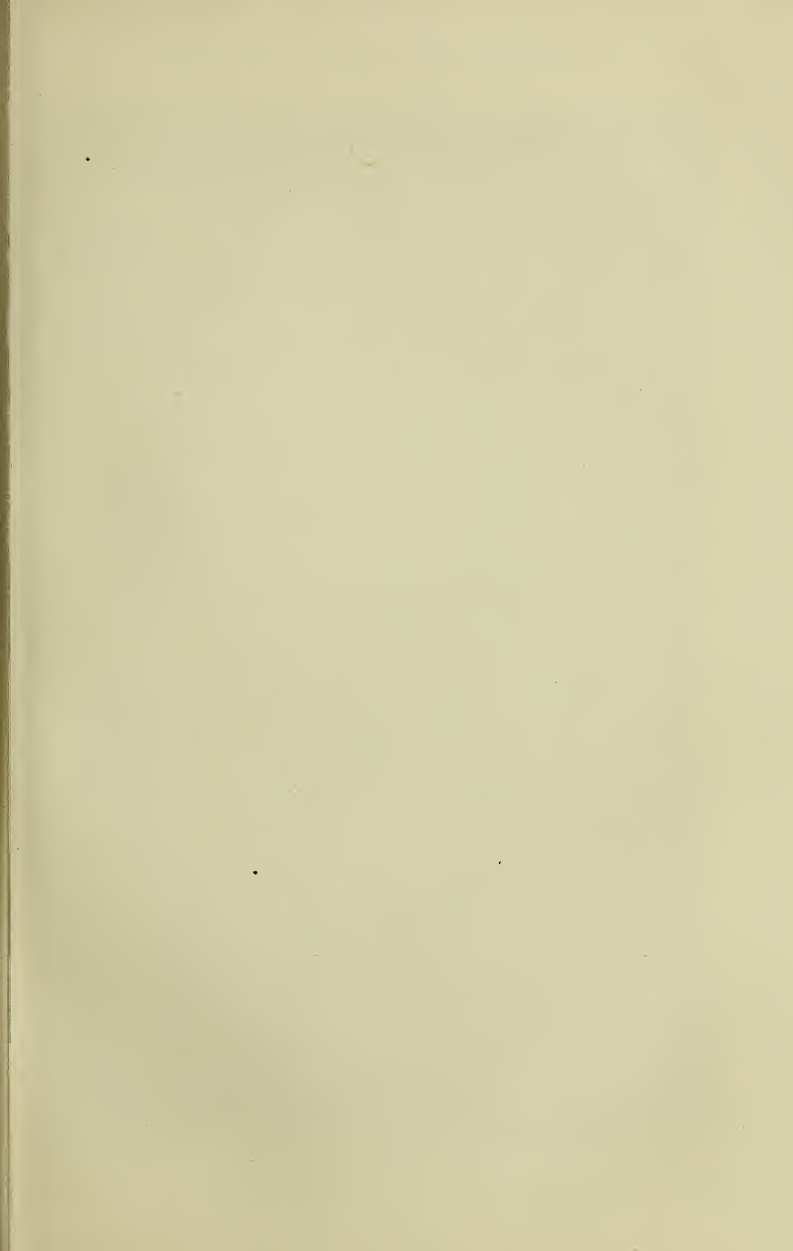
"But then, mother, what can one do? To be always doubting and doubting is very disagreeable; and at first, when one knows nothing of a person, how can we judge?"

"There is no necessity, that I can perceive, for your judging of people's characters the very instant they come into a room, which I suppose is what you mean by '*at first*.' And though it be disagreeable to be always '*doubting and doubting*,' yet it is what we must submit to patiently, Helen, unless we would submit to the consequences of deciding ill, which, let me assure you, my little daughter, are infinitely more disagreeable."

"Then," said Helen, "I had better doubt and doubt a little longer, mamma, about Lady Augusta."

Here the conversation ended. A few days afterwards Lady Augusta came with her mother to dine at Mrs. Temple's. For the first hour Helen kept her resolution, and with some difficulty maintained her mind in the painful philosophic state of doubt; but the second hour Helen thought that it would be unjust to doubt any longer, especially as Lady Augusta had just shown her a French pocket-fan, and at the very same time observed to Emma that her sister's hair was a true auburn colour.

In the evening, after they had returned from a walk, they went into Mrs. Temple's dressing-room, to look at a certain black japanned cabinet in which Helen kept some dried specimens of plants and other curious things. Half the drawers in this cabinet were hers, and half her sister's. Now Emma, though she was sufficiently obliging and polite towards her new acquaintance, was by no means enchanted with her, nor did she feel the least disposition suddenly to contract a friendship with a person she had seen but a few hours. This reserve, Helen thought, showed some want of feeling, and seemed determined to make





amends for it by the warmth and frankness of her own manners. She opened all the drawers of the cabinet; and whilst Lady Augusta looked and admired, Helen watched her eye, as Aboulcasem, in the "Persian Tales," watched the eye of the stranger to whom he was displaying his treasures. Helen, it seems, had read the story, which had left a deep impression upon her imagination, and she had long determined, on the first convenient opportunity, to imitate the conduct of the "generous Persian." Immediately, therefore, upon observing that anything struck her guest's fancy, she withdrew it, and secretly set it apart for her, as Aboulcasem set apart the slave, and the cup, and the peacock. At night, when Lady Augusta was preparing to depart, Helen slipped out of the room, packed up the things, and, as Aboulcasem wrote a scroll with his presents, she thought it necessary to accompany hers with a billet. All this being accomplished with much celerity and some trepidation, she hurried downstairs, gave her packet to one of the servants, and saw it lodged in Lady S——'s coach.

When the visit was ended, and Helen and Emma had retired to their own room at night, they began to talk instead of going to sleep.

"Well, sister," said Helen, "and what did you give to Lady Augusta?"

"I? Nothing."

"Nothing!" repeated Helen in a triumphant tone; "then she will not think you very generous."

"I do not want her to think me very generous," said Emma, laughing; "neither do I think that giving of presents to strangers is always a proof of generosity."

"Strangers or no strangers, that makes no difference; for surely a person's giving away anything that they like themselves is a pretty certain proof, Emma, of their generosity."

"Not quite so certain," replied Emma; "at least, I mean as far as I can judge of my own mind: I know I have sometimes given things away that I liked myself merely because I was ashamed to refuse. Now, I should not call that generosity, but weakness. And besides, I think it does make a great deal of difference, Helen, whether you mean to speak of strangers or friends. I am sure, at this instant, if there is anything of mine in that black cabinet that you wish for, Helen, I'll give it you with the greatest pleasure."

"And not to Lady Augusta?"

"No, I could not do both; and do you think I would make no distinction between a person I have lived with and loved for years, and a stranger whom I know and care very little about?"

Helen was touched by this speech, especially as she entirely believed her sister, for Emma was not one who made sentimental speeches.

A short time after this visit, Mrs. Temple took her two daughters with her to dine at Lady S——'s. As they happened to go rather earlier than usual, they found nobody in the drawing-room but the French governess, Mademoiselle Panache. Helen, it seems, had conceived a very sublime idea of a French governess, and when she first came into the room, she looked up to Mademoiselle Panache with a mixture of awe and admiration. Mademoiselle was not much troubled with any of that awkward reserve which seems in England sometimes to keep

strangers at bay for the first quarter of an hour of their acquaintance. She could not, it is true, speak English very fluently, but this only increased her desire to speak it; and between two languages she found means, with some difficulty, to express herself. The conversation, after the usual preliminary nothings had been gone over, turned upon France and French literature. Mrs. Temple said she was going to purchase some French books for her daughters, and very politely begged to know what authors Mademoiselle would particularly recommend. "*Vat auteurs? you do me much honour, madame. Vat auteurs? why, mesdemoiselles, there's 'Télémaque' and 'Bélisaire.'*"

Helen and Emma had read "*Télémaque*" and "*Bélisaire*," so Mademoiselle was obliged to think again. "*Attendez!*" cried she, putting her forefinger in an attitude of recollection. But the result of all her recollection was still "*Bélisaire*" and "*Télémaque*," and an abbé's book, whose name she could not remember, though she remembered perfectly well the *work* was published "*l'an mil six cent quatre-vingt-dix.*"

Helen could scarcely forbear smiling, so much was her awe and admiration of a French governess abated. Mrs. Temple, to relieve Mademoiselle from the perplexity of searching for the abbé's name, and to avoid the hazard of going out of her circle of French literature, mentioned "*Gil Blas*," and observed that though it was a book universally put into the hands of very young people, she thought Mademoiselle judged well in preferring—

"Oh!" interrupted Mademoiselle, "*Je me trouve bien heureuse—I am quite happy, madame, to be of your way of tinkering. I would never go to choose to put 'Gil Blas' into no pupil's of mine's hands until they were perfectly mistress of de ideome de la langue.*"

It was not the idiom, but the morality of the book to which Mrs. Temple had alluded; but that, it was very plain, occupied no part of Mademoiselle's Panache's attention; her object was solely to teach her pupil French. "*Mais pour Miladi Augusta*," cried she, "*c'est vraiment un petit prodige!* You, madame, you are a judge. *On le voit bien.* You know how much *difficile* it be to compose French *poésie*, because of de rhymes, de *masculin, féminin, de neutre genre* of noun substantive and adjective, all to be consider in spite of de sense in our rhymes. *Je ne m'explique pas. Mais enfin*—de natives themselves, very few come to write passably in *poésie*; except it be your great poets by profession. *Cependant, madame, Miladi Augusta*, I speak de truth, not one word of lies; *Miladi Augusta* write *poésie* just the same with prose,—*véritablement comme un ange! Et puis,*" continued Mademoiselle Panache—

But she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little angel" and her mother. Lady Augusta wore a rose-coloured sash to-day, and Helen no longer preferred blue to pink. Not long after they were seated, Lady S—— observed that her daughter's face was burned by being opposite to the fire, and, after betraying some symptoms of anxiety, cried, "Mademoiselle, why will you always let Augusta sit so near the fire? My dear, how can you bear to burn your face so? Do be so good, for my sake, to take a screen."

"There is no screen in the room, ma'am, I believe," said the young

lady, moving, or seeming to move, her chair three-quarters of an inch backwards.

"No screen!" said Lady S——, looking round; "I thought, Mademoiselle, your screens were finished."

"*Oh, oui, madame*, dey be finish; but I forget to make dem come downstairs."

"I hate embroidered screens," observed Lady S——, turning away her head, "for one is always afraid to use them."

Mademoiselle immediately rose to fetch one of hers.

"*Ne vous dérangez pas, mademoiselle*," said Lady S——, carelessly; and whilst she was out of the room, turning to Mrs. Temple, "Have you a French governess?" said she; "I think you told me not."

"No," said Mrs. Temple, "I have no thoughts of any governess for my daughters."

"Why, indeed, I don't know but you are quite right, for they are sad plagues to have in one's house; besides, I believe too, in general, they are a sad set of people. But what can one do, you know? One must submit to all that; for they tell me there's no other way of securing to one's children a good French pronunciation. How will you manage about that?"

"Helen and Emma," said Mrs. Temple, "read and understand French as well as I could wish, and, if ever they go to France, I hope they will be able to catch the accent, as I have never suffered them to acquire any fixed bad habits of speaking it."

"Oh," said Lady S——, "*bad habits* are what I dread of all things for Augusta. I assure you I was particularly nice about the choice of a governess for her; so many of these sort of people come over here from Switzerland, or the French provinces, and speak a horrid jargon. It's very difficult to meet with a person you could entirely depend upon."

"Very difficult indeed," said Mrs. Temple.

"However," continued her ladyship, "I think myself most exceedingly fortunate. I am absolutely certain that Mademoiselle Panache comes from Paris, and was born and educated there; so I feel quite at ease; and as to the rest," said she, lowering her voice, but only lowering it sufficiently to fix Lady Augusta's attention—"as to the rest, I shall part with her when my daughter is a year or two older; so, you know, she can do no great harm. Besides," said she, speaking louder, "I really have great confidence in her, and Augusta and she seem to agree vastly well."

"Oh, yes," said Lady Augusta, "Mademoiselle is exceedingly good-natured; I am sure I like her vastly."

"Well, that's the chief thing. I would work upon a child's sensibility; that's my notion of education," said Lady S—— to Mrs. Temple, affecting a sweet smile. "Take care of the heart, at any rate: there I'm sure, at least, I may depend on Mademoiselle Panache, for she is the best creature in the world; I've the highest opinion of her: not that I would trust my own judgment, but she was most exceedingly well recommended to me."

Mademoiselle Panache came into the room again just as Lady S——

finished her last sentence : she brought one of her own worked screens in her hand. Helen looked at Lady Augusta, expecting that she would at least have gone to meet her governess ; but the young lady never offered to rise from her seat ; and when poor Mademoiselle presented the screen to her, she received it with the utmost *nonchalance*, only interrupting her conversation by a slight bow of the head. Helen and Emma looked down, feeling both ashamed and shocked at manners which they could neither think kind nor polite. However, it was no wonder that the pupil should not be scrupulously respectful towards a governess whom her mother treated like a waiting-maid.

More carriages now came to the door, and the room was soon filled with company. The young ladies dined at the side-table with Mademoiselle Panache ; and during dinner Emma and Helen quite won her heart. “ *Voilà des demoiselles de plus polies !* ” said she with emphasis ; and it is true that they were particularly careful to treat her with the greatest attention and respect, not only from their general habits or good breeding, and from a sense of propriety, but from a feeling of pity and generosity : they could not bear to think that a person should be treated with neglect or insolence merely because her situation and rank happened to be inferior.

Mademoiselle, pleased with their manners, was particularly officious in entertaining them ; and when the rest of the company sat down to cards, she offered to show them the house, which was large and magnificent.

Helen and Emma were very glad to be relieved from their seats beside the card-table, and from perpetually hearing of trumps, odd tricks, and honours ; so that they eagerly accepted Mademoiselle’s proposal.

The last room which they went into was Lady Augusta’s apartment, in which her writing-desk, her drawing-box, and her pianoforte stood. It was very elegantly furnished ; and at one end was a handsome book-case, which immediately attracted Helen and Emma’s attention. Not Lady Augusta’s : her attention, the moment she came into the room, was attracted by a hat, which Mademoiselle had been making up in the morning, and which lay half finished upon the sofa. “ Well, really this is elegant ! ” said she ; “ certainly, mademoiselle, you have the best taste in the world ! — Isn’t it a beautiful hat ? ” said she, appealing to Helen and Emma.

“ Oh, yes,” replied Helen instantly ; for as she was no great judge, she was afraid to hazard her opinion, and thought it safest to acquiesce in Lady Augusta’s. Emma, on the contrary, who did not think the hat particularly pretty, and who dared to think for herself, was silent ; and certainly it requires no common share of strength of mind to dare to think for one’s self about a hat.

In the meantime Mademoiselle put the finishing-stroke to her work ; and observing that the colour of the ribbon would become Helen’s complexion “ *Merveilleusement ! permettez, mademoiselle,* ” said she, putting it lightly upon her head. “ *Qu’elle est charmante ! Qu’elle est bien comme ça !* — Quite another ting ! Mademoiselle Helen *est charmante !* ” cried the governess with enthusiasm ; and her pupil echoed her exclamations with equal enthusiasm, till Helen would absolutely

have been persuaded that some sudden metamorphosis had taken place in her appearance, if her sister's composure had not happily preserved her in her sober senses. She could not, however, help feeling a sensible diminution of merit and happiness when the hat was lifted off her head.

"What a very pretty-coloured ribbon!" said she.

"That's pistachio-colour," said Lady Augusta.

"Pistachio-colour!" repeated Helen, with admiration.

"Pistachio-colour!" repeated her sister, coolly; "I did not know that was the name of the colour."

"*Bon Dieu!*" said Mademoiselle, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven; "*Bon Dieu!* not know de pistachea-colour!"

Emma, neither humbled nor shocked at her own ignorance, simply said to herself, "Surely it is no crime not to know a name." But Mademoiselle's abhorrent and amazed look produced a very different effect upon Helen's imagination; she felt all the anguish of false shame, that dangerous infirmity of weak minds.

"*Bon!*" said Mademoiselle Panache to herself, observing the impression which she made. "*Voilà un bon sujet au moins.*" And she proceeded, with more officiousness, perhaps, than politeness, to reform certain minutiae in Helen's dress which were not precisely adjusted according to what she called *the mode*; she having the misfortune to be possessed of that intolerant spirit which admits but of one mode—a spirit which is common to all persons who have seen but little of the world or of good company, and who, consequently, cannot conceive the liberality of sentiment, upon all matters of taste and fashion, which distinguishes well-bred and well-educated people.

"*Pardonnez, Mademoiselle Hélène,*" said she. "*Permettez*"—altering things to her fancy—"un petit plus—et un petit plus; oui, comme ça—comme ça—*Bien! Bien! Ah, non! Cela est vilain, affreux! Mais tenez,—toujours comme ça; ressouvenez-vous bien, mademoiselle. Ah bon! vous voilà mise à quatre épingles!*"

"*A quatre épingles!*" repeated Helen to herself. "Surely," thought Emma, "that is a vulgar expression; Mademoiselle is not as elegant in her taste for language as for dress." Indeed, two or three technical expressions which afterwards escaped from this lady, joined to the prodigious knowledge she displayed of the names, qualities, and value of ribbons, gauzes, feathers, &c., had excited a strong suspicion in Emma's mind that Mademoiselle Panache herself might possibly have had the honour to be a milliner.

The following incident sufficiently confirmed her suspicions: whilst Mademoiselle was dressing and undressing Helen, she regularly carried every pin which she took out to her mouth.

Helen did not perceive this manœuvre, it being performed with habitual celerity; but seeing that all the pins were vanished, she first glanced her eye upon the table, and then on the ground, and still not seeing her pins, she felt in her pocket for her pincushion, and presented it. "*J'en ai assez, bien obligée, mademoiselle;*" and from some secret receptacle in her mouth she produced first one pin, then another, till Emma counted seventeen, to her utter astonishment—more, certainly, than any mouth could contain but a milliner's.

Unfortunately, however, in Mademoiselle's haste to speak, a pin and an exclamation, contending in her mouth, impeded her utterance, and put her in imminent danger of choking. They all looked frightened. "*Qu'avez vous donc!*" cried she, recovering herself with admirable dexterity. "*Qu'avez vous donc! Ce n'est rien! Ah, si vous aviez vu Mademoiselle Alexandre!* Ah! dat would frighten you indeed! many de time I see her put one tirty, forty, fifty—ay, one hundred, two hundred in her mouth, and she all de time laugh, talk, eat, drink, sleep wid dem, and no harm, *nonobstant*, never happen Mademoiselle Alexandre."

"And who is Mademoiselle Alexandre?" said Emma.

"*Eh, donc! fameuse marchande de modes—Rue St. Honoré—rivale célèbre de Mademoiselle Baulara.*"

"Yes, I know!" said Lady Augusta, delighted to appear to know the names of two French milliners, without in the least suspecting that she had the honour to have a third for a governess.

Emma smiled, but was silent. She fortunately possessed a sound discriminating understanding: observing and judging for herself, it was not easy to impose upon her by names and grimaces.

It was remarkable that Mademoiselle Panache had never once attempted to alter anything in Emma's dress, and directed very little of her conversation to her, seeming to have an intuitive perception that she could make no impression; and Lady Augusta, too, treated her with less familiarity, but with far more respect.

"*Dear Helen,*" said Lady Augusta, for she seemed, to use her own expression, to have taken a great fancy to her—"dear Helen, I hope you are to be at the ball at the races."

"I don't know," said Helen; "I believe my mother intends to be there."

"*Et vous?*" said Mademoiselle Panache; "you, to be sure, I hope; your mamma could not be so cruel as to leave you at home! *une demoiselle faite comme vous!*"

Helen had been quite indifferent about going to the ball, till these words inspired her with a violent desire to go there, or rather with a violent dread of the misfortune and disgrace of being left "at home."

We shall, for fear of being tiresome, omit a long conversation which passed about the dress and necessary preparations for this ball. It is enough to say that Helen was struck with despair at the idea that her mother probably would not procure for her all the fine things which Lady Augusta had, and which Mademoiselle assured her were absolutely necessary to her being "presentable." In particular, her ambition was excited by a splendid watch-chain of her ladyship's, which Lady Augusta assured her "there was no possibility of *living* without."

Emma, however, reflecting that she had lived all her life without even wishing for a watch-chain, was inclined to doubt the accuracy of her ladyship's assertion.

In the meantime poor Helen fell into a profound and somewhat painful reverie. She stood with the watch-chain in her hand, ruminating upon the vast, infinite number of things she wanted to complete her happiness—things of which she had never thought before. Indeed, during the short time she had been in the company of Mademoiselle

Panache, a new world seemed to have opened to her imagination—new wants, new wishes, new notions of right and wrong, and a totally new idea of excellence and happiness had taken possession of her mind.

So much mischief may be done by a silly governess in a single quarter of an hour! But we are yet to see more of the genius of Mademoiselle Panache for education. It happened that, while the young ladies were busily talking together, she had got to the other end of the room, and was busily engaged at a looking-glass, receding and advancing by turns, to decide the exact distance at which rouge was liable to detection. Keeping her eye upon the mirror, she went backwards, and backward, till unluckily she chanced to set her foot upon Lady Augusta's favourite little dog, who instantly sent forth a piteous yell.

"Oh, my dog!—oh, my dog!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, running to the dog, and taking it into her lap. "*Oh, chère Fanfan!*—where is it hurt, my poor, dear, sweet, darling little creature?"

"*Chère Fanfan!*" cried Mademoiselle, kneeling down and kissing the offended paw, "*pardonnez, Fanfan!*" and they continued caressing and pitying Fanfan, so as to give Helen a very exalted opinion of their sensibility, and to make her wiser sister doubt of its sincerity.

Longer would Fanfan have been deplored with all the pathos of feminine fondness, had not Mademoiselle suddenly shrieked and started up. "What's the matter? what's the matter?" cried they all at once. The affrighted governess pointed to her pupil's sash, exclaiming, "*Regardez! regardez!*" There was a moderate-sized spider upon the young lady's sash. "*La violà! ah, la violà!*" cried she, at an awful distance.

"It is only a spider," said Emma.

"A spider!" said Lady Augusta, and threw Fanfan from her lap as she rose; "where?—where?—on my sash!"

"I'll shake it off," said Helen.

"Oh, shake it, shake it!" and she shook it herself, till the spider fell to the ground, who seemed to be almost as much frightened as Lady Augusta, and was making his way as fast as possible from the field of battle.

"*Où est il?—où est il?—Le vilain animal!*" cried Mademoiselle, advancing; "*ah! que je l'écrase au moins,*" said she, having her foot prepared.

"Kill it!—Oh, mademoiselle, don't kill it," said Emma, stooping down to save it; "I'll put it out of the window this instant."

"Ah! how can you touch it?" said Lady Augusta with disgust, while Emma carried it carefully in her hand, and Helen, whose humanity was still proof against Mademoiselle Panache, ran to open the window. Just as they had got the poor spider out of the reach of its enemies, a sudden gust of wind blew it back again; it fell once more upon the floor.

"Oh, kill it!—kill it, anybody! for Heaven's sake, *do* kill it!"

Mademoiselle pressed forward, and crushed the animal to death.

"Is it dead?—quite dead?" said her pupil, approaching timidly.

"*Avancez!*" said her governess, laughing. "*Que craignez-vous donc? Elle est morte, je vous dis.*"

The young lady looked at the entrails of the spider, and was satisfied. So much for a lesson on humanity.

It was some time before the effects of this scene were effaced from the minds of either of the sisters ; but at length a subject very interesting to Helen was started. Lady Augusta mentioned the little ebony box which had been put into the coach, and Miss Helen's very obliging note. However, though she affected to be pleased, it was evident, by the haughty carelessness of her manner while she returned her thanks, that she was rather offended than obliged by the present.

Helen was surprised and mortified. The times, she perceived, were changed since the days of Aboulcasem.

"I am particularly distressed," said Lady Augusta, who often assumed the language of a woman, "I am particularly distressed to rob you of your pretty prints, especially as my uncle has just sent me down a set of Bartolozzi's from town."

"But I hope, Lady Augusta, you liked the little prints which are cut out. I think you said you wished for some such things to put on a work-basket."

"Oh, yes ; I'm sure I'm exceedingly obliged to you for remembering that ; I had quite forgotten it ; but I found some beautiful vignettes the other day in our French books, and I shall set about copying them for my basket directly. I'll show them to you, if you please," said she, going to the book-case. "Mademoiselle, do be so good as to reach for me those little books in the morocco binding."

Mademoiselle got upon a stool and touched several books, one after another, for she could not translate "morocco binding."

"Which did you mean?—Dis—dis—dis, or dat?" said she.

"No, no—none of those, mademoiselle: not in that row. Look just above your hand in the second row from the top."

"Oh, no ; not in dat row, I hope."

"Why not there?"

"Oh, *Miladi Augusta, vous sçavez bien—ce sont là les livres défendus*—I dare not touch one—*Vous le sçavez bien, miladi, votre chère mère—*"

"*Miladi, votre chère mère!*" repeated the young lady, mimicking her governess ; "pooh ! nonsense ! give me the books."

"*Eh, non—absolument non. Croyez moi, mademoiselle, de book is not good. Ce n'est pas comme il faut!* it is not fit for young ladies—for nobody to read."

"How do you know that so well, mademoiselle?"

"*N'importe,*" said Mademoiselle, colouring ; "*n'importe—je le sçais.* But not to talk of dat ; you know I cannot disobey Miladi ; de row of *romans* she forbid to be touch, on no account, by nobody but herself in the house. You know dis, Mademoiselle Augusta. So, *en conscience,*" said she, descending from the stool——

"*En conscience!*" repeated Lady Augusta, with the impatient accent of one not used to be opposed ; "I can't help admiring the tenderness of your conscience, Mademoiselle Panache. Now, would you believe it?" continued she, turning to Emma and Helen—"now, would you believe it? Mademoiselle has had the second volume of that very book

under her pillow this fortnight ; I caught her reading it one morning, and that was what made me anxious to see it ; or else ten to one I never should have thought of the book ; so *en conscience !* mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle coloured furiously. "*Mais vraiment, Milada Augusta, vous me manquez en face !*"

The young lady made no reply, but sprang upon the stool, to reach the books for herself ; and the governess, deeming it prudent not to endanger her authority by an ineffectual struggle for victory, thought proper to sound a timely retreat.

"*Allons, mesdemoiselles,*" cried she, "I fancy de tea wait by dis time—*descendons ;*" and she led the way. Emma instantly followed her. "Stay a moment for me, Helen, my dear."

Helen hesitated.

"Then you won't take down the books ?" said she.

"Nay, one moment ; just let me show you the vignette."

"No, no—pray don't ; Mademoiselle said you must not."

"Yes, she said I must not ; but you see she went away, that I might ; and so I will," said Lady Augusta, jumping off the stool with the red books in her hand. "Now, look here."

"Oh, no ; I can't stay, indeed," said Helen, pulling away her hand.

"La ! what a child you are !" said Lady Augusta, laughing ; "it's mamma shan't be angry with it, she shan't. La ! what harm can there be in looking at a vignette ?"

"Why, to be sure there can be no harm in looking at a vignette," said Helen, submitting from the same species of false shame which had conquered her understanding before about the pistachio-colour.

"Well, look !" said Lady Augusta, opening the book ; "isn't this exceedingly pretty ?"

"Exceedingly pretty," said Helen, scarce seeing it ; "now shall we go down ?"

"No, stay ; as you think that pretty, I can show you a much prettier."

"Well, only *one*, then."

But when she had seen that, Lady Augusta still said "One other" and "one other," till she had gone through a volume and a half, Helen all the while alternately hesitating and yielding out of pure weakness and *mauvaise honte*.

The vignettes, in fact, were not extraordinarily beautiful, nor, if they had been, would she have taken the least pleasure in seeing them in such a surreptitious manner. She did not, however, see all the difficulties into which this first deviation from proper conduct would lead her. Alas ! no one ever can.

Just when they were within three leaves of the end of the last volume, they heard voices upon the stairs. "There's my mother ! They're coming ! What shall we do ?" cried Lady Augusta ; and though there could be "*no harm in looking at a print,*" yet the colour now forsook her cheek, and she stood the picture of guilt and cowardice. There was not time to put the books up in their places. What was to be done ?

"Put them into our pockets," said Lady Augusta.

"Oh, no, no !—I won't !—I can't ! What meanness !"

"But you must. I can't get them both into mine," said Lady Augusta, in great distress. "Dear, dear Helen, for my sake!"

Helen trembled, and let Lady Augusta put the book into her pocket.

"My dear," said Lady S——, opening the door just as this operation was effected, "we are come to see your room: will you let us in?"

"Oh, certainly, madam," said Lady Augusta, commanding a smile; but Helen's face was covered with so deep a crimson, and she betrayed such evident symptoms of embarrassment, that her mother, who came up with the rest of the company, could not help taking notice of it.

"Aren't you well, Helen, my dear?" said her mother.

Helen attempted to answer.

"Perhaps," said Lady Augusta, "it was the grapes after dinner which disagreed with you."

Helen refused the look of assent which was expected; and at this moment she felt the greatest contempt for Lady Augusta, and terror to see herself led on step by step in deceit.

"My love, indeed you don't look well," said Lady S——, in a tone of pity.

"It must be de grapes," said Mademoiselle.

"No, indeed," said Helen, who felt inexpressible shame and anguish, "no, indeed, it is not the grapes;" turning away and looking up to her mother with tears in her eyes.

She was upon the point of producing the book before all the company; but Lady Augusta pressed her arm, and she forbore, for she thought it would be dishonourable to betray her.

Mrs. Temple did not choose to question her daughter further at this time, and relieved her from confusion by turning to something else. As they went downstairs to tea, Lady Augusta, with familiar fondness, took Helen's hand.

"You need not fear," said Helen, withdrawing her hand coldly; "I shall not betray you, Augusta."

"You'll promise me that?"

"Yes," said Helen, with a feeling of contempt.

After tea, Lady Augusta was requested to sit down to the pianoforte, and favour the company with an Italian song. She sat down and played and sang with the greatest ease and gaiety imaginable, while Helen, incapable of feeling, still more incapable of affecting, gaiety, stood beside the harpischord, her eyes bowed down with "*penetrative shame*."

"Why do you look so woebegone?" said Lady Augusta, as she stooped for a music-book; "why don't you look as I do?"

"I can't," said Helen.

Her ladyship did not feel the force of this answer, for her own self-approbation could, it seems, be recovered at a very cheap rate: half a dozen strangers listening, with unmeaning smiles and encomiums, to her execution of one of Clementi's lessons, were sufficient to satisfy her ambition. Nor is this surprising, when all her education had tended to teach her that what are called accomplishments are superior to everything else. Her drawings were next to be produced and admired. The table was presently covered with fruit, flowers, landscapes, men's,

women's and children's heads, while Mademoiselle was suffered to stand holding a large portfolio till she was ready to faint; nor was she, perhaps, the only person in company who was secretly tired of the exhibition.

These eternal exhibitions of accomplishments have, of late, become private nuisances. Let young women cultivate their tastes or their understandings in any manner that can afford them agreeable occupation, or, in one word, that can make them happy; if they are wise, they will early make it their object to be permanently happy, and not merely to be admired for a few hours of their existence.

All this time poor Helen could think of nothing but the book which she had been persuaded to secrete. It grew late in the evening, and Helen grew more and more uneasy at not having any opportunity of returning it. Lady Augusta was so busy talking and receiving compliments, that it was impossible to catch her eye.

At length Mrs. Temple's carriage was ordered; and now all the company were seated in form, and Helen saw, with the greatest distress, that she was further than ever from her purpose. She once had a mind to call her mother aside, and consult her; but that she could not do on account of her promise.

The carriage came to the door; and while Helen put on her cloak, Mademoiselle assisted her, so that she could not speak to Lady Augusta. At last, when she was taking leave of her, she said, "Will you let me give you the book?" and half drew it from her pocket.

"Oh, goodness! not now: I can't take it now."

"What shall I do with it?"

"Why, take it home, and send it back directed to *me*—remember—by the first opportunity, when you have done with it."

"Done with it!—I have done with it. Indeed, Lady Augusta, you must let me give it you now."

"Come, Helen, we are waiting for you, my dear," said Mrs. Temple; and Helen was hurried into the carriage with the book still in her pocket. Thus was she brought from one difficulty into another.

Now, she had promised her mother never to borrow any book without her knowledge; and certainly she had not the slightest intention to forfeit her word when she first was persuaded to look at the vignettes. "Oh!" said she to herself, "where will all this end? What shall I do now? Why was I so weak as to stay to look at the prints? and why did I fancy I should like Lady Augusta before I knew anything of her? Oh, how much I wish I had never seen her!"

Occupied by these thoughts all the way they were going home, Helen, we may imagine, did not appear as cheerful or as much at ease as usual. Her mother and her sister were conversing very agreeably; but if she had been asked when the carriage stopped, she could not have told a single syllable of what they had been saying.

Mrs. Temple perceived that something hung heavy upon her daughter's mind; but, trusting to her long habits of candour and integrity, she was determined to leave her entirely at liberty; she therefore wished her a good night, without inquiring into the cause of her melancholy.

Helen scarcely knew what it was to lie awake at night ; she generally slept soundly from the moment she went to bed till the morning, and then wakened as gay as a lark ; but now it was quite otherwise : she lay awake, uneasy and restless ; her pillow was wet with her tears ; she turned from side to side, but in vain ; it was the longest night she ever remembered : she wished a thousand times for morning ; but when the morning came, she got up with a very heavy heart ; all her usual occupations had lost their charms ; and what she felt the most painful was her mother's kind, open, unsuspecting manner. She had never, at least she had never for many years, broken her word ; she had long felt the pleasure of integrity, and knew how to estimate its loss.

"And for what," said Helen to herself, "have I forfeited this pleasure?—for nothing !"

But, besides this, she was totally at a loss to know what step she was next to take, nor could she consult the friends she had always been accustomed to apply to for advice. Two ideas of honour, two incompatible ideas, were struggling in her mind. She thought that she should not betray her companion, and she knew she ought not to deceive her mother. She was fully resolved never to open the book which she had in her pocket, but yet she was to keep it she knew not how long. Lady Augusta had desired her to send it home ; but she did not see how this was to be accomplished without having recourse to the secret assistance of servants, a species of meanness to which she had never stooped. She thought she saw herself involved in inextricable difficulties. She knew not what to do ; she laid her head down upon her arms and wept bitterly. Her mother just then came into the room.

"Helen, my dear," said she, without taking any notice of her tears, "here's a fan which one of the servants just brought out of the carriage ; I find it was left there by accident all night. The man tells me that Mademoiselle put it into the front pocket, and said it was a present from Lady Augusta to Miss Helen." It was a splendid French fan.

"Oh," said Helen, "I can't take it ! I can't take any present from Lady Augusta. I wish——"

"You wish, perhaps," said Mrs. Temple, smiling, "that you had not begun the traffic of presents ; but since you have, it would not be handsome, it would not be proper, to refuse the fan."

"But I must—I will refuse it !" said Helen. "Oh, mother ! you don't know how unhappy I am !" She paused. "Didn't you see that something was the matter, madam, when you came up yesterday into Lady Augusta's room ?"

"Yes," said her mother, "I did ; but I did not choose to inquire the cause. I thought, if you wished I should know it, that you would have told it to me. You are now old enough, Helen, to be treated with confidence."

"No," said Helen, bursting into tears, "I am not—indeed I am not. I have——But, oh, mother ! the worst of all is, that I don't know whether I should tell you anything about it or no. I ought not to betray anybody, ought I ?"

"Certainly not ; and as to me, the desire you now show to be sincere

is enough: you are perfectly at liberty: if I can assist or advise you, my dear, I will; but I do not want to force any secret from you: do what you think right and honourable."

"But I have done what is very dishonourable," said Helen. "At least I may tell you all that concerns myself. I am afraid you will think I have broken my promise," said she, drawing the book from her pocket. "I have brought home this book." She paused, and seemed to wait for her mother's reproaches; but her mother was silent: she did not look angry, but surprised and sorry.

"Is this all you wished to say?"

"All that I can say," replied Helen. "Perhaps, if you heard the whole story, you might think me less to blame; but I cannot tell it to you. I hope you will not ask me any more."

"No," said her mother, "that I assure you I will not."

"And now, mother, will you—and you'll set my heart at ease again—will you tell me what I shall do with the book?"

"That I cannot possibly do. I cannot advise when I don't know the circumstances. I pity you, Helen, but I cannot help you; you must judge for yourself."

Helen, after some deliberation, resolved to write a note to Lady Augusta, and to ask her mother to send it.

Her mother sent it without looking at the direction.

"Oh, mother, how good you are to me!" said Helen. "And now, madam, what shall be my punishment?"

"It will be a very severe punishment, I'm afraid, but it is not in my power to help it: my confidence in you does not depend upon myself; it must always depend upon you."

"Oh! have I lost your confidence?"

"Not lost, but lessened it," said her mother. "I cannot possibly feel the same confidence in you now that I did yesterday morning; I cannot feel the same dependence upon a person who has deceived me as upon one who never had; could you?"

"No, certainly," said Helen, with a deep sigh. "Oh!" said she to herself, "if Lady Augusta knew the pain she has cost me! But I'm sure, however, she'll tell her mother all the affair when she reads my note."

Helen's note contained much eloquence and more simplicity; but as to the effect upon Lady Augusta, she calculated ill. No answer was returned but a few ostensible lines: "Lady Augusta's compliments, and she was happy to hear Miss Helen T. was better," &c. And, strange to tell! when they met, about three weeks after, at a ball in town, Lady Augusta did not think proper to take any notice of Helen or Emma. She looked as if she had never seen them before, and by a haughty stare—for girls can stare now almost as well as women—cancelled all her former expressions of friendship for her "dear Helen." It is to be observed that she was now in company with two or three young ladies of higher rank, whom she thought more fashionable, and consequently more amiable.

Mrs. Temple was by no means sorry to find this intimacy between Lady Augusta and her daughter dissolved.

"I am sure the next time," said Helen, "I'll take care not to like a stranger merely for having a blue sash."

"But, indeed," said Emma, "I do think Mademoiselle Panache, from all I saw of her, is to blame for many of Lady Augusta's defects."

"For all of them, I'll answer for it," said Helen. "I would not have a French governess for the world: Lady S—— might well say they were a bad set of people."

"That was too general an expression, Helen," said Mrs. Temple; "and it is neither wise nor just to judge of any set of people by an individual, whether that individual be good or bad. All French governesses are not like Mademoiselle Panache."

Helen corrected her expression, and said, "Well, I mean I would not for the world have such a governess as Mademoiselle Panache."

CHAPTER II.

THE CONTRAST.

THE tendency of any particular mode of education is not always perceived before it is too late to change the habits or the character of the pupil: to superficial observers, children of nearly the same age often seem much alike in manners and disposition, who, in a few years afterward, appear in every respect strikingly different. We have given our readers some idea of the manner in which Mrs. Temple educated her daughters, and some notion of the mode in which Lady Augusta was managed by Mademoiselle Panache. The difference between the characters of Helen and Lady Augusta, though visible, even at the early age of twelve or thirteen, to an intelligent mother, was scarcely noticed by common acquaintance, who contented themselves with the usual phrases, as equally applicable to both the young ladies: "Upon my word, Lady Augusta and Miss Helen Temple are both of them very fine girls, and very highly accomplished, and vastly well educated, as I understand. I really cannot tell which to prefer. Lady Augusta, to be sure, is rather the taller of the two, and her manners are certainly more womanly and fashioned than Miss Helen's; but then Miss Helen Temple has something of simplicity about her that some people think very engaging. For my part, I don't pretend to judge—girls alter so; there's no telling, at twelve years old, what they may turn out at sixteen."

From twelve to sixteen, Lady Augusta continued under the direction of Mademoiselle Panache; whilst her mother, content with her daughter's progress in external accomplishments, paid no attention to the cultivation of her temper or her understanding. Lady S—— lived much in what is called the world; was fond of company, and fonder of cards; sentimentally anxious to be thought a good mother, but indolently willing to leave her daughter wholly to the care of a French governess, whose character she had never taken the trouble to investigate. Not that Lady S—— could be ignorant that, however well qualified to teach the true French pronunciation, she could not be a

perfectly eligible companion for her daughter as she grew up : her ladyship intended to part with the governess when Lady Augusta was fifteen ; but from day to day, and from year to year, this was put off : sometimes Lady S—— thought it a pity to dismiss Mademoiselle, because “ she was the best creature in the world ; ” sometimes she rested content with the idea that six months more or less could not signify ; till at length *family reasons* obliged her to postpone Mademoiselle’s dismissal : part of the money intended for the payment of the governess’s salary had been unfortunately lost by the mother at the card-table. Lady Augusta consequently continued under the auspices of Mademoiselle Panache till her ladyship was eighteen, and her education was supposed to be entirely completed.

In the meantime Mademoiselle Panache endeavoured, by all the vulgar arts of flattery, to ingratiate herself with her pupil, in hopes that from a governess she might become a *companion*. The summer months seemed unusually long to the impatient young lady, whose imagination daily anticipated the glories of her next winter’s campaign. Towards the end of July, however, a reinforcement of visitors came to her mother’s, and the present began to engage some attention as well as the future. Amongst these visitors was Lord George ——, a young nobleman near twenty-one, who was heir to a very considerable fortune. We mention his fortune *first*, because it was his *first* merit, even in his own opinion. Cold, silent, selfish, supercilious, and silly, there appeared nothing in him to engage the affections or to strike the fancy of a fair lady ; but Lady Augusta’s fancy was not fixed upon his lordship’s character or manners, and much that might have disgusted consequently escaped her observation. Her mother had not considered the matter very attentively, but she thought that this young nobleman might be no bad match for her Augusta, and she trusted that her daughter’s charms would make their due impression on his heart. Some weeks passed away in fashionable negligence of the lady on his part, and alternate pique and coquetry on hers ; whilst, during these operations, her confidante and governess was too much occupied with her own manoeuvres to attend to those of her pupil.

Lord George had with him upon this visit a Mr. Dashwood, who was engaged to accompany him upon his travels, and who had had the honour of being his lordship’s tutor. At the name of a *tutor*, let no one picture to himself a gloomy pedant, or yet a man whose knowledge, virtue, and benevolence would command the respect or win the affections of youth. Mr. Dashwood could not be mistaken for a pedant, unless a coxcomb be a sort of pedant. Dashwood pretended neither to win affection nor to command respect ; but he was, as his pupil emphatically swore, “ the best fellow in the world.” Upon this best fellow in the world Mademoiselle Panache fixed her sagacious hopes : she began to think that it would be infinitely better to be the wife of the gallant Mr. Dashwood, than the humble companion or the slighted governess of the capricious Lady Augusta. Having thus far opened the views and characters of these various personages, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging of them by their words and actions.

“ You go with us, my lord, to the archery meeting this evening ? ”

said Lady S——, as she rose from breakfast. His lordship gave a negligent assent.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Panache, turning eagerly to Dashwood, "have you seen *de uniforme*? *C'est charmant!* and I have no small hand in it." Dashwood paid the expected compliment to her taste. "Ah! *non*," said she. "You are too good, too flattering; but you must tell me your judgment without flattery. *Vous êtes homme de goût*, though an Englishman: you see I have got no *préjugés*." Dashwood bowed. "*Allons!*" said she, starting up with vast gaiety, "we have got no time to lose. I have the *rubans* to put to de bow: I must go and attend my Diane."

"Attend her Diane!" repeated Dashwood, the moment the door was shut and he was left alone with Lord George.

"Attend her Diane! a very proper attendant." Lord George was wholly indifferent to propriety or impropriety upon this as upon all other subjects. "What are we to do with ourselves, I wonder, this morning?" said he, with his customary yawn; and he walked towards the window. The labour of finding employment for his lordship always devolved upon his companion.

"I thought, my lord," said Dashwood, "you talked yesterday of going upon the water: the river is very smooth, and I hope we shall have a fine day."

"I hope so too; but over the hill yonder it looks confounded black, eh? Well, at any rate, we may go down, and make some of them get ready to go with us. I'll take my black Tom—he's a handy fellow."

"But if you take black Tom," said Dashwood, laughing, "we must not expect to have the ladies of our party; for you know Mademoiselle has an unconquerable *antipaty*, as she calls it, to a negro."

Lord George declared that for this very reason he would order black Tom down to the water-side, and that he should enjoy her affectation, or her terror, whichever it was, of all things. "I suppose," said he, "she'll scream as loud as Lady Augusta screamed at a frog the other day."

"I'll lay you a wager I spoil your sport, my lord. I'll lay you a guinea I get Mademoiselle into the boat without a single scream," said Dashwood.

"Done!" said Lord George. "Two to one she screams."

"Done!" said Dashwood; and he hoped that by proposing this bet he had provided his pupil with an object for the whole morning. But Lord George was not so easily roused immediately after breakfast. "It looks terribly like rain," said he, going back irresolutely between the door and the window. "Do you think it will rain, hey?"

"No, no; I'm sure it will not rain."

"I wouldn't lay two to one of that, however: look at this great cloud that's coming."

"Oh! it will blow over."

"I don't know that," said Lord George, shaking his head with great solemnity. "Which way is the wind?"—opening the window. "Well, I believe it may hold up, hey?"

"Certainly, I think so."

"Then I'll call black Tom, hey?—though I think one grows tired of

going upon the water," muttered his lordship, as he left the room. "Couldn't one find something better?"

"Nothing better," thought Dashwood, "but to hang yourself, my lord, which I'll be bound you'll do before you are forty, for want of something better to do. But that's not my affair."

"Where's Mademoiselle?" cried Lady Augusta, entering hastily, with a bow and arrow in her hand. "I've lost my quiver: where's Mademoiselle?"

"Upon my word I don't know," said Dashwood, assuming an air of interest.

"You don't know, Mr. Dashwood!" said Lady Augusta, sarcastically; "that's rather extraordinary. I make it a rule, whenever I want Mademoiselle, to ask where you are, and I never found myself disappointed before."

"I am sorry, madam, you should ever be disappointed," said Dashwood, laughing. "Is this your ladyship's *own* taste?" added he, taking the painted bow out of her hand. "It's uncommonly pretty."

"Pretty or not, Lord George did not think it worth while to look at it last night. His lordship will go through the world mighty easily—don't you think so, Mr. Dashwood?"

Dashwood attempted an apology for his pupil, but in such a sort as if he did not mean it to be accepted, and then returning the bow to her ladyship's hand, paused, sighed, and observed that, upon the whole, it was happy for his lordship that he possessed so much *nonchalance*. "Persons of a different cast," continued he, "cannot, as your ladyship justly observes, expect to pass through life so easily." This speech was pronounced in a tone so different from Dashwood's usual careless gaiety, that Lady Augusta could not help being struck with it; and by her vanity it was interpreted precisely as the gentleman wished. Rank and fortune were her serious objects, but she had no objection to amusing herself with romance. The idea of seeing the gay, witty Mr. Dashwood metamorphosed by the power of her charms into a despairing, sighing swain, played upon her imagination, and she heard his first sigh with a look which plainly showed how well she understood its meaning.

"Why, now, was there ever anything so provoking?" cried Lord George, swinging himself into the room.

"What's the matter, my lord?" said Dashwood.

"Why, don't you see it's raining as hard as it can rain?" replied his lordship, with the true pathos of a man whose happiness is dependent upon the weather. His scheme of going upon the water being now impracticable, he lounged about the room all the rest of the morning, supporting that miserable kind of existence which idle lords, as well as gentlemen, are doomed to support, they know not how, upon a rainy day. Neither Lady Augusta nor her mother, in calculating the advantages and disadvantages of an alliance with his lordship, ever once considered his habits of listless idleness as any objection in a companion for life.

After dinner the day cleared up—the ladies were dressed in their archery uniforms—the carriages came to the door, and Lord George was happy in the prospect of driving his new phaeton. Dashwood

handed the ladies to their coach; for his lordship was too much engaged in confabulation with his groom on the merits of his off leader to pay attention to anything else upon earth.

His phaeton was presently out of sight, for he gloried in driving as fast as possible; and to reward his exertions, he had the satisfaction of hearing two strangers, as he passed them, say, "Ha! upon my word, those horses go well!" A postillion at a turnpike-gate, moreover, exclaimed to a farmer who stood with his mouth wide open, "There goes Lord George! he cuts as fine a figure on the road as e'er a man in England." Such was the style of praise of which this young nobleman was silly enough to be vain.

"I've been *in* these three quarters of an hour!" cried he, exulting, when Lady S—— got out of her coach.

"There has been no shooting yet though, I hope?" said Lady Augusta.

"No, no, ma'am," replied Dashwood; "but the ladies are all upon the green—a crowd of fair competitors; but I'd bet a thousand pounds upon your ladyship's arrows. Make way there—make way!" cried the man of gallantry, in an imperious tone, to some poor people who crowded round the carriage; and talking and laughing aloud, he pushed forward, making as much bustle in seating the ladies as they could have wished. Being seated, they began to bow and nod to their acquaintance.

"There's Mrs. Temple and her daughters," said Lady S——.

"Where, ma'am?" said Lady Augusta; "I'm sure I did not expect to meet them here. Where are they?"

"Just opposite to us. Pray, Mr. Dashwood, who is that gentleman in brown who is talking to Miss Helen Temple?"

"Upon my word I don't know, madam. He bowed just now to Lord George."

"Did he?" said Lady Augusta. "I wonder who he is."

Lord George soon satisfied her curiosity, for coming up to them, he said, negligently, "Dashwood, there's young Mountague yonder."

"Ha! is that young Mountague? Well, is his father dead? What has he done with that old quiz?"

"Ask him yourself," said Lord George, sullenly. "I asked him just now, and he looked as black as November."

"He is so fond of his father; it's quite a bore," said Dashwood. "I think he'll be a quiz himself in due time."

"No," said Lord George, "he knows better than that too, in some things. He has a monstrous fine horse with him here; and that's a good pretty girl that he's going to marry."

"Is he going to be married to Miss Helen Temple?" said Lady S——. "Who is he, pray? I hope a suitable match?"

"That I can't tell, for I don't know what she *has*," replied Lord George. "But Mountague can afford to do as he pleases—very good family—fine fortune."

"Yes; old quiz has made an excellent nurse to his estate," observed Dashwood; "he owes him some gratitude for that."

"Is not he very young to settle in the world?" said Lady S——.

"Young? yes—only a year older than I am," said Lord George; "but I knew he'd never be quiet till he got himself *noosed*."

"I suppose he'll be at the ball to-night," said Lady Augusta, "and then we shall see something of him, perhaps. It's an age since we've seen the Misses Temple anywhere. I wonder whether there's anything more than report, my lord, in this conquest of Miss Helen Temple's? Had you the thing from good authority?"

"Authority!" said Lord George; "I don't recollect my authority, faith!—somebody said so to me, I think. It's nothing to me, at any rate."

Lady Augusta's curiosity, however, was not quite so easily satisfied as his lordship's: she was resolved to study Mr. Mountague thoroughly at the ball; and her habitual disposition to coquetry, joined to a dislike of poor Helen, which originated whilst they were children, made her form a strong desire to rival Helen in the admiration of this young gentleman of "very good family and fine fortune." Her ladyship was just falling into a reverie upon this subject when she was summoned to join the archeresses.

The prize was a silver arrow. The ladies were impatient to begin—the green was cleared. Some of the spectators took their seats on benches under the trees, whilst a party of gentlemen stood by to supply the ladies with arrows. Three ladies shot, but widely from the mark; a fourth tried her skill, but no applause ensued; the fifth came forward, a striking figure, elegantly dressed, who, after a prelude of very becoming diffidence, drew her bow, and took aim in the most graceful attitude imaginable.

"Who is that beautiful creature?" exclaimed Mr. Mountague, with enthusiasm; and, as the arrow flew from the bow, he started up, wishing it success.

"The nearest by six inches that has been shot yet," cried Dashwood. "Here, sir! here!" said he to Mr. Mountague, who went up to examine the target. "This is Lady Augusta S——'s arrow, within the second circle, almost put out the bull's-eye!"

The clamour of applause at length subsiding, several other arrows were shot; but none came near to Lady Augusta's, and the prize was unanimously acknowledged to be hers.

The silver arrow was placed on high over the mark, and several gentlemen tried to reach it in vain. Mr. Mountague sprang from the ground with great activity, brought down the arrow, and presented it with an air of gallantry to the fair victor.

"My dear Helen," said Emma to her sister, in a low voice, "you are not well."

"I?" replied Helen, turning quickly; "why, can you think me so mean as to——?"

"Hush! hush! you don't consider how loud you are speaking."

"Am I?" said Helen, alarmed, and lowering her tone; "but then, why did you say I was not well?"

"Because you looked so pale."

"Pale? I'm sure I don't look pale," said Helen,—"*do I?*"

"Not now, indeed," said Emma, smiling.

"Was not it an excellent shot?" said Mr. Mountague, returning to them; "but you are not near enough to see it; do come and look at it." Mrs. Temple rose and followed him. "I can't say," continued he, "that I particularly admire lady archeresses, but this really is a surprising shot."

"It really is a surprising shot," said Helen, looking at it quite at ease. But a moment afterward she observed that Mr. Mountague's eyes were not intent upon the *surprising shot*, but were eagerly turned to another side of the green, where, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, stood a beautiful figure, playing with a silver arrow, totally unconscious, as he imagined, either of her own charms or his admiration.

"Are you acquainted with Lady Augusta?" said Mr. Mountague.

"Yes," said Mrs. Temple. "Are you?"

"Not yet; but I am very well acquainted with her mother; I have met her often in town—a silly card-playing woman. I hope her daughter is as little like her in her mind as in her person." Here Mr. Mountague paused, for they had walked up quite close to the seemingly unconscious beauty. "Oh, Mrs. Temple!" said she, starting, and then recovering herself, with an innocent smile,—“is it you? I beg ten thousand pardons;” and, offering a hand to Helen and Emma, seemed delighted to see them. Helen involuntarily drew back her hand with as much coldness as she could, without being absolutely rude.

It was now late in the evening, and as the ball was to begin at ten, the ladies called for their carriages, that they might drive to their lodgings in an adjacent town, to change their dress. In the crowd, Helen happened to be pretty close behind Lady S——, so close, that she could not avoid hearing her conversation.

"Dear ma'am," an elderly lady in black was saying to her, "I can assure you your ladyship has been misinformed; I assure you it is no such thing. He's a relation of the family's; he has paid a long visit in this country, but then it is a parting visit to his uncle: he sets out immediately for Italy, I'm told. I assure you your ladyship has been misinformed: he and his uncle are often at Mrs. Temple's, but, depend upon it, he has no thoughts of Miss Helen."

These words struck Helen to the heart; she walked on, leaning upon her sister's arm, who fortunately happened to know where she was going. Emma helped her sister to recollect that it was necessary to get into the carriage when the step was let down. The carriage presently stopped with them at the inn, and they were shown to their rooms. Helen sat down the moment she got upstairs, without thinking of dressing; and her mother's hair was half finished when she turned round and said, "Why, Helen, my dear, you certainly will not be ready."

"Shan't I, ma'am?" said Helen, starting up. "Is there any occasion that we should dress any more?"

"Nay, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, laughing, "look in the glass at your hair—it has been blown all over your face by the wind."

"It is a great deal of useless trouble," said Helen, as she began the duties of the toilet.

"Why, Helen, this is a sudden fit of laziness," said her mother.

"No, indeed, mamma, I'm not lazy; but I really don't think it signifies. Nobody will take notice how I am dressed, I daresay."

"A sudden fit of humility, then," said Mrs. Temple, still laughing.

"No, ma'am; but you have often told us how little it signifies. When the ball is over, everything about it is forgotten in a few hours."

"Oh, a sudden fit of philosophy, Helen?"

"No, indeed, mother," said Helen, sighing; "I'm sure I don't pretend to any philosophy."

"Well, then, a sudden fit of caprice, Helen?"

"No, indeed, ma'am."

"No, indeed, ma'am!" said Mrs. Temple, still rallying her. "Why, Helen, my dear, you have answered, 'No, indeed, ma'am,' to everything I've said this half-hour."

"No, indeed, mother," said Helen; "but I assure you, ma'am," continued she, in a hurried manner, "if you would only give me leave to explain——"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Temple, "this is no time for explanations—make haste and dress yourself, and follow me down to tea." Mr. Mountague was engaged to drink tea with Mrs. Temple.

How many reflections sometimes pass rapidly in the mind in the course of a few minutes!

"I am weak, ridiculous, and unjust," said Helen to herself. "Because Lady Augusta won a silver arrow, am I vexed? Why should I be displeased with Mr. Mountague's admiring her? I will appear no more like a fool; and Heaven forbid I should ever become envious."

As this last thought took possession of her mind, she finished dressing herself, and went with Emma down to tea. The well-wrought-up dignity with which Helen entered the parlour was, however, thrown away upon this occasion; for opposite to her mother at the tea-table there appeared, instead of Mr. Mountague, only an empty chair, and an empty tea-cup and saucer, with a spoon in it. He was gone to the ball; and when Mrs. Temple and her daughters arrived there, they found him at the bottom of the country dance, talking in high spirits to his partner, Lady Augusta——, who, in the course of the evening, cast many looks of triumph upon Helen. But Helen kept to her resolution of commanding her own mind, and maintained an easy serenity of manner, which the consciousness of superior temper never fails to bestow. Towards the end of the night she danced one dance with Mr. Mountague, and, as he was leading her to her place, Augusta and two or three of her companions came up, all seemingly stifling a laugh.

"What is the matter?" said Helen.

"Why, my dear creature," said Lady Augusta, who still apparently laboured under a violent inclination to laugh, and whispering to Helen, but so loud that she could distinctly be overheard, "you must certainly be in love."

"Madam!" said Helen, colouring and much distressed.

"Yes, you certainly must," pursued Lady Augusta, rudely; for ladies of quality can be as rude, sometimes ruder, than other people. "Must not she, Lady Di?" appealing to one of her companions, and laughing affectedly: "must not she be either in love or out of her senses? Pray,

Miss Temple, put out your foot." Helen put out her foot. "Ay, that's the black one; well, the other."

Now, the other was white. The ill-bred raillery recommenced; but Helen, though somewhat abashed, smiled with great good humour, and walked on towards her seat.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said her mother.

"Nothing, madam," answered Mr. Mountague, "but that Miss Helen Temple's shoes are odd, and her temper even." These few words, which might pass in a ball-room, were accompanied with a look of approbation which made her ample amends for the pain she had felt. He then sat down by Mrs. Temple, and without immediately adverting to any one, spoke with indignation of coquetry, and lamented that so many beautiful girls should be spoiled by affectation.

"If they be spoiled, should they bear all the blame?" said Mrs. Temple. "If young women were not deceived into a belief that affectation pleases, they would scarcely trouble themselves to practise it so much."

"Deceived!" said Mr. Mountague; "but is anybody deceived by a person's saying 'I have the honour to be, madam, your obedient humble servant'? Besides, as to pleasing, what do we mean?—pleasing for a moment, for a day, or for life?"

"Pleasing for a moment," said Helen, smiling, "is of some consequence; for if we take care of the moments, the years will take care of themselves, you know."

"Pleasing for *one* moment, though," said Mr. Mountague, "is very different, as you must perceive, from pleasing *every* moment."

Here the country dance suddenly stopped, and three or four couples were thrown into confusion. The gentlemen were looking down, as if looking for something on the floor. "Oh, I beg, I insist upon it—you can't think how much you distress me!" cried a voice which sounded like Lady Augusta's. Mr. Mountague immediately went to see what was the matter. "It is only my bracelet," said she, turning to him. "Don't, pray don't trouble yourself," cried she, as he stooped to assist in collecting the scattered pearls, which she received with grace in the whitest hand imaginable. "Nay, now I must insist upon it," said she to Mr. Mountague as he stooped again; "you shall not plague yourself any longer." And in her anxiety to prevent him from plaguing himself any longer, she laid upon his arm the white hand which he had an instant before so much admired. Whether all Mr. Mountague's sober contempt of coquetry was at this moment the prevalent feeling in his mind we cannot presume to determine; we must only remark that the remainder of the evening was devoted to Lady Augusta: he sat beside her at supper, and paid her a thousand compliments, which Helen in vain endeavoured to persuade herself meant nothing more than "I am, madam, your obedient humble servant."

"It is half after two," said Mrs. Temple, when she rose to go.

"Half after two!" said Mr. Mountague, as he handed Mrs. Temple to her carriage. "Bless me! can it be so late?"

All the way home Emma and Mrs. Temple were obliged to support the conversation, for Helen was so extremely entertained with watch-

ing the clouds passing over the moon that nothing else could engage her attention.

The gossiping old lady's information respecting Mr. Mountague was as accurate as the information of gossips usually is found to be. Mr. Mountague, notwithstanding her opinion and sagacity, *had thoughts of Miss Helen Temple*. During some months which he had spent at his uncle's, who lived very near Mrs. Temple, he had had opportunities of studying Helen's character and temper, which he found perfectly well suited to his own; but he had never yet declared his attachment to her. Things were in this undecided situation when he saw and was struck with the beauty of Lady Augusta — at this archery ball. Lord George — introduced him to Lady S —, and in consequence of a pressing invitation he received from her ladyship, he went to spend a few days at S — Hall.

"So Mr. Mountague is going to spend a week at S — Hall, I find," said Mrs. Temple, as she and her daughters were sitting at work, the morning after the archery ball. To this simple observation of Mrs. Temple's, a silence, which seemed as if it never would be broken, ensued. "Helen, my dear," said Mrs. Temple in a soft voice.

"Ma'am!" said Helen, starting.

"You need not start so, my dear; I am not going to say anything very tremendous. When you and your sister were children, if you remember, I often used to tell you that I looked forward with pleasure to the time when I should live with you as friends and equals. That time is come, and I hope now that your own reason is sufficiently matured to be the guide of your conduct—that you do not think I any longer desire you to be governed by my *will*. Indeed," continued she, "I consider you as my equals in every respect but in *age*, and I wish to make that inequality useful to you, by giving you, as far as I can, that advantage which only *age* can give—experience."

"You are *very* kind, dear mother," said Helen.

"But you must be sensible," said Mrs. Temple, in a graver tone, "that it will depend upon yourselves in a great measure whether I *can* be so much your friend as I should wish."

"Oh, mother," said Helen, "*be* my friend! I shall never have a better; and indeed I want a friend," added she, the tears starting from her eyes. "You'll think me very silly, very vain. He never gave me any reason, I'm sure, to think so; but I did fancy that Mr. Mountague liked me."

"And," said Mrs. Temple, taking her daughter's hand, "without being very silly or very vain, may not one sometimes be mistaken? Then you thought you had won Mr. Mountague's heart? But what did you think about your own? Take care you don't make another mistake," smiling. "Perhaps you thought he could never win yours?"

"I never thought much about that," replied Helen, "till yesterday."

"And to-day?" said Mrs. Temple; "what do you think about it to-day?"

"Why," said Helen, "don't you think, mother, that Mr. Mountague has a great many good qualities?"

"Yes, a great many good qualities, a great many advantages, and amongst them the power of pleasing you."

"He would not think *that* any advantage," said Helen, "therefore I should be sorry that he had it."

"And so should I," said Mrs. Temple, "be very sorry that my daughter's happiness should be out of her own power."

"It is the uncertainty that torments me," resumed Helen, after a pause. "One moment I fancy that he prefers *me*, the next moment I am certain he prefers another. Yesterday, when we were coming away from the green, I heard Mrs. Hargrave say to Lady S——But why, mother, should I take up your time with these minute circumstances? I ought not to think any more about it."

"Ought not?" repeated Mrs. Temple; "my dear, it is a matter of prudence, rather than duty. By speaking to your mother with so much openness you secure her esteem and affection, and amongst the goods of this life you will find the esteem and affection of a mother worth having," concluded Mrs. Temple, with a smile; and Helen parted from her mother with a feeling of gratitude, which may securely be expected from an ingenuous, well-educated daughter who is treated with similar kindness.

No one was ready for breakfast the morning that Mr. Mountague arrived at S—— Hall, and he spent an hour alone in the breakfast-room. At length the silence was interrupted by a shrill female voice, which, as it approached nearer, he perceived to be the voice of a foreigner, half suffocated with ineffectual desire to make her anger intelligible. He could only distinguish the words "I ring, ring, ring—ay, twenty time—and nobody mind my bell nor me, no more dan noting at all." With a violent push the breakfast-room door flew open, and Mademoiselle Panache, little expecting to find anybody there, entered, volubly repeating, "Dey let me ring, ring, ring!" Surprised at the sight of a gentleman, and a young gentleman, she repented having been so loud in her anger. However, upon the second reconnoitring glance at Mr. Mountague, she felt much in doubt how to behave towards him. Mademoiselle boasted often of the well-bred instinct by which she could instantly distinguish "*un homme comme il faut*" from any other; yet sometimes, like Falstaff's, her instinct was fallacious. Recollecting that Lady S—— had sent for an apothecary, she took it into her head that Mr. Mountague was this apothecary. "Miladi is not visible yet, sir," said she; "does she know you are here?"

"I hope not, ma'am, for I should be very sorry if she were to be disturbed after sitting up so late last night."

"Oh, dat will do her no harm, for I gave her, *pardonnez*, some excellent white wine whey out of my own head last night, when she got into her bed. I hope you don't make no objection to white wine whey, sir?"

"I! not in the least, ma'am."

"Oh, I'm glad you don't disapprove of what I've done. You attend many family in this country, sir?"

"Madam!" said Mr. Mountague, taking an instant's time to consider what she could mean by *attend*.

"You *visit* many family in this country, sir?" persisted Mademoiselle.

"Very few, ma'am; I am a stranger in this part of the world, except at Mrs. Temple's."

"Madame Temple? ah, *oui*, I know her very well; she has two fine laughers—I mean when dey have seen more of de world. It's a great pity, too, dey have never had de advantage of a native to teach lem de good prononciation *de la langue Française*. Madame Temple vill repent herself of dat when it is too late, as I tell her always. But, sir, you have been at her house? I am sorry we did not hear none of de family had been indisposed."

"They are all now perfectly well, ma'am," replied Mr. Mountague, 'except, indeed, that Mrs. Temple had a slight cold last week."

"But she is re-establish by your *advise*, I suppose. And she, did she recommend you to miladi?"

"No, madam," said Mr. Mountague, not a little puzzled by Mademoiselle's phraseology; "Lord George —— did me the honour to introduce me to Lady S——."

"Ah, Milord George! are you a long time acquainted wid milord?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have known Lord George many years."

"Ah, many year! you be de family physician, *apparemment*?"

"The family physician! Oh, no, ma'am!" said Mr. Mountague, smiling.

"Eh!" said Mademoiselle, "but dat is being too modest. Many take *de titre* of physician, I'll engage, with less pretensions. And," added she, looking graciously, "*absolument*, I will not have you call yourself de family *apothicaire*."

At this moment Lord George came in, and shook his family apothecary by the hand with an air of familiarity which astounded Mademoiselle.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" whispered she to Dashwood, who followed his lordship. "Is not dis his *apothicaire*?"

Dashwood, at this question, burst into a loud laugh. "Mr. Mountague," cried he, "have you been prescribing for Mademoiselle? She asks if you are not an apothecary."

Immediately Lord George, who was fond of a joke, especially where there was a chance of throwing ridicule upon anybody superior to him in abilities, joined most heartily in Dashwood's mirth, repeating the story as "an excellent thing" to every one as they came down to breakfast, especially to Lady Augusta, whom he congratulated the moment she entered the room upon her having danced the preceding evening with an apothecary. "Here he is!" said he, pointing to Mr. Mountague.

"*Ma chère amie! mon cœur!* tink of my mistaking your Mr. Mountague for such a sort of person. If you had only told me, sir, dat you were Miladi Augusta's partner last night, it would saved me de necessity of making ten million apologies for my stupidity, dat could not find it out. *Ma chère amie! mon cœur!* Miladi Augusta, will you make my excuse?"

"*Ma chère amie! mon cœur!*" repeated Mr. Mountague to himself; "is it possible that this woman can be an intimate friend of Lady Augusta's?" What was his surprise when he discovered that Mademoiselle Panache had been her ladyship's governess! He fell into a melancholy reverie for some moments. "So she has been educated by

a vulgar, silly, conceited French governess," said he to himself; "but that is her misfortune, not her fault. She is very young, and a man of sense might make her what he pleased." When Mr. Mountague recovered from his reverie, he heard the company, as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table, begin to talk over the last night's ball.

"You did not tire yourself last night with dancing, my lord," said Dashwood.

"No; I hate dancing," replied Lord George. "I wish ladies would take to dancing with one another; I think that would be an excellent scheme."

An aunt of his lordship's who was present, took great offence at this suggestion of her nephew's. She had been used to the deference paid in former times to the sex, and she said she could not bear to see women give up their proper places in society. "Really, George," added she, turning to her nephew, "I wish you would not talk in this manner. The young men now give themselves the strangest airs. Lady S——, I will expose him: do you know, last night he was lolling at his full length upon a bench in the ball-room, while three young handsome ladies were standing opposite to him tired to death."

"They could not be more tired than I was, I am sure, ma'am."

"Why, you had not been dancing, and they had."

"Had they, ma'am? that was not my fault. I did not ask 'em to dance, and I don't see it was my business to ask 'em to sit down. I did not know who they were, at any rate," concluded his lordship, sullenly.

"You knew they were women, and as such entitled to your respect."

Lord George gave a sneering smile, looked at Dashwood, and pulled up his boot.

"Another thing: you were in the house three weeks with Miss Earl last summer; you met her last evening, and you thought proper not to take the least notice of her."

"Miss Earl, ma'am—was she there?"

"Yes; close to you, and you never even bowed to her."

"I did not see her, ma'am."

"Mrs. Earl spoke to you."

"I didn't hear her, ma'am."

"I told you of it at the moment."

"I didn't understand you, ma'am."

"Besides, ma'am," interposed Dashwood, "as to Miss Earl, if she meant that my lord should bow to her, she should have curtsied first to him."

"Curtsied first to him!"

"Yes; that's the rule—that's the thing now. The ladies are always to speak first."

"I have nothing more to say, if that be the case. Lady Augusta, what say you to all this?"

"Oh, that it's shocking, to be sure," said Lady Augusta, "if one thinks of it; so the only way is not to think about it."

"An excellent *bon mot*!" exclaimed Dashwood. "It's *thinking* that spoils conversation, and everything else."

"But," added Lady Augusta, who had observed that her *bon mot* was

not as much admired by all the company as by Dashwood, "I really only mean that one must do as other people do."

"*Assurément*," said Mademoiselle; "not dat I approve of de want of gallantry in our gentlemen, neider; but I tink Mademoiselle Earl is as stiff as de poker; and I don't approve of dat neider. *Je n'aime pas les prudés, moi*."

"But without prudery may not there be dignity of manners?" said the old lady, gravely.

"*Dignité!* Oh, I don't say nothing against *dignité* neider; not but I tink de English reserve is *de trop*. I tink a lady of a certain rank has always good *principes* enough, to be sure; and as to all de rest, *qu'importe?* dat's my notions."

Mr. Mountague looked with anxiety at Lady Augusta, to see what she thought of her governess's notions; but all that he could judge from her countenance was, that she did not think at all. "Well, she has time enough before her to learn to think," said he to himself. "I am glad she did not assent to Mademoiselle's *notions*, at least. I hope she has learned nothing from her but '*the true French pronunciation*.'"

No sooner was breakfast finished, than Lord George — gave his customary morning yawn, and walked as usual to the window.

"Come," said Dashwood, in his free manner, "come, mademoiselle, you must come down with us to the water-side, and Lady Augusta, I hope."

"Ay," whispered Lord George to Dashwood, "and let's settle our wager about Mademoiselle and my blackamoor: don't think I'll let you off that."

"Off! I'm ready to double the bet, my lord," said Dashwood aloud, and in the same moment turned to Mademoiselle with some high-flown compliment about the beauty of her complexion, and the dangers of going without a veil on a hot sunny day.

"Well, Mr. Dashwood, when you've persuaded Mademoiselle to take the veil, we'll set out if you please," said Lady Augusta.

Mr. Mountague, who kept his attention continually upon Lady Augusta, was delighted to see that she waited for the elderly lady who at breakfast had said so much in favour of dignity of manners. Mr. Mountague did not at this moment consider that this elderly lady was Lord George's aunt, and that the attention paid to her by Lady Augusta might possibly proceed from motives of policy, not from choice. Young men of open tempers and generous dispositions are easily deceived by coquettes, because they cannot suspect or conceive the meanness of their artifices. As Mr. Mountague walked down to the river, Lady Augusta contrived to entertain him so completely, that Helen Temple never once came into his mind; though he had sense enough to perceive his danger, he had not sufficient *courage* to avoid it: it sometimes requires courage to flee from danger. From this agreeable *tête-à-tête* he was roused, however, by the voice of Mademoiselle Panache, who, in an affected agony, was struggling to get away from Dashwood, who held both her hands. "No! no! *Non! non!* I will not—I will not. I tell you I will not!"

"Nay, nay," said Dashwood, "but I have sworn to get you into the boat."

"Ah ! into de boat *à la bonne heure* ; but not wid dat villain black."

"Well, then, persuade Lord George to send back his man ; and you'll acknowledge, my lord, in that case it's a drawn bet?" said Dashwood.

"I ! not I ; I'll acknowledge nothing," replied his lordship ; and he swore his black Tom should not be sent away. "He's a capital boatman, and I can't do without him."

"Den I won't stir," said Mademoiselle passionately to Dashwood.

"Then I must carry you, must I?" cried Dashwood, laughing ; and immediately, to Mr. Mountague's amazement, a romping scene ensued between this tutor and governess, which ended in Dashwood's carrying Mademoiselle in his arms into the boat, amidst the secret derision of two footmen and the undisguised laughter of black Tom, who were spectators of the scene.

Mr. Mountague trembled at the thoughts of receiving a wife from the hands of a Mademoiselle Panache ; but turning his eye upon Lady Augusta, he thought that she blushed ; and this blush at once saved her in his opinion, and increased his indignation against her governess. Mademoiselle, being now alarmed, and provoked by the laughter of the servants, the dry sarcastic manner of Lord George, the cool air of Mr. Mountague, and the downcast looks of her pupil, suddenly turned to Dashwood, and in a high angry tone assured him "that she had never seen nobody have so much assurance ;" and she demanded furiously, "how he could ever tink to take such liberties wid her? Only tell me how you could dare to tink of it?"

"I confess I did not *think* as I ought to have done, mademoiselle," replied Dashwood, looking an apology to Lady Augusta, which, however, he took great care Mademoiselle should not observe. "But your bet, my lord, if you please," added he, attempting to turn it off in a joke ; "there was no scream ; my bet's fairly won."

"I assure you, sir, dis won't do ; it's no good joke, I promise you. *Ma chère amie, mon cœur*," cried Mademoiselle to Lady Augusta, "*Viens*, come, let us go. Don't touch dat," pursued she roughly to black Tom, who was going to draw away the plank that led to the shore. "I will go home dis minute, and speak to Miladi S——. *Viens, viens, ma chère amie !*" and she darted out of the boat, whilst Dashwood followed, in vain attempting to stop her. She prudently, however, took the longest way through the park, that she might have a full opportunity of *listening to reason*, as Dashwood called it ; and before she reached home she was perfectly convinced of the expediency of moderate measures, "Let the thing rest where it is," said Dashwood ; "it's a joke, and there's an end of it ; but if you take it in earnest, you know the story might not tell so well, even if you told it ; and there would never be an end of it." All this, followed by a profusion of compliments, ratified a peace, which, the moment he had made, he laughed at himself for having taken so much trouble to effect ; whilst Mademoiselle rested in the blessed persuasion that Dashwood was desperately in love with her ; nay, so little knowledge had she of the human heart, as to believe that the scene which had just passed was a proof of his passion.

"I wonder where's Miladi Augusta? I tought she was wid me all dis time," said she.

"She's coming ; don't you see her at the end of the grove with Mr. Mountague? we have walked fast."

"Oh, she can't never walk so fast as me ; I tink I am as young as she is."

Dashwood assented, at the same time pondering upon the consequences of the attachment which he saw rising in Mr. Mountague's mind for Lady Augusta. If a man of sense were to gain an influence over her, Dashwood feared that all his hopes would be destroyed, and he resolved to use all his power over Mademoiselle to prejudice her, and by her means to prejudice her pupil against this gentleman. Mademoiselle's having begun by taking him for an *apothicaire* was a circumstance much in favour of Dashwood's views, because she thought herself pledged to justify, or at least to persist in her opinion, that he did not look like "*un homme comme il faut*."

In the meantime Mr. Mountague was walking slowly towards them with Lady Augusta, who found it necessary to walk as slowly as possible because of the heat. He had been reflecting very soberly upon her ladyship's late blush, which, according to his interpretation, said, as plainly as a blush could say, all that the most refined sense and delicacy could dictate. Yet such is, upon some occasions, the inconsistency of the human mind, that he by no means felt *sure* that the lady blushed at all. Her colour was, perhaps, a shade higher than usual, but then it was hot weather, and she had been walking. The doubt, however, Mr. Mountague thought proper to suppress ; and the reality of the blush once thoroughly established in his imagination, formed the foundation of several ingenious theories of moral sentiment, and some truly logical deductions. A passionate admirer of grace and beauty, he could not help wishing that he might find Lady Augusta's temper and understanding equal to her personal accomplishments. When we are very anxious to discover perfections in any character, we generally succeed, or fancy that we succeed. Mr. Mountague quickly discovered many amiable and interesting qualities in this fair lady ; and though he perceived some defects, he excused them to himself with most philosophic ingenuity.

"Affectation," the judicious Locke observes, "has always the laudable aim of pleasing." Upon this principle Mr. Mountague could not reasonably think of it with severity. "From the desire of pleasing," argued he, "proceeds not only all that is amiable, but much of what is most estimable in the female sex. This desire leads to affectation and coquetry, to folly and vice, only when it is extended to unworthy objects. The moment a woman's wish to please becomes discriminative, the moment she feels any attachment to a man superior to the vulgar herd, she not only ceases to be a coquette, but she exerts herself to excel in everything that he approves, and from her versatility of manners she has the happy power of adapting herself to his taste, and of becoming all that his most sanguine wishes could desire." The proofs of this discriminative taste, and the first symptoms of this salutary attachment to a man superior to the vulgar herd, Mr. Mountague thought he discerned very plainly in Lady Augusta, nor did he ever forget that she was but eighteen. "She is so very young," said he to himself, "that it is but reasonable I should constantly consider what she may become,

rather than what she is." To do him justice, we should observe that her ladyship at this time, with all the address of which so young a lady was capable, did everything in her power to confirm Mr. Mountague in his favourable sentiments of her.

Waiting for some circumstance to decide his mind, he was at length determined by the generous enthusiasm, amiable simplicity, and candid good sense, which Lady Augusta showed in speaking of a favourite friend of hers, of whom he could not approve. This friend, Lady Diana, was one of the rude ladies who had laughed with so much ill-nature at Helen's white and black shoes at the archery ball. She was a dashing, rich, extravagant, fashionable widow, affecting bold horsemanlike manners, too often "touching the brink of all we hate," without exciting any passions allied to love. Her look was almost an oath; her language was suitable to her looks; she swore, and dressed to the height of the fashion; she could drive four horses in hand; was a desperate huntress; and so loud in the praises of her dogs and horses, that she intimidated even sportsmen and jockeys. She talked so much of her favourite horse Spanker, that she acquired, amongst a particular set of gentlemen, the appellation of my Lady Di Spanker. Lady Augusta perceived that the soft affectations remarkable in her own manners were in agreeable contrast in the company of this masculine dame: she therefore cultivated her acquaintance, and Lady S—— could make no objection to a woman who was well received everywhere; she was rather flattered to see her daughter taken notice of by this dashing belle; consequently Lady Di Spanker (for by that name we also shall call her) frequently rode over from Cheltenham, which was some miles distant from S—— Hall. One morning she called upon Lady Augusta, and insisted upon her coming out to try her favourite horse. All the gentlemen went down immediately to assist in putting her ladyship on horseback; this was quite unnecessary, for Lady Diana took that office upon herself. Lady Augusta was all timidity, and was played off to great advantage by the rough raillery of her friend. At length she conquered her fears so much as to seat herself upon the side-saddle; her riding-mistress gathered up the reins for her, and fixed them properly in her timid hands; then armed her with her whip, exhorting her "for Heaven's sake not to be such a coward!" Scarcely was the word *coward* pronounced, when Lady Augusta, by some unguarded motion of her whip, gave offence to her high-mettled steed, who instantly began to rear: there was no danger, for Mr. Mountague caught hold of the reins, and Lady Augusta was dismounted in perfect safety.

"How now, Spanker!" exclaimed Lady Di, in a voice calculated to strike terror into the nerves of a horse; "how now, Spanker!" and mounting him with masculine boldness of gesture, "I'll teach you, sir, who's your mistress," continued she; "I'll make you pay for these tricks!" Spanker reared again, and Lady Di gave him what she called "a complete dressing."

In vain Lady Augusta screamed; in vain the spectators entreated the angry amazon to spare the whip; she persisted in beating Spanker till she fairly mastered him. When he was perfectly subdued, she dis-

mounted with the same carelessness with which she had mounted, and giving the horse to her groom, pushed back her hat, and looked round for applause. Lord George, roused to a degree of admiration which he had never before been heard to express for anything female, swore that in all his life he had never seen anything better done; and Lady Di Spanker received his congratulations with a loud laugh and a hearty shake of the hand. "Walk him about, Jack," added she, turning to the groom who held her horse; "walk him about, for he's all in a lather, and when he's cool bring him up here again. And then, my dear child," said she to Lady Augusta. "you shall give him a fair trial."

"I! Oh! never, never!" cried Lady Augusta, shrinking back with a faint shriek. "This is a trial to which you must not put my friendship. I must insist upon leaving Spanker to your management: I would not venture upon him again for the universe."

"How can you talk so like a child—so like a woman!" cried her friend.

"I confess I am a very woman," said Lady Augusta, with a sigh, "and I fear I shall never be otherwise."

"*Fear!*" repeated Mr. Mountague, to whom even the affectation of feminine softness and timidity appeared at this instant charming, from the contrast with the masculine intrepidity and disgusting coarseness of Lady Diana Spanker's manners. The tone in which he pronounced the single word *fear* was sufficient to betray his feelings towards both the ladies. Lady Di gave him a look of sovereign contempt.

"All I know and can tell you," cried she, "is that *fear* should never get a-horseback." Lord George burst into one of his loud laughs. "But as to the rest, *fear* may be a confounded good thing in its proper place; but they say it's catching, so I must run away from you, child," said she to Lady Augusta. "Jack, bring up Spanker; I've twenty miles to ride before dinner. I've no time to lose," pulling out her watch. "Faith! I've fooled away an hour here. Spanker must make it up for me. God bless ye all! Good bye!" and she mounted her horse and galloped off full speed.

"God bless ye! Good bye to ye, Lady Di Spanker," cried Dashwood, the moment she was out of hearing. "Heaven preserve us from amazons!"

Lord George did not say *Amen*. On the contrary, he declared she was a fine, dashing woman, and seemed to have a great deal of blood about her. Mr. Mountague watched Lady Augusta's countenance in silence, and was much pleased to observe that she did not assent to his lordship's encomiums. "She has good sense enough to perceive the faults of her new friend; and now her eyes are open she will no longer make a favourite companion, I hope, of this odious woman," thought he.

"I am afraid, I am sadly afraid you are right," said Lady Augusta, going up to the elderly lady, whom we formerly mentioned, who had seen all that had passed from the open windows of the drawing-room. "I own I *do* see something of what you told me the other day you disliked so much in my friend Lady Di." And Lady Augusta gave the candid sigh of expiring friendship as she uttered these words.

"Do you know," cried Dashwood, "that this spanking horsewoman

has frightened us all out of our senses? I vow to Heaven I never was so terrified in my life, as when I saw you, Lady Augusta, upon that vicious animal."

"To be sure," said Lady Augusta, "it was very silly of me to venture. I almost broke my neck out of *pure friendship*."

"It is well it is no worse," said the elderly lady. "If a fall from a horse was the worst evil to be expected from a friendship with a woman of this sort, it would be nothing very terrible."

Lady Augusta, with an appearance of ingenuous candour, sighed again, and replied, "It is so difficult to see any imperfections in those one loves! Forgive me if I spoke with too much warmth, madam, the other day, in vindication of my friend. I own I ought to have paid more deference to your judgment and knowledge of the world, so much superior to my own; but certainly I must confess the impropriety of her amazonian manners, as Mr. Dashwood calls them, never struck my partial eyes till this morning. Nor could I, nor would I, believe half the world said of her; indeed, even now I am persuaded she is in the main quite irreproachable; but I feel the truth of what you said to me, madam, that young women cannot be too careful in the choice of their female friends; that we are judged of by our companions. How unfairly one must be judged of sometimes!" concluded her ladyship, with a look of pensive reflection.

Mr. Mountague never thought her half so beautiful as at this instant. "How *mind* embellishes beauty!" thought he. "And what quality of the mind more amiable than candour? All that was wanting to her character was reflection, and could one expect so much reflection as this from a girl of eighteen, who has been educated by a Mademoiselle Panache?"

Our readers will observe that this gentleman now reasoned like a madman, but not like a fool: his deductions from the appearances before him were admirable, but these appearances were false. He had not observed that Lady Augusta's eyes were opened to the defects of her amazonian friend in the very moment that Lord George was roused to admiration by this horseman belle. Mr. Mountague did not perceive that the candid reflections addressed to his lordship's aunt were the immediate consequence of female jealousy.

The next morning at breakfast Lord George was summoned three times before he made his appearance; at length he burst in with a piece of news he had just heard from his groom,—that Lady D. Spanker, in riding home full gallop the preceding day, had been thrown from her horse by an old woman. "Faith! I couldn't believe the thing," added Lord George, with a loud laugh, "for she certainly sits a horse better than any woman in England; but my groom had the whole story from the granddaughter of the old woman who was run over."

"Run over!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, "was the poor woman run over? Was she hurt?"

"Hurt! yes, she was hurt, I fancy," said Lord George. "I never heard of anybody's being run over without being hurt. The girl has a petition, that will come up to us just now, I suppose. I saw her in the back yard as I came in."

"Oh! let us see the poor child," said Lady Augusta; "do let us have her called to this window."

The window opened down to the ground, and as soon as the little girl appeared with the petition in her hand, Lady Augusta threw open the sash, and received it from her timid hand with a smile, which to Mr. Mountague seemed expressive of sweet and graceful benevolence. Lady Augusta read the petition with much feeling, and her lover thought her voice never before sounded so melodious. She wrote her name eagerly at the head of a subscription. The money she gave was rather more than the occasion required; but, thought Mr. Mountague,

"If the generous spirit flow
Beyond where prudence fears to go,
Those errors are of nobler kind
Than virtues of a narrow mind."*

By a series of petty artifices, Lady Augusta contrived to make herself appear most engaging and amiable to this artless young man; but the moment of success was to her the moment of danger. She was little aware that when a man of sense began to think seriously of her as a wife, he would require very different qualities from those which please in public assemblies. Her ladyship fell into a mistake not uncommon in her sex: she thought that "love blinds when once he wounds the swain."† Coquettes have sometimes penetration sufficient to see what will please their different admirers; but even those who have that versatility of manners which can be all things to all men, forget that it is possible to support an assumed character only for a time: the moment the immediate motive for dissimulation diminishes, the power of habit acts, and the real disposition and manners appear.

When Lady Augusta thought herself sure of her captive, and consequently when the power of habit was beginning to act with all its wonted force, she was walking out with him in a shrubbery near the house; and Mademoiselle, with Mr. Dashwood, who generally was the gallant partner of her walks, accompanied them. Mademoiselle stopped to gather some fine carnations: near the carnations was a rose-tree, of which the buds had been pulled off early in the spring, and which flowered, therefore, later than usual. Mr. Mountague, as three of these roses, one of them in full blow, one half blown, and another a pretty bud, caught his eye, recollected a passage in Berkeley's romance of "*Gaudenzio di Lucca*."‡ "Did you ever happen to meet with '*Gaudenzio di Lucca*'? do you recollect the story of Berilla, Lady Augusta?" said he.

"No, I have never heard of Berilla,—what is the story?" said she.

"I wish I had the book," said Mr. Mountague; "I cannot do it justice, but I will borrow it for you from Miss Helen Temple. I lent it to her some time ago; I daresay she has finished reading it."

At these words Lady Augusta's desire to have "*Gaudenzio di Lucca*" suddenly increased, and she expressed vast curiosity to know the story of Berilla. "And pray what put you in mind of this book just now?" said she.

* Soame Jenyns,

† Collins's "*Eclogues*."

‡ "*Gautendio di Lucca*," p. 202.

"These roses. In Berkeley's 'Utopia,' which he calls Mezzorania (every philosopher, you know, Mr. Dashwood, must have a 'Utopia,' under whatever name he pleases to call it), in Mezzorania, Lady Augusta, gentlemen did not, as amongst us, make declarations of love by artificial words, but by natural flowers. The lover in the beginning of his attachment declared it to his mistress by the offer of an opening bud; if she felt favourably inclined towards him, she accepted and wore the bud. When time had increased his affection—for in Mezzorania it is supposed that time increases affection for those that deserve it—the lover presented a half-blown flower; and after this also was graciously accepted, he came, we may suppose, not very long afterward, with a full-blown flower, the emblem of mature affection. The ladies who accepted these full-blown flowers, and wore them, were looked upon amongst the simple Mezzoraniens as engaged for life; nor did the gentlemen, when they offered their flowers, make one single protestation or vow of eternal love, yet they were believed, and deserved, it is said, to be so."

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est? Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" repeated Mademoiselle several times to Dashwood whilst Mr. Mountague was speaking; she did not understand English sufficiently to comprehend him, and Dashwood was obliged to make the thing intelligible to her in French. Whilst he was occupied with her, Mr. Mountague gathered three roses, a bud, a half-blown, and a full-blown rose, and playfully presented them to Lady Augusta for her choice. "I'm dying to see this 'Gaudentio di Lucca;' you'll get the book for me to-morrow from Miss Helen Temple, will you?" said Lady Augusta, as she, with a coquettish smile, took the rose-bud and put it into her bosom.

"*Bon!*" cried Mademoiselle, stooping to pick up the full-blown rose, which Mr. Mountague threw away carelessly; "*bon!* but it is great pity dis should be thrown away."

"It is not thrown away upon Mademoiselle Panache," said Dashwood.

"Dat may be," said Mademoiselle; "but I observe, wid all your fine compliment, you let me stoop to pick it up for myself—*à l'Anglaise!*"

"*A la Française*, then," said Dashwood, laughing, "permit me to put it into your nosegay."

"Dat is more dan you deserve," replied Mademoiselle. "*Eh! non, non.* I can accommodate it, I tell you, to my own taste best." She settled and resettled the flower; but suddenly she stopped, uttered a piercing shriek, plucked the full-blown rose from her bosom, and threw it upon the ground with a theatrical look of horror. A black earwig now appeared creeping out of the rose: he was running away, but Mademoiselle pursued, set her foot upon him, and crushed him to death.

"Oh! I hope to Heaven, Mr. Mountague, there are none of these vile creatures in the bud you've given me!" exclaimed Lady Augusta. She looked at her bud as she spoke, and espied upon one of the leaves a small green caterpillar: with a look scarcely less theatrical than Mademoiselle's, she tore off the leaf and flung it from her; then, from habitual imitation of her governess, she set her foot upon the harmless caterpillar, and crushed it in a moment.

In the same moment Lady Augusta's whole person seemed metamorphosed to the eyes of her lover. She ceased to be beautiful ; he seemed to see her countenance distorted by malevolence ; he saw in her gestures disgusting cruelty, and all the graces vanished.

When Lady Augusta was a girl of twelve years old, she saw Mademoiselle Panache crush a spider to death without emotion ; the lesson on humanity was not lost upon her. From imitation she learned her governess's foolish terror of insects ; and from example she was also taught that species of cruelty by which at eighteen she disgusted a man of humanity who was in love with her. Mr. Mountague said not one word upon the occasion. They walked on. A few minutes after the caterpillar had been crushed, Lady Augusta exclaimed, "Why, Mademoiselle, what have you done with Fanfan ? I thought my dog was with us : for Heaven's sake, where is he ?"

"He is run, he is run on," replied Mademoiselle.

"Oh, he'll be lost ! he ran down the avenue, quite out upon the turnpike-road. I am sure I was frightened to death when Mr. Dashwood told me of it. Fanfan ! Fanfan !"

"Don't alarm, don't distress yourself," cried Dashwood ; "if your ladyship will permit me, I'll see for Fanfan instantly, and bring her back to you, if she is to be found in the universe."

"Oh, la ! don't trouble yourself ; I only spoke to Mademoiselle, who regularly loses Fanfan when she takes him out with her."

Dashwood set out in search of the dog ; and Lady Augusta, overcome with affectation, professed herself unable to walk one yard farther, and sank down upon a seat under a tree in a very graceful, languid attitude. Mr. Mountague stood silent beside her. Mademoiselle went on with a voluble defence of her conduct towards Fanfan, which lasted till Dashwood reappeared, hurrying towards them with the dog in his arms. "*Ah, le voilà ! chère Fanfan !*" exclaimed Mademoiselle.

"I am sure I really am excessively obliged to Mr. Dashwood, I must say," cried Lady Augusta, looking reproachfully at Mr. Mountague. "I observe Mr. Mountague is vastly too polite to believe in vulgar proverbs," said she, looking down upon her rose-bud, and pulling a leaf from it ; "he expects also that I should have no faith in them either. Love me, love my dog, you know, is a shocking vulgar proverb, isn't it ?"

Mr. Mountague was saved from the difficulty of reply by Dashwood's near approach, who with panting, breathless eagerness announced a terrible misfortune—that Fanfan had got a thorn or something in his fore-foot. Lady Augusta received Fanfan upon her lap with expressions of the most tender condolence, and Dashwood knelt down at her feet to sympathize in her sorrow and to examine the dog's paws. Mademoiselle produced a needle to extract the thorn.

"I wish we had a magnifying-glass," said Dashwood, looking with strained solicitude at the wound.

"Oh, you insensible monster ! positively you shan't touch Fanfan," cried Lady Augusta, guarding her lap-dog from Mr. Mountague, who stooped now, for the first time, to see what was the matter. "Don't touch him, I say ; I would not trust him to you for the universe ; I know you hate lap-dogs. You'll kill him, you'll kill him."

"I kill him ! Oh, no," said Mr. Mountague, "I would not even kill a caterpillar."

Lady Augusta coloured at these words ; but she recovered herself when Dashwood laughed, and asked Mr. Mountague how long it was since he had turned Brahmin, and how long since he had professed to like caterpillars and earwigs.

"*Bon Dieu !*—earwig !" interrupted Mademoiselle ; "is it possible that monsieur, or anybody dat has sense, can like *dose* earwig ?"

"I do not remember," answered Mr. Mountague, calmly, "ever to have professed any *liking* for earwigs."

"Well, *pity*,—you profess pity for them," said Mr. Dashwood ; "and pity, you know, is 'akin to love.' Pray, did your ladyship ever hear of the man who had a pet toad ?"*

"Oh, the odious wretch !" cried Lady Augusta, affectedly ; "but how could the man bring himself to like a toad ?"

"He began by *pitying* him, I suppose," said Dashwood. "For my part, I own, I must consider that man to be in a most enviable situation whose heart is sufficiently at ease to sympathize with the insect creation."

"Or with the brute creation ?" said Mr. Mountague, smiling, and looking at Fanfan, whose paw Dashwood was at this instant nursing with infinite tenderness.

"Oh, gentlemen, let us have no more of this, for Heaven's sake !" said Lady Augusta, interposing with affected anxiety, as if she imagined a quarrel would ensue. "Poor dear Fanfan, you would not have anybody quarrel about you, would you, Fanfan ?" She rose as she spoke, and delivering the dog to Dashwood to be carried home, she walked towards the house, with an air of marked displeasure towards Mr. Mountague.

Her ladyship's displeasure did not affect him as she expected. Her image, her gesture, stamping upon the caterpillar, recurred to her lover's mind many times in the course of the evening and in the silence of the night, and whenever the idea of her came into his mind, it was attended with this picture of active cruelty.

"Has your ladyship," said Mr. Mountague, addressing himself to Lady S——, "any commands for Mrs. Temple ? I am going to ride over to see her this morning."

Lady S—— said that she would trouble him with a card for Mrs. Temple—a card of invitation for the ensuing week.

"And pray don't forget my kindest remembrances," cried Lady Augusta, "especially to Miss Helen Temple ; and if she should have entirely finished the book we were talking of, I should be glad to see it."

When Mr. Mountague arrived at Mrs. Temple's, he was shown into the usual sitting-room ; the servant told him that none of the ladies were at home, but that they would soon return, he believed, from their walk, as they were gone only to a cottage at about half a mile's distance.

The room in which he had passed so many agreeable hours awakened in his mind a number of dormant associations. Work, books, drawing, writing ! he saw everything had been going forward just as usual in his

absence. "All the domestic occupations," thought he, "which make *home* delightful, are here ; I see nothing of these at S—— Hall." Upon the table, near a neat work-basket, which he knew to be Helen's, lay an open book ; it was "Gaudenzio di Lucca." Mr. Mountague recollected the bud he had given to Lady Augusta, and he began to whistle—but not for want of thought. A music-book on the desk of the piano-forte caught his eye ; it was open at a favourite lesson of his, which he remembered to have heard Helen play the last evening he was in her company. Helen was no great proficient in music, but she played agreeably enough to please her friends, and she was not ambitious of exhibiting her accomplishments. Lady Augusta, on the contrary, seemed never to consider her accomplishments as occupations, but as the means of attracting admiration. To interrupt the comparison which Mr. Mountague was beginning to enter into between her ladyship and Helen, he thought the best thing he could do was to walk to meet Mrs. Temple, wisely considering, that putting the body in motion sometimes stops the current of the mind. He had at least observed that his schoolfellow Lord George—— seemed to find this a specific against thought ; and for once he was willing to imitate his lordship's example, and to hurry about from place to place without being in a hurry. He rang the bell, inquired in haste which way the ladies were gone, and walked after them like a man who had the business of the nation upon his hands ; yet he slackened his pace when he came near the cottage where he knew that he was to meet Mrs. Temple and her daughters. When he entered the cottage, the first object that he saw was Helen, sitting by the side of a decrepit old woman, who was resting her head upon a crutch, and who seemed to be in pain ; this was the poor woman who been run over by Lady Di Spanker. A farmer, who lived near Mrs. Temple, and who was coming homewards at the time the accident happened, had the humanity to carry the wretched woman to this cottage, which was occupied by one of Mrs. Temple's tenants. As soon as the news reached Mrs. Temple, she sent for a surgeon, and went with her daughters to give that species of consolation which the rich and happy can so well bestow upon the poor and miserable—the consolation not of gold, but of sympathy. Without benevolent sympathy, the mind of the sufferer is wounded even by charity.

There was no affectation, no ostentation of sensibility, Mr. Mountague observed, in this cottage scene ; the ease and simplicity of Helen's manner never appeared to him more amiable. He recollected Lady Augusta's picturesque attitude when she was speaking to this old woman's granddaughter ; but there was something in what he now beheld that gave him more the idea of nature and reality : he heard, he saw, that much had actually been *done* to relieve distress, and done when there were no spectators to applaud or admire. Slight circumstances show whether the mind be intent upon self or not. An awkward servant-girl brushed by Helen whilst she was speaking to the old woman, and with a great black kettle, which she was going to set upon the fire, blackened Helen's white dress in a manner which no lady intent upon her personal appearance could have borne with patience. Mr. Mountague saw the black streaks before Helen perceived them, and when

the maid was reproved for her carelessness, Helen's good-natured smile assured her "that there was no great harm done."

When they returned home, Mr. Mountague found that Helen conversed with him with all her own ingenuous freedom; but there was something more of softness and dignity, and less of sprightliness, than formerly in her manner. Even this happened to be agreeable to him, for it was in contrast with the constant appearance of effort and artificial brilliancy conspicuous in the manners of Lady Augusta: he felt a sort of relief, like what the eye feels, which, after having been over-excited and fatigued by strong light or gaudy colours, rests upon refreshing green. The constant round of cards and company, the noise and bustle at S—— Hall, made it more like town than country life, and he had often observed that, in the intervals between dressing and visiting and gallantry, his *belle maîtresse* was frequently subject to languor and *ennui*. He recollected that in the many domestic hours he had spent at Mrs. Temple's, he had never beheld this French demon, who makes the votaries of dissipation and idleness his victims. What advantages has a man, in judging of female character, who can see a woman in the midst of her own family; who can "read her history" in the eyes of those who know her most intimately; who can see her conduct as a daughter and a sister, and in the most important relations of life can form a certain judgment, from what she has been, of what she is likely to be! But how can a man judge what sort of a wife he may probably expect in a lady whom he meets with only at public places, or whom he never sees even at her own house without all the advantages or disadvantages of *stage decoration*? A man who marries a showy entertaining coquette, and expects that she will make him a charming companion for life, commits as absurd a blunder as that of the famous nobleman who, delighted with the wit and humour of Punch at a puppet-show, bought Punch, and ordered him to be sent home for his private amusement.

Whether all or any of these reflections occurred to Mr. Mountague during his morning visit at Mrs. Temple's we cannot pretend to say, but his silence and absence seemed to show that his thoughts were busily engaged. Never did Helen appear to him so amiable as she did this morning, when the dignity, delicacy, and simplicity of her manners were contrasted in his imagination with the caprice and coquetry of his new mistress. He felt a secret idea that he was beloved, and a sober certainty that Helen had a heart capable of sincere and permanent affection, joined to a cultivated understanding and reasonable principles, which would wear through life, and insure happiness with power superior to the magic of passion.

It was with some difficulty that he asked Helen for "Gaudentio di Lucca," and with yet greater difficulty that he took leave of her. As he was riding towards S—— Hall, "revolving in his altered mind the various turns of fate below," he was suddenly roused from his meditations by the sight of a phaeton overturned in the middle of the road, another phaeton-and-four empty, and a group of people gathered near a bank by the road-side. Mr. Mountague rode up as fast as possible to the scene of action: the overturned phaeton was Lord George's; the

other, Lady Di Spanker's; the group of people was composed of several servants, Lord George, Lady Di, and Mademoiselle, all surrounding a fainting fair one, who was no other than Lady Augusta herself. Lord George was shaking his own arms, legs, and head, to make himself sure of their safety. Lady Di eagerly told the whole story to Mr. Mountague, that Lord George had been running races with her, and by his confounded bad driving had overturned himself and Lady Augusta. "Poor thing, she's not hurt at all, luckily; but she's terrified to death as usual, and she has been going from one fainting-fit to another."

"*Bon Dieu!*" interrupted Mademoiselle, "but what will Miladi S— say to us? I wish Miladi Augusta would come to her senses."

Lady Augusta opened her beautiful eyes, and just came sufficiently to her senses to observe who was looking at her: she put aside Mademoiselle's smelling-bottle, and in a soft voice begged to have her own salts. Mademoiselle felt in one of her ladyship's pockets for the salts in vain; Lady Di plunged her hand into the other pocket, and pulled out in the first place a book, which she threw upon the bank, and then came out the salts. In due time the lady was happily restored to the full use of her senses, and was put into her mother's coach, which had been sent for to convey her home. The carriages drove away, and Mr. Mountague was just mounting his horse, when he saw the book which had been pulled out of Lady Augusta's pocket, and which by mistake was left where it had been thrown upon the grass. What was his astonishment when, upon opening it, he saw one of the very worst books in the French language—a book which never could have been found in the possession of any woman of delicacy, of decency. Her lover stood for some minutes in silent amazement, disgust, and, we may add, terror.

These feelings had by no means subsided in his mind when, upon his entering the drawing-room at S— Hall, he was accosted by Mademoiselle Panache, who, with no small degree of alarm in her countenance, inquired whether he knew anything of the book which had been left upon the road. No one was in the room but the governess and her pupil: Mr. Mountague produced the book, and Lady Augusta received it with a deep blush.

"Put a good face upon the matter, at least," whispered her governess in French.

"I can assure you," said her ladyship, "I don't know what's in this book—I never opened it: I got it this morning at the circulating library at Cheltenham; I put it into my pocket in a hurry. Pray what is it?"

"If you have not opened it," said Mr. Mountague, laying his hand upon the book, "I may hope that you never will; but this is the *second* volume."

"Maybe so," said Lady Augusta: "I suppose in my hurry I mistook—"

"She never had the first, I can promise you," cried Mademoiselle.

"Never," said Lady Augusta.

These assertions had not the power to convince: they were pronounced with much vehemence, but not with the simplicity of truth. Mr. Mountague was determined to have the point cleared up, and he immediately offered to ride back to Cheltenham and return the second

volume. At this proposal, Lady Augusta, who foresaw that her falsehood would be detected, turned pale; but Mademoiselle, with a laugh of effrontery, which she thought was putting a good face upon the matter, exclaimed, "What a piece of work and *tintamarre* for noting! Will de house come down over our head for having dis book in it?—what occasion to ride and lose your dinner at dis time of day for noting?"

"Is it *nothing*," said Mr. Mountague, "to make myself sure of a fact upon which——"

"Eh! what kind of a husband den will you make, I want to know," interrupted Mademoiselle, "when you begin in dis way wid your facts and your suspicions? Can you be so little of a gentleman," added she in a tone of raillery, "to question de word and truth of a fair lady?"

"I did not question it, that I recollect," replied Mr. Mountague; "I wished to put it out of my own power to 'doubt, yet doat; suspect, yet fondly love.' All confidence, all reasonable confidence, is surely founded upon the experience we have had; and a man who lays this foundation solidly in his own mind, does not appear to me to be in danger of becoming a suspicious husband."

Mademoiselle, who now saw that he was positively determined upon his ride to the circulating library, and knew the consequences, stopped him as he moved towards the door.

"Eh! listen to me. You may spare yourself de trouble of your ride," said she, "for de truth is, I have de first volume. *Mon Dieu!* I have not committed murder: do not look so shock; what signify what I read at my age?"

"But Lady Augusta, your pupil?" said Mr. Mountague.

"I tell you she has never read one word of it; and after all, is she a child now? When she was, Miladi S—— was very particular, and I, of consequence and of course, in de choice of her books; but now *oder affaire*—she is at liberty; and my maxim is *Tout est sain aux sains*."

Mr. Mountague's indignation was now strongly raised against this odious governess, and he looked upon her pupil with an eye of compassion. "So early, so young, tainted by the pernicious maxims of a worthless woman!"

"Eh, *donc!* what signify?—your silence and your salts," cried Mademoiselle, turning to her.

"If I *could* be spared this scene at present," said Lady Augusta, faintly,—"I really am not well. We had better talk over this business some other time, Mr. Mountague."

To this he acceded, and the lady gained more by her salts and silence than her governess did by her garrulous effrontery.

When she talked over the business with Mr. Mountague, she threw all the blame upon Mademoiselle, and she appeared extremely shocked and alarmed at the idea that she had lessened herself by her *folly*, as she called it, in the esteem of a man of superior sense and taste. It was, perhaps, possible that at this moment of her life her character might have taken a new turn—that she might really have been awakened to higher views and nobler sentiments than any she had ever yet known; but the baleful influence of her constant attendant and conductress

prevailed against her *better self*. Mademoiselle continually represented to her that she did not know or exert the whole of her power over Mr. Mountague, and she excited her to caprice and coquetry. The fate of trifling characters is generally decided by trifles. We must beg leave to relate the important history of a turban.

Mademoiselle Panache, who piqued herself much upon her skill as a milliner, made up a certain turban for Lady Augusta, which Dashwood admired extremely, but which Mr. Mountague had the misfortune not to think perfectly beautiful. Vexed that he should dare to differ from her in taste, Lady Augusta could not rest without endeavouring to make him give up his opinion. He thought that it was not worth while to dispute about a trifle, and though he could not absolutely say that it was pretty, he condescended so far as to allow that it might perhaps be pretty if it were put on differently.

"This is the way I always wear it,—everybody wears it so, and I shall not alter it," said Lady Augusta, who was quite out of temper.

Mr. Mountague looked grave: the want of temper was an evil which he dreaded beyond measure in a companion for life. Smiles and dimples usually adorned Lady Augusta's face, but these were artificial smiles. Now, passions which one would scarcely imagine such a trifle could excite, darkened her brow, and entirely altered the air of her whole person, so as to make it absolutely disagreeable to her admirer. Lord George, who was standing by, and who felt delighted with such scenes, winked at Dashwood, and with more energy than he usually expressed upon any subject, now pronounced that in his humble opinion the turban was quite the thing, and could not be better put on. Lady Augusta turned a triumphant insulting eye upon Mr. Mountague; he was silent. His silence she took as a token of submission: in fact, it was an expression of contempt. The next day at dinner her ladyship appeared in the same turban, put on sedulously in the same manner. Lord George seated himself beside her, and as she observed that he paid her unusual attention, she fancied that at length his icy heart would thaw. Always more intent upon making nets than upon making cages, Lady Augusta bent her mind upon captivating a new admirer. Mr. Mountague, she saw, was displeased, but she now really felt and showed herself indifferent to his opinion. How variable, how wretched, is the life of a coquette! The next day Lord George's heart froze again as hard as ever, and Lady Augusta lightened upon the impassive ice in vain. She was mortified beyond measure, for her grand object was conquest. Mr. Mountague she had taken pains to attract, that she might triumph over poor Helen; Dashwood, though far beneath her ladyship in fortune and in station, she deemed worth winning as a man of wit and gallantry. Lord George, to be sure, had little wit and less gallantry; but he was Lord George, and that is saying enough. In short, Lady Augusta exacted tribute to her vanity without any discrimination, and she counted her treasures by number and not by weight. A man of sense is mortified to see himself confounded with the stupid and the worthless.

Mr. Mountague, after having loved like a madman, felt it not in the least incumbent upon him to love like a fool. He had imprudently de-

clared himself an admirer of Lady Augusta's, but he now resolved never to unite himself to her without some reasonable prospect of happiness. Every day some petty cause of disagreement arose between them, whilst Mademoiselle, by her silly and impertinent interference, made matters worse. Mademoiselle had early expressed her strong abhorrence of prudes—her pupil seemed to have caught the same abhorrence. She saw that Mr. Mountague was alarmed by her spirit of coquetry, yet still it continued in full force. For instance, she would, in spite of his remonstrances, continually go out with Lord George in his phaeton, though she declared every time he handed her in "that she was certain he would break her neck." She would receive verses from Dashwood, and keep them enbalsmed in her pocket-book, though she allowed that she thought them "sad stuff."

However, in these verses, something more was meant than met the ear. He began with addressing a poem to her ladyship, called "The Turban," which her silly mother extolled with eagerness, and seemed to think by no means inferior to the "Rape of the Lock." Lady Augusta wrote a few lines in answer to "The Turban;" reply produced reply, nonsense nonsense, till Dashwood now and then forgot his poetical character. Lady Augusta forgave it; he of course forgot himself again into a lover in prose. For some time the sonnets were shown to Lady S——, but at length some were received which it was thought as well not to show to anybody. In short, between fancy, flattery, poetry, passion, jest, and earnest, Lady Augusta was drawn on till she hardly knew where she was, but Dashwood knew perfectly well where he was, and resolved to keep his ground resolutely.

When, encouraged by the lady's coquetry, he first formed his plans, he imagined that a promise of a wedding present would easily secure her governess. But this was a slight mistake: avarice happened not to be the ruling, or at least this time the reigning passion of Mademoiselle's mind; and quickly perceiving his error, he paid assiduous court to her vanity. She firmly believed that she had captivated him, and was totally blind to his real designs. The grand difficulty with Dashwood was not to persuade her of his passion, but to prevent her from believing him too soon; and he thought it expedient to delay completing his conquest of the governess till he had gained an equally powerful influence over her pupil. One evening, Dashwood, passing through a sheltered walk, heard Lady Augusta and Mr. Mountague talking very loudly and eagerly. They passed through the grove so quickly, that he could catch only the words "phaeton"—"imprudence."

"Pshaw! jealousy—nonsense!"

"Reasonable woman for a wife."

"Pooh! no such thing."

"My unalterable resolution" were the concluding words of Mr. Mountague, in a calm but decided voice; and "As you please, sir; I've no notion of giving up my will in everything," the concluding words of Lady Augusta, pronounced in a pettish tone, as she broke from him; yet pausing for a moment, Dashwood, to his great surprise and concern, heard her in a softer tone and a *but*, which showed she was not quite willing to break from Mr. Mountague for ever. Dashwood was alarmed

beyond measure ; but the lady did not long continue in this frame of mind, for upon going into her dressing-room to rest herself, she found her governess at the glass.

"*Bon Dieu!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle, turning round: "Miladi told me you was gone out—*mais qu'est-ce que c'est?—vous voilà pâle*; you are as white—*blanc comme mon linge*," cried she with emphasis, at the same time touching a handkerchief which was so far from white, that her pupil could not help bursting out into a laugh at the unfortunate illustration. "*Pauvre petite! tenez*," continued Mademoiselle, running up to her with salts, apprehensive that she was going into fits.

"I am not ill, thank you," said Lady Augusta, taking the smelling-bottle.

"But don't tell me dat," said Mademoiselle. "I saw you walking, out of de window, wid dat man, and I know dis is some new *démêlé* wid him. Come, *point de secret, mon enfant*. Has not he been giving you one good lecture?"

"Lecture!" said Lady Augusta, rising with becoming spirit; "no, mademoiselle, I am not to be lectured by anybody."

"No, to be sure, dat is what I say; and *surtout* not by a lover. *Quel homme!* why, I would not have him pay his court to me for all de world. Why, *pauvre petite*, he has made you look ten year older ever since he began to fall in love wid you. Dis what you call a lover in England? *Bon!* why, I know nothing of de matter, if he be one bit in love wid you, *mon enfant*."

"Oh, as to that, he certainly is in love with me: whatever other faults he has, I must do him justice."

"*Justice!* Oh, let him have justice, *de tout mon cœur*: but I say, if ne be a man in love, he is de oddest man in love I ever happen to see: he eat, drink, sleep, talk, laugh, *se possède tout comme un autre*. *Bon Dieu!* I would not give noting at all *myself* for such a sort of a lover. *Mon enfant*, dis is not de way I would wish to see you loved—dis is not de way no man ought for to dare for to love you."

"And how ought I to be loved?" asked Lady Augusta, impatiently.

"*La belle question!* Eh, don't everybody—de stupidest person in de world—know how dey ought to be love? *Mais passionément, éperdument*—dere is a—a *je ne sais quoi*, dat *infalliblement* distinguish de true lover from de false."

"Then," said Lady Augusta, "you really don't think that Mr. Mountague loves me?"

"Tink!" replied Mademoiselle, "I don't tink about it; but have not I said enough?—open your eyes—make your own *comparaisons*."

Before Lady Augusta had made her comparisons, a knock at the door from her maid came to let her know that Lord George was waiting.

"Ah! Milord George! I won't keep you den: *va-t'en*."

"But now, do you know, it was only because I just said that I was going out with Lord George, that Mr. Mountague made all this rout."

"Den let him make his route. *Qui'importe?* Miladi votre chère mère make no objections. *Quelle impertinence!* If he was milord duc he could not give himself no more airs. *Va, mon enfant*—dis a lover! *Quel homme! quel tyran!* and den of course when he grows to be a

husband, he will be worserer and worserer, and badderer and badderer, when he grows to be your husband."

"Oh," cried Lady Augusta, snatching up her gloves hastily, "my husband he shall never be, I am determined. So now I'll give him his *coup de grâce*."

"*Bon!*" said Mademoiselle, following her pupil; "and I must not miss to be by, for I shall love to see dat man mortify."

"You *are* going, then?" said Mr. Mountague, gravely, as he passed.

"Going, going, going, gone!" cried Lady Augusta, tripping carelessly by; and she gave her hand to the sulky lord; then springing into the phaeton, said as usual, "I know, my lord, you'll break my neck;" at the same time casting a look at Mr. Mountague, which seemed to say, "I hope you'll break *your heart* at least."

When she returned from her airing, the first glance at Mr. Mountague's countenance convinced her that her power was at an end. She was not the only person who observed this: Dashwood, under his air of thoughtless gaiety, watched all that passed with the utmost vigilance, and he knew how to avail himself of every circumstance that could be turned to his own advantage. He well knew that a lady's ear is never so happily prepared for the voice of flattery as after having been forced to hear that of sincerity. Dashwood contrived to meet Lady Augusta just after she had been mortified by her late admirer's total recovery of his liberty, and seizing well his moment, pressed his suit with gallant ardour. As he exhibited all those signs of passion which her governess would have deemed unequivocal, the young lady thought herself justified in not absolutely driving him to despair.

Where was Lady S—— all this time? Where? At the card-table, playing very judiciously at whist. With an indolent security, which will be thought incredible by those who have not seen similar instances of folly in great families, she let everything pass before her eyes without seeing it. Confident that her daughter, after having gone through the usual routine, would meet with some suitable establishment, that the settlements would then be the father's business, the choice of the jewels hers, she left her dear Augusta in the meantime to conduct herself, or, what was ten times worse, to be conducted by Mademoiselle Panache. Thus to the habitual indolence or temporary convenience of parents are the peace and reputation of a family secretly sacrificed. And we may observe that those who take the least precautions to prevent imprudence in their children are most enraged and implacable when the evil becomes irremediable.

In losing Mr. Mountague's heart, Lady Augusta's vanity felt a double pang, from the apprehension that Helen would probably recover her captive. Acting merely from the impulse of the moment, her ladyship was perfectly a child in her conduct: she seldom knew her own mind two hours together, and really did not foresee the consequences of any one of her actions. Half a dozen incompatible wishes filled her heart, or rather her imagination. The most immediate object of vanity had always the greatest power over her; and upon this habit of mind Dashwood calculated with security.

In the pride of conquest, her ladyship had rejoiced at her mother's

inviting Mrs. Temple and her daughters to an entertainment at S—— Hall, where she flattered herself that Mr. Mountague would appear as her declared admirer. The day, alas ! came ; but things had taken a new turn, and Lady Augusta was as impatient that the visit should be finished as she had been eager to have the invitation sent. Lady S—— was not precisely informed of all that was going on in her own house, as we have observed, and she was therefore a little surprised at the look of vexation with which her daughter heard that she had pressed Mrs. Temple to stay all night.

“My dear,” said Lady S——, “you know you can sleep in Made-moiselle’s room for this one night, and Miss Helen Temple will have yours. One should be civil to people, especially when one sees them but seldom.”

Lady Augusta was much out of humour with her mother’s ill-timed civility ; but there was no remedy. In the hurry of moving her things at night, Lady Augusta left in her dressing-table drawer a letter of Dashwood’s—a letter which she would not have had seen by Miss Helen Temple for any consideration. Our readers may imagine what her ladyship’s consternation must have been when the next morning Helen put the letter into her hand, saying, “There’s a paper you left in your dressing-table, Lady Augusta, at my mercy.” The ingenuous countenance of Helen, as she spoke, might have convinced any one but Lady Augusta that she was incapable of having opened this paper ; but her ladyship judged otherwise : she had no doubt that every syllable of the letter had been seen, and that her secret would quickly be divulged. The company had not yet assembled at breakfast. She retired precipitately to her own room, to consider what could possibly be done in this emergency. She at length resolved to apply to Mr. Mountague for assistance ; for she had seen enough of him to feel assured that he was a man of honour, and that she might safely trust him. When she heard him go downstairs to breakfast she followed, and contrived to give him a note, which he read with no small degree of surprise.

“How to apologize for myself I know not, nor have I one moment’s time to deliberate. Believe me, I feel my sensibility and delicacy severely wounded ; but an ill-fated uncontrollable passion must plead my excuse. I candidly own that my conduct must appear to you in a strange light ; but spare me, I beseech you, all reproaches, and pardon my weakness, for on your generosity and honour must I rely in this moment of distress.

“A letter of mine, a fatal letter from Dashwood, has fallen into the hands of Miss Helen Temple. All that I hold most dear is at her mercy. I am fully persuaded that were she to promise to keep my secret, nothing on earth would tempt her to betray me ; but I know she has so much the habit of speaking of everything to her mother, that I am in torture till this promise is obtained. Your influence I must depend upon. Speak to her, I conjure you, the moment breakfast is over ; and assure yourself of my unalterable gratitude.

“AUGUSTA ——.”

The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Mountague followed Helen into the library. A portfolio, full of prints, lay open on the table, and as he turned them over he stopped at a print of Alexander putting his seal to the lips of Parmenio, whom he detected reading a letter over his shoulder. Helen, as she looked at the print, said she admired the delicacy of Alexander's reproof to his friend; but observed that it was scarcely probable the seal should bind Parmenio's lips.

"How so?" said Mr. Mountague, eagerly.

"Because," said Helen, "if honour could not restrain his curiosity, it would hardly secure his secrecy."

"Charming girl!" exclaimed Mr. Mountague, with enthusiasm. Helen, struck with surprise and a variety of emotions, coloured deeply, "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Mountague, changing his tone, "for being so abrupt. You found a letter of Lady Augusta's last night. She is in great, I am sure needless, anxiety about it."

"Needless indeed. I did not think it necessary to assure Lady Augusta, when I returned her letter, that I had not read it. As she has mentioned this subject to you, I hope, sir, you will persuade her of the truth: you seem to be fully convinced of it yourself."

"I am, indeed, fully convinced of your integrity, of the generosity, the simplicity of your mind. May I ask whether you formed any conjecture—whether you know whom that letter was from?"

Helen, with an ingenuous look, replied, "Yes sir, I did form a conjecture; I thought it was from you."

"From me!" exclaimed Mr. Mountague. "I must undeceive you there; the letter was not mine. I am eager," continued he, smiling, "to undeceive you. I wish I might flatter myself this explanation could ever be half as interesting to you as it is to me. That letter was not mine, and I can never, in future, be on any other terms with Lady Augusta than those of a common acquaintance."

Here they were interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mademoiselle, followed by Dashwood, to whom she was talking with great earnestness. Mr. Mountague, when he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to think of Lady Augusta, wrote the following answer to her letter:

"Your ladyship may be perfectly at ease with respect to your note. Miss Helen Temple has not read it, nor has she, I am convinced, the slightest suspicion of its contents or its author. I beg leave to assure your ladyship that I am sensible of the honour of your confidence, and that you shall never have any reason to repent of having trusted in my discretion. Yet permit me, even at the hazard of appearing impertinent—at the still greater hazard of incurring your displeasure—to express my most earnest hope that nothing will tempt you to form a connection which, I am persuaded, would prove fatal to the happiness of your future life.—I am, with much respect, your ladyship's obedient servant,

"F. MOUNTAGUE."

Lady Augusta read this answer to her note with the greatest eagerness: the first time she ran her eye over it, joy to find her secret yet undiscovered suspended every other feeling; but, upon a second perusal

her ladyship felt extremely displeased by the cold civility of the style, and somewhat alarmed at the concluding paragraph. With no esteem and little affection for Dashwood, she had suffered herself to imagine that her passion for him was *uncontrollable*. What degree of felicity she was likely to enjoy with a man destitute equally of fortune and principle, she had never attempted to calculate; but there was something awful in the words, "I earnestly hope that nothing will tempt you to form a connection which will prove fatal to your future happiness." While she was pondering upon these words, Dashwood met her in the park, where she was walking alone. "Why so grave?" exclaimed he, with anxiety.

"I am only thinking that—I am afraid—I think this is a silly business. I wish, Mr. Dashwood, you wouldn't think any more of it, and give me back my letters."

Dashwood vehemently swore that her letters were dearer to him than life, and that the "last pang should tear them from his heart."

"But if we go on with all this," resumed Lady Augusta, "it will at last break my mother's heart, and Mademoiselle's into the bargain; besides, I don't half believe you; I really——"

"I really—what?" cried he, pouring forth protestations of passion, which put Mr. Mountague's letter entirely out of her head.

A number of small motives sometimes decide the mind in the most important actions of our lives, and faults are often attributed to passion which arise from folly. The pleasure of duping her governess, the fear of witnessing Helen's triumph over her lover's recovered affections, and the idea of the bustle and *éclat* of an elopement, all mixed together, went under the general denomination of love! Cupid is often blamed for deeds in which he has no share.

"But," resumed Lady Augusta, after making the last pause of expiring prudence, "what shall we do about Mademoiselle?"

"Poor Mademoiselle!" cried Dashwood, leaning back against a tree to support himself, whilst he laughed violently; "what do you think she is about at this instant?—packing up her clothes in a bandbox."

"Packing up her clothes in a bandbox!"

"Yes; she verily believes that I am dying with impatience to carry her off to Scotland, and at four o'clock to-morrow morning she trips downstairs, out of the garden door, of which she keeps the key, flies across the park, scales the gate, gains the village, and takes refuge with her good friend Miss Lacey, the milliner, where she is to wait for me. Now, in the meantime, the moment the coast is clear, I fly to you, my *real* angel."

"Oh, no, upon my word," murmured Lady Augusta, so faintly that Dashwood went on in exactly the same tone.

"I fly to you, my angel, and we shall be half-way on our trip to Scotland before Mademoiselle's patience is half exhausted, and before my Lady S—— is quite awake."

Lady Augusta could not forbear smiling at this idea; and thus, by an *unlucky* stroke of humour, was the grand event of her life decided.

Marmontel's well-known story, called "*Heureusement*," is certainly

not a moral tale : to counteract its effects, he should have written "Malheureusement," if he could.

Nothing happened to disconcert the measures of Lady Augusta and Dashwood.

The next morning Lady S—— came down, according to her usual custom, late to breakfast. Mrs. Temple, Helen, Emma, Lord George, Mr. Mountague, &c., were assembled. "Has not Mademoiselle made breakfast for us yet?" said Lady S——. She sat down, and expected every moment to see Mademoiselle Panache and her daughter make their appearance. But she waited in vain. Neither Mademoiselle, Lady Augusta, nor Dashwood were anywhere to be found. Everybody round the breakfast-table looked at each other in silence, waiting the event. "They are out walking, I suppose," said Lady S——, which supposition contented her for the first five minutes; but then she exclaimed, "It's very strange they don't come back!"

"Very strange—I mean rather strange," said Lord George, helping himself, as he spoke, to his usual quantity of butter, and then drumming upon the table, whilst Mr. Mountague all the time looked down and preserved a profound silence.

At length the door opened, and Mademoiselle Panache, in a riding-habit, made her appearance. "*Bon jour, miladi! Bon jour!*" said she, looking round at the silent party with a half-terrified, half-astonished countenance. "*Je vous demande mille pardons—Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" I have only been to take a walk dis morning into de village to de milliner's. She has disappointed me of my tings, dat kept me waiting; but I am come back in time for breakfast, I hope."

"But where is my daughter?" cried Lady S——, roused at last from her natural indolence—"where is Lady Augusta?"

"*Bon Dieu!* miladi, I don't know. *Bon Dieu!* in her bed I suppose. *Bon Dieu!*" exclaimed she a third time, and turned as pale as ashes. "But where den is Mr. Dashwood?" At this instant, a note directed to Mademoiselle was brought into the room; the servant said that Lady Augusta's maid had just found it upon her lady's toilet. Mademoiselle tore open the note.

"Excuse me to my mother; *you* can best plead my excuse. You will not see me again till I am

"AUGUSTA DASHWOOD."

"*Ah, scélérat! Ah, scélérat! Il m'a trahi!*" screamed Mademoiselle. She threw down the note, and sank upon the sofa in violent hysterics, whilst Lady S——, perceiving in one and the same moment her own folly and her daughter's ruin, fixed her eyes upon the words "Augusta Dashwood," and fainted. Mr. Mountague led Lord George out of the room with him, whilst Mrs. Temple, Helen, and her sister ran to the assistance of the unhappy mother and distressed governess.

As soon as Mademoiselle had recovered tolerable *composure*, she recollected that she had betrayed too violent emotion on this occasion. "*Il m'a trahi*" were words, however, that she could not recall; it was in vain she attempted to fabricate some apology for herself. No apology

could avail, for it was now too evident that she had *fatal reasons* to lament the loss of her lover. And whilst Lady S——, in silent anguish, wept for her own and her daughter's folly, the governess in loud and gross terms abused Dashwood, and reproached her pupil with having shown duplicity, ingratitude, and a *bad heart*.

"A bad education!" exclaimed Lady S——, with a voice of mingled anger and sorrow. "Leave the room, Mademoiselle—leave my house. How could I choose such a governess for my daughter? Yet, indeed," added her ladyship, turning to Mrs. Temple, "she was well recommended to me, and how could I foresee all this?"

To such an appeal, at such a time, there was no reply to be made: it is cruel to point out errors to those who feel that they are irreparable; but it is benevolent to point them out to others who have yet their choice to make.





THE KNAPSACK.*

Dramatis Personæ.

COUNT HELMAAR, *a Swedish Nobleman.*

CHRISTIERN, *a Swedish Soldier.*

ALEFTSON, *COUNT HELMAAR'S Fool.*

THOMAS, *a Footman.*

ELEONORA, *a Swedish Lady, beloved by*
COUNT HELMAAR.

CHRISTINA, *Sister to HELMAAR.*

ULRICA, *an old Housekeeper.*

CATHERINE, *Wife to CHRISTIERN.*

KATE and ULRIC, *the Son and Daughter of*
CATHERINE—they are six and seven years
old.

Serjeant and Party of Soldiers, a Train of Dancers, a Page, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Cottage in Sweden.—CATHERINE, *a young and handsome woman, is sitting at her spinning-wheel.*—A little Boy and Girl, *of six and seven years of age, are seated on the ground eating their dinner.*

CATHERINE *sings while she is spinning.*

HASTE from the wars, oh, haste to me,
The wife that fondly waits for thee;
Long, long the years, and long each day,
While my loved soldier's far away.

Haste from the wars, &c.

Lone every field, and lone this cot,

Where he, the soul of life, is not.

Haste from the wars, &c.

Dreams of wounds and death, away!

Vain my fears—oh, vain be they!

He's well—he's safe—he'll come, he'll come,
Make ready quick his happy home.

Little Girl [*starts up and clasps her hands*]. He'll come! he'll come!
Father do you mean, mother?

Little Boy. When will he come, mother? when,—to-day? to-morrow?

Cath. No, not to-day, nor to-morrow; but soon, I hope, very soon,
for they say the wars are over.

Little Girl. I am glad of that; and when father comes home, I'll
give him some of my flowers.

Little Boy [*who is still eating*]. And I'll give him some of my bread

* In the travels of M. Beaujolin into Sweden, he mentions having, in the year 1790, met carriages laden with the knapsacks of the Swedish soldiers who had fallen in battle in Finland. These carriages were escorted by peasants, who were relieved at every stage; and thus the property of the deceased was conveyed from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, and faithfully restored to their relations. The Swedish peasants are so remarkably honest, that scarcely anything is ever lost in these convoys of numerous and ill-secured packages.

and cheese, which he'll like better than flowers if he be as hungry as I am, and that, to be sure, he will be, after coming from such a long, long journey.

Little Girl. Long, long journey ! how long ?—how far is father off, mother ?—where is he ?

Little Boy. I know ; he is in—in—in—in—in Finland ; how far off, mother ?

Cath. A great many miles, my dear—I don't know how many.

Little Boy. Is it not two miles to the great house, mother, where we go to sell our faggots ?

Cath. Yes, about two miles. And now you had best set out towards the great house, and ask Mrs. Ulrica, the housekeeper, to pay you the little bill she owes you for faggots, there's good children ; and when you have been paid for your faggots, you can call at the baker's in the village and bring home some bread for to-morrow [*patting the little boy's head*]*—*you, that love bread and cheese so much, must work hard to get it.

Little Boy. Yes, so I will work hard,—then I shall have enough for myself and father too, when he comes. Come along, come [*to his sister*], and as we come home through the forest, I'll show you where we can get plenty of sticks for to-morrow, and we'll help one another.

LITTLE GIRL *sings.*

That's the best way,
At work and at play,
To help one another—I heard mother say—
To help one another—I heard mother say.

[*The children go off singing these words.*]

Cath. [*alone*]. Dear, good children, how happy their father will be to see them when he comes back ! [*She begins to eat the remains of the dinner which the children have left.*] The little rogue was so hungry, he has not left me much, but he would have left me all if he had thought that I wanted it ; he shall have a *good large bowl* of milk for supper ; it was but last night he skimmed the cream off his milk for me because he thought I liked it. Heigho ! God knows how long they may have milk to skim ; as long as I can work, they shall never want, but I'm not so strong as I used to be ; but then I shall get strong and all will be well when my husband comes back. [*A drum beats at a distance.*] Hark !—a drum !—some news from abroad, perhaps—nearer and nearer —[*she sinks upon a chair*]*—*why cannot I run to see—to ask ? [*The drum beats louder and louder.*] Fool that I am ! they will be gone ! they will be all gone ! [*She starts up. Exit running.*]

Scene changes to a high-road leading to a village.—A party of ragged, tired Soldiers, marching slowly—Serjeant ranges them.

Serj. Keep on, my brave fellows, keep on, we have not a great way farther to go ; keep on, my brave fellows, keep on through yonder village ! [*The drum beats. Soldiers exeunt.*]

Serj. [*alone*]. Poor fellows, my heart bleeds to see them ! the sad remains these of as fine a regiment as ever handled a musket. Ah !

I've seen them march quite another guess sort of way, when they marched, and I amongst them, to face the enemy—heads up—step firm—thus it was—quick time—march!—[*he marches proudly*]. My poor fellows, how they lag now!—[*looking after them*].—ay, ay, there they go, slower and slower: they don't like going through the village, nor do I either; for at every village we pass through, out come the women and children, running after us and crying, "Where's my father? What's become of my husband?" Stout fellow as I am, and a serjeant too, that ought to know better and set the others an example, I can't stand these questions.

Enter CATHERINE, breathless.

Cath. I—I—I've overtaken him at last.—Sir—Mr. Serjeant, one word. What news from Finland?

Serj. The best—the war's over. Peace is proclaimed.

Cath. [*clasping her hands joyfully*]. Peace! happy sound! Peace! The war's over—Peace!—And the regiment of Helmaar? [*The Serjeant appears impatient to get away.*] Only one word, good serjeant: when will the regiment of Helmaar be back?

Serj. All that remain of it will be home next week.

Cath. Next week! But—all that *remain*, did you say?—Then many have been killed?

Serj. Many—many—too many. Some honest peasants are bringing home the knapsacks of those who have fallen in battle. 'Tis fair that what little they had should come home to their families. Now, I pray you, let me pass on.

Cath. One word more: tell me, do you know, in the regiment of Helmaar, one Christiern Aleftson?

Serj. [*with eagerness*]. Christiern Aleftson! as brave a fellow and as good as ever lived, if it be the same that I knew.

Cath. As brave a fellow and as good as ever lived: oh, that's he! He is my husband; where is he?—where is he?

Serj. [*aside*]. She wrings my heart! [*Aloud*] He was——

Cath. Was!

Serj. He is, I hope, safe.

Cath. You *hope*!—don't look away, I must see your face; tell me all you know.

Serj. I know nothing for certain. When the peasants come with the knapsacks, you will hear all from them. Pray you, let me follow my men; they are already at a great distance.

[*Exit Serjeant, followed by CATHERINE.*]

Cath. I will not detain you an instant—only one word more!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An Apartment in COUNT HELMAAR'S Castle.—A train of Dancers—after they have danced for some time,

Enter a PAGE.

Page. Ladies! I have waited, according to your commands, till Count Helmaar appeared in the antechamber; he is there now along with the ladies Christina and Eleonora.

1st Dancer. Now is our time ; Count Helmaar shall hear our song to welcome him home.

2nd Dancer. None was ever more welcome.

3rd Dancer. But stay till I have breath to sing.

SONG.

I.
Welcome, Helmaar, welcome home,
In crowds your happy neighbours come,
To hail with joy the cheerful morn
That sees their Helmaar's safe return.

II.
No hollow heart, no borrow'd face,
Shall ever Helmaar's hall disgrace ;
Slaves alone on tyrants wait,
Friends surround the good and great.
Welcome, Helmaar, &c.

Enter ELEONORA, CHRISTINA, *and* COUNT HELMAAR.

Helmaar. Thanks, my friends, for this kind welcome.

1st Dancer [*looking at a black fillet on HELMAAR'S head*]. He has been wounded.

Christina. Yes, severely wounded.

Helmaar. And had it not been for the fidelity of the soldier who carried me from the field of battle, I should never have seen you more, my friends, nor you, my charming Eleonora. [*A noise of one singing behind the scenes.*] What disturbance is that, without?

Christina. 'Tis only Aleftson, the fool. In your absence, brother, he has been the cause of great diversion in the castle. I love to play upon him, it keeps him in tune: you can't think how much good it does him.

Helmaar. And how much good it does you, sister; from your childhood you had always a lively wit, and loved to exercise it; but do you waste it upon fools?

Christina. I'm sometimes inclined to think this Aleftson is more knave than fool.

Eleon. By your leave, Lady Christina, he is no knave, or I am much mistaken. To my knowledge he has carried his whole salary, and all the little presents he has received from us, to his brother's wife and children. I have seen him chuck his money, thus, at those poor little children when they have been at their play, and then run away, lest their mother should make them give it back.

Enter ALEFTSON, *the Fool, in a fool's coat, fool's cap, and bells—singing.*

I.
There's the courtier, who watches the nod of the great,
Who thinks much of his pension, and nought of the state,
When for ribbons and titles his honour he sells;
What is he, my friends, but a fool without bells?

II.
There's the gamester, who stakes on the turn of a die
His house and his acres, the devil knows why:
His acres he loses, his forests he fells;
What is he, my friends, but a fool without bells?

III.
There's the student so crabbed and wonderful wise,
With his *plus* and his *minus*, his exes and wies;
Pale at midnight, he pores o'er his magical spells;
What is he, my friends, but a fool without bells?

IV.

The lover, who's ogling, and rayming, and sighing,
 Who's musing, and pining, and whining, and dying,
 When a thousand of lies every minute lie tells;
 What is he, my friends, but a fool without bells?

V.

There's the lady so fine, with her airs and her graces,
 With a face like an angel's—if angels have faces;
 She marries, and Hymen the vision dispels;
 What's her husband, my friends, but a fool without bells?

Christina, Eleonora, Helmaar, &c.—Bravo! bravissimo! Excellent fool! Encore! [*The Fool folds his arms and begins to cry bitterly.*]

Christina. What now, Aleftson? I never saw you sad before. What's the matter?—speak! [*Fool sobs, but gives no answer.*]

Helm. Why do you weep so bitterly?

Aleft. Because I am a fool.

Helm. Many should weep, if that were cause sufficient.

Eleon. But, Aleftson, you have all your life till now been a merry fool.

Fool. Because always till now I was a fool, but now I'm grown wise; and 't is difficult to all but you, lady, to be merry and wise.

Christina. A pretty compliment; 't is a pity it was paid by a fool.

Fool. Who else should pay compliments, or who else believe them?

Christina. Nay, I thought it was the privilege of a fool to speak the truth without offence.

Fool. Fool as you take me to be, I'm not fool enough yet to speak truth to a lady, and think to do it without offence.

Eleon. Why, you have said a hundred severe things to *me* within this week, and have I ever been angry with you?

Fool. Never; for out of the whole hundred not one was true. But have a care, lady: fool as I am, you'd be glad to stop a fool's mouth with your white hand this instant, rather than let him tell the truth of you.

Christina [*laughing, and all the other ladies, except Eleonora, exclaim*] Speak on, good fool, speak on.

Helm. I am much mistaken, or the Lady Eleonora fears not to hear the truth from either wise men or fools; speak on.

Fool. One day, not long ago, when there came news that our count there was killed in Finland, I, being a fool, was lying, laughing and thinking of nothing at all, on the floor in the west drawing-room, looking at the count's picture; in comes the Lady Eleonora, all in tears.

Eleon. [*stopping his mouth*]. Oh! tell anything but that, good fool.

Helm. [*kneels and kisses her hand*]. Speak on, excellent fool.

Christina and Ladies. Speak on, excellent fool—in came the Lady Eleonora, all in tears.

Fool. In comes the Lady Eleonora, all in tears [*pauses and looks round*]. Why, now, what makes you all so curious about these tears? Tears are but salt water, let them come from what eyes they will;—my tears are as good as hers. In came John Aleftson, all in tears just now, and nobody kneels to me—nobody kisses my hands—nobody cares half a straw for my tears.

Christina. Nobody cares half a straw for the tears of those who weep they know not why.

Fool [*folds his arms, and looks melancholy*]. I am not one of those ; I know the cause of my tears too well.

Helm. Perhaps they were caused by my unexpected return, eh ?

Fool [*scornfully*]. No ; I am not such a fool as that comes to ; don't I know that when you are at home the poor may hold up their heads, and no journeyman-gentleman of an agent dares then to go about plaguing those who live in cottages ? No, no, I am not such a fool as to cry because Count Helmaar is come back ; but the truth is, I cried because I am tired and ashamed of wearing this thing [*putting down his fool's cap upon the floor, changes his tone entirely*].—I ! who am brother to the man who saved Count Helmaar's life—I to wear a fool's cap and bells !—Oh, shame ! shame !

[*The ladies look at one another with signs of astonishment.*]

Christina [*aside*]. A lucid interval—poor fool ! I will torment him no more ; he has feeling—'t were better he had none.

Eleon. Hush—hear him !

Aleff. [*throwing himself at the Count's feet*]. Noble count, I have submitted to be thought a fool, I have worn this fool's cap in your absence, that I might indulge my humour, and enjoy the liberty of speaking my mind freely to people of all conditions. Now that you are returned, I have no need of such a disguise ; I may now speak the truth without fear, and without a cap and bells. I resign my salary, and give back the ensign of my office. [*Presents the fool's cap. Exit.*]

Christina. He might well say that none but fools should pay compliments ; this is the best compliment that has been paid you, brother.

Eleon. And observe, he has resigned his salary.

Helm. From this moment let it be doubled. He made an excellent use of the money when he was a fool,—may he make half as good a use of it now he is a wise man.

Christina. Amen. And now, I hope, we are to have some more dancing. [*Exeunt*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*By moonlight—a Forest—a Castle illuminated at a distance.—A group of Peasants seated on the ground, each with a knapsack beside him.—One Peasant lies stretched on the ground.*

1st Peasant. Why, what I say is, that the wheel of the cart being broken, and the horse dead lame, and Charles there in that plight [*points to the sleeping Peasant*], it is a folly to think of getting on farther this evening.

2nd Peasant. And what I say is, it's folly to sleep here, seeing I know the country, and am certain sure we have not above one mile at farthest to go before we get to the end of our journey.

1st Peasant [*pointing to the sleeper*]. He can't walk a mile—he's done for—dog tired——

3rd Peasant. Are you *certain* sure we have only one mile farther to go?

2nd Peasant. Certain sure——

All, *except the sleeper and the 1st Peasant*. Oh, let us go on, then, and we can carry the knapsacks on our backs for one mile.

1st Peasant. You must carry him, then, knapsack and all.

All together. So we will.

2nd Peasant. But first, do ye see, let's waken him; for a sleeping man's twice as heavy as one that's awake. Holloa, friend! waken! waken! [*he shakes the sleeper, who snores loudly*]. Good Lord! he snores loud enough to awaken all the birds in the wood.

[*All the peasants shout in the sleeper's ear, and he starts up, shaking himself.*]

Charles. Am I awake? [*stretching*].

2nd Peasant. No, not yet, man. Why, don't you know where you are? Ay; there's the moon, and these be trees, and I be a man—and what do ye call this? [*holding up a knapsack*].

Charles. A knapsack, I say, to be sure. I'm as broad awake as the best of you.

2nd Peasant. Come on, then; we've a great way farther to go before you sleep again.

Charles. A great way farther—farther to-night! No, no!

2nd Peasant. Yes, yes; we settled it all while you were fast asleep. You are to carried, you and your knapsack. [*They prepare to carry him.*]

Charles [*starting up, and struggling with them*]. I've legs to walk—I won't be carried! I, a Swede, and be carried! no, no!——

All together. Yes, yes!

Charles. No, no!—[*he struggles for his knapsack, which comes untied in the struggle, and all the things fall out*]. There, this comes of playing the fool. [*They help him to pick up the things, and exclaim*]—

All. There's no harm done—[*throwing the knapsack over his shoulder*].

Charles. I'm the first to march, after all.

Peasants. Ay, in your sleep. [*Exeunt, laughing.*]

Enter CATHERINE'S two little Children.

Little Girl. I am sure I heard some voices this way.

Little Boy. It was only the rustling of the leaves. Come, let us make haste home. Never mind your faggot; it was not here you left it.

Little Girl. Oh, yes, it was here, somewhere hereabouts, I'm sure, and I like to carry it home to mother, to make a blaze before she goes to bed.

Little Boy. But she will wonder what keeps us so late.

Little Girl. But we shall tell her what kept us so late, and then she won't wonder. Look under those trees, will you? whilst I look here for my faggot. When we get home I shall say, "Mother, do you know there is great news?—there's a great many, many candles in the win-

dows of the great house, and dancing and music in the great house, because the master's come home; and the housekeeper had not time to pay us, and we waited and waited with our faggots; at last the butler—

Little Boy. Heyday! what have we here? A purse! a purse! a heavy purse!

Little Girl. Whose can it be?—let us carry it home to mother.

Little Boy. No, no; it can't be mother's: mother has no purse full of money. It must belong to somebody at the great house.

Little Girl. Ay, very likely to Dame Ulrica, the housekeeper, for she has more purses and money than anybody else in the world.

Little Boy. Come, let us run back with it to her: mother would tell us to do so, I'm sure, if she was here.

Little Girl. But I'm afraid the housekeeper won't see us to-night.

Little Boy. Oh, yes; but I'll beg, and pray, and push till I get into her room.

Little Girl. Yes, but don't push me, or I shall knock my head against the trees. Give me your hand, brother. Oh, my faggot, I shall never find you! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CATHERINE'S Cottage.

Cath. [*alone*]. Hark! here they come! No, 't was only the wind. What can keep these children so late? But it is a fine moonlight night; they'll have brave appetites for their supper when they come back; but I wonder they don't come home. Heigho! since their father has been gone I am grown a coward—[*a knock at the door heard*].—Come in! Why does every knock at the door startle me in this way?

Enter CHARLES, with a knapsack on his back.

Charles. Mistress, mayhap you did not expect to see a stranger at this time o' night, as I guess by the looks of ye; but I'm only a poor fellow that has been afoot a great many hours.

Cath. Then pray ye rest yourself, and such fare as we have you're welcome to. [*She sets milk, &c., on a table; Charles throws himself into a chair, and flings his knapsack behind her.*]

Charles. 'T is a choice thing to rest one's self. I say, mistress, you must know, I and some more of us peasants have come a many, many leagues since break of day.

Cath. Indeed? you may well be tired. And where did you come from? Did you meet on your road any soldiers coming back from Finland?

Charles [*eats and speaks*]. Not the soldiers themselves, I can't say as I did; but we are them that are bringing home the knapsacks of the poor fellows that have lost their lives in the wars in Finland.

Cath. [*during this speech of Charles leans on the back of a chair—aside*]. Now I shall know my fate.

Charles [*eating and speaking*]. My comrades are gone on to the village beyond with their knapsacks, to get them owned by the families of them to whom they belonged, as it stands to reason and right. Pray, mistress, as you know the folks hereabouts, could you tell me whose knapsack this is, here, behind me? [*Looking up at Catherine*]. Oons!

but how pale she looks ! [*aside.*] Here, sit ye down, do. [*Aside.*] Why, I would not have said a word, if I had thought on it : to be sure, she has a lover now that has been killed in the wars. [*Aloud.*] Take a sup of the cold milk, mistress.

Catherine [*goes fearfully towards the knapsack.*] 'T is his ! 't is my husband's ! [*Sinks down on a chair, and hides her face with her hands.*]

Charles. Poor soul ! poor soul ! [*he pauses.*] But now it is not clear to me that you may not be mistaken, mistress : these knapsacks be all so much alike, I'm sure I could not, for the soul of me, tell one from t' other : it's by what's in the inside only one can tell for certain. [*Charles opens the knapsack, pulls out a waistcoat, carries it towards Catherine, and holds it before her face.*] Look ye here now, don't give way to sorrow while there's hope left, mayhap, mistress ; look at this now, can't ye, mistress ?

[*Catherine timidly moves her hands from before her face, sees the waistcoat, gives a faint scream, and falls back in a swoon—the Peasant runs to support her. At this instant the back door of the cottage opens, and Aleftson enters.*]

Aleft. Catherine !

Charles. Poor soul !—there, raise her head, give her air ; she fell into this swoon at the sight of yonder knapsack—her husband's—he's dead. Poor creature ! 't was my luck to bring the bad news ; what shall we do for her ? I'm no better than a fool when I see a body this way.

Aleft. [*sprinkling water on her face.*] She'll be as well as ever she was, you'll see, presently ; leave her to me.

Charles. There ! she gave a sigh, she's coming to her senses.

[*Catherine raises herself.*]

Cath. What has been the matter ? [*She starts at the sight of Aleftson.*] My husband !—no, 't is Aleftson. What makes you look so like him ? you don't look like yourself.

Aleft. [*aside, to the Peasant.*] Take that waistcoat out of the way.

Cath. [*looking round, sees the knapsack.*] What's there ? Oh, I recollect it all now—[*to Aleftson*—look there ! look there ! your brother ! your brother's dead. Poor fool, you have no feeling.

Aleft. I wish I had none.

Cath. Oh, my husband ! shall I never, never see you more,—never more hear your voice, never more see my children in their father's arms ?

Aleft. [*takes up the waistcoat, on which her eyes are fixed.*] But we are not sure this is Christiern's.

Charles [*snatching it from him.*] Don't show it her again, man ! you'll drive her mad.

Aleft. [*aside.*] Let me alone, I know what I'm about. [*Aloud.*] 'T is certainly like a waistcoat I once saw him wear ; but, perhaps—

Cath. It is his—it is his ! too well I know it ; * my own work. I

* "The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'t was my own sewing ;
Ah, wretched me ! I little, little kenned
He was in those to meet his ruin."

Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry."

gave it to him the very day he went away to the wars ; he told me he would wear it again the day of his coming home ; but he'll never come home again.

Aleft. How can you be *sure* of that ?

Cath. How ! why, am not I sure, too sure ? Hey ! what do you mean ? He smiles !—have you heard anything ? do you know anything ? But he can know nothing—he can tell me nothing—he has no sense. [*She turns to the Peasant*]. Where did you get this knapsack ? did you see——

Aleft. He saw nothing—he knows nothing—he can tell you nothing. Listen to me, Catherine—see, I have thrown aside the dress of a fool ; you know I had my senses once—I have them now, as clear as ever I had in my life—ay, you may well be surprised ; but I will surprise you more. Count Helmaar's come home.

Cath. Count Helmaar ! impossible !

Charles. Count Helmaar !—he was killed in the last battle in Finland.

Aleft. I tell ye he was not killed in any battle ; he is safe at home—I have just seen him.

Cath. Seen him !—but why do I listen to him, poor fool ! he knows not what he says ; and yet, if the count be really alive——

Charles. Is the count really alive ? I'd give my best cow to see him.

Aleft. Come with me, then, and in one quarter of an hour you *shall* see him.

Cath. [*clasping her hands*]. Then there *is* hope for me. Tell me, is there any news ?

Aleft. There is.

Cath. Of my husband ?

Aleft. Yes. Ask me no more ; you must hear the rest from Count Helmaar himself ; he has sent for you.

Cath. [*springs forward*]. This instant let me go, let me hear——[*She stops short at the sight of the waistcoat, which lies in her passage*]. But what shall I hear ? There can be no good news for me—this speaks too plainly. [*Aleftson pulls her arm between his, and leads her away*].

Charles. Nay, master, take me, as you promised, along with you. I won't be left behind. I'm wide awake now. I must have a sight of Count Helmaar in his own castle. Why, they'll make much of me in every cottage on my road home, when I can swear to 'em I've seen Count Helmaar alive in his own castle face to face. God bless him ! he's *the poor man's friend*.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Housekeeper's Room in COUNT HELMAAR'S Castle.*

ULRICA and CHRISTIERN.

CHRISTIERN *is drawing on his boots.* MRS. ULRICA *is sitting at a tea-table, making coffee.*

Mrs. Ulrica. Well, well, I'll say no more ; if you can't stay to-night, you can't ; but I had laid it all out in my head so cleverly that you should stay and take a good night's rest here in the castle ; then, in the morning, you'd find yourself as fresh as a lark.

Christiern. Oh, I am not at all tired.

Mrs. Ulrica. Not tired! don't tell me that, now, for I know that you are tired, and can't help being tired, say what you will: drink this dish of coffee, at any rate.

Christiern. But the thoughts of seeing my Catherine and my little ones—

[*He drinks coffee.*]

Mrs. Ulrica. Very true, very true. But, in one word, I want to see the happy meeting; for such things are a treat to me, and don't come every day, you know; and now, in the morning I could go along with you to the cottage; but you must be sensible I could not be spared out this night, on no account or possibility.

Enter Footman.

Footman. Ma'am, the cook is hunting high and low for the brandy cherries.

Mrs. Ulrica. Lord bless me! are not they there before those eyes of yours? but I can't blame nobody for being out of their wits a little with joy on such a night as this.

[*Exit Footman.*]

Christiern. Never man was better beloved in the regiment than Count Helmaar.

Mrs. Ulrica. Ay, ay! so he is everywhere, and so he deserves to be. Is your coffee good? Sweeten to your taste, and don't spare the sugar; nor don't spare anything that this house affords, for to be sure you deserve it all: nothing can be too good for him that saved my master's life; so now that we are comfortable and quiet over our dish of coffee, pray be so very good as to tell me the whole story of my master's escape, and of the horse being killed under him, and of your carrying him off on your shoulders; for I have only heard it yet by bits and scraps; as one may say, I've seen only the bill of fare—ha! ha! ha! So now, pray set out all the good things for me in due order, garnished and all; and before you begin. taste these cakes, they are my own making.

Christiern [*aside*]. 'Tis the one-and-twentieth time I've told the story to-day; but no matter. [*Aloud*]. Why, then, madam, the long and the short of the story is—

Mrs. Ulrica. Oh, pray let it be the *long*, not the *short* of the story, if you please: a story can never be too long for my taste when it concerns my master; 't is, as one may say, fine-spun sugar—the longer the finer, and the more I relish it. But I interrupt you, and you eat none of my cake; pray go on. [*A call behind the scenes of "Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica!"*] Coming! coming!—patience!

Christiern. Why, then, madam, we were as it might be here,—just please to look: I've drawn the field of battle for you here, with coffee, on the table; and you shall be the enemy.

Mrs. Ulrica. I! no, I'll not be the enemy—my master's enemy!

Christiern. Well, I'll be the enemy.

Mrs. Ulrica. You! Oh, no, you shan't be the enemy.

Christiern. Well, then, let the cake be the enemy.

Mrs. Ulrica. The cake—my cake! no, indeed!

Christiern. Well, let the candle be the enemy.

Mrs. Ulrica. Well, let the candle be the enemy. And where was my master, and where are you? I don't understand; what is all this great slop?

Christiern. Why, ma'am, the field of battle; and let the coffee-pot be my master. Here comes the enemy——

Enter Footman.

Footman. Mrs Ulrica, more refreshments wanting for the dancers above.

Mrs. Ulrica. More refreshments!—more! bless my heart, 't is an impossibility they can have swallowed down all I laid out, not an hour ago, in the confectionery-room.

Footman. Confectionery-room! Oh, I never thought of looking there.

Mrs. Ulrica. Look ye there, now! why, where did you think of looking, then? in the stable or the cockloft, eh? [*Exit Footman.*] But I can't scold on such a night as this; their poor heads are all turned with joy, and my own's scarce in a more properer condition. Well, I beg your pardon; pray go on: the coffee-pot is my master, and the candle's the enemy.

Christiern. So, ma'am, here comes the enemy full drive upon Count Helmaar.

[*A call without of "Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica!"*]

Mrs. Ulrica. Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica! can't you do without Mrs. Ulrica one instant, but you must call, call [*"Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica!"*]
—Mercy on us, what do ye want? I *must* go for one instant.

Christiern. And I *must* bid ye a good night.

Mrs. Ulrica. Nay, nay [*eagerly*], you won't go; I'll soon be back.

Enter Footman.

Footman. Ma'am! Mrs. Ulrica! the key of the blue press.

Mrs. Ulrica. The key of the blue press? I had it in my hand just now; I gave it—I—[*looks amongst a bunch of keys, and then all round the room*]
—I know nothing at all about it, I tell you. I must drink my tea, and I will. [*Exit Footman.*] 'T is a sin to scold on such a night as this, if one could help it. Well, Mr. Christiern, so the coffee-pot's my master.

Christiern. And the sugar-basin——Why, here's a key in the sugar-basin.

Mrs. Ulrica. Lord bless me! 't is the very key—the key of the blue press. Why, dear me [*feels in her pocket*], and here are the sugar-tongs in my pocket, I protest: where was my poor head? Here, Thomas! Thomas! here's the key; take it, and don't say a word for your life, if you can help it: you need not come in, I say [*she holds the door—the Footman pushes in*].

Footman. But, ma'am, I've something particular to say.

Mrs. Ulrica. Why, you've always something particular to say: is it anything about my master?

Footman. No, but about your purse, ma'am.

Mrs. Ulrica. What of my purse?

Footman. Here's your little godson, ma'am, is here, who has found it.

Mrs. Ulrica [*aside*]. Hold your foolish tongue, can't you? Don't mention my little godson for your life.

[*The Little Boy creeps in under the Footman's arm; his sister Kate follows him. Mrs. Ulrica lifts up her hands and eyes with signs of impatience.*]

Mrs. Ulrica [*aside*]. Now I had settled in my head that their father should not see them till to-morrow morning.

Little Girl. Who is that stranger man?

Little Boy. He has made me forget all I had to say.

Christiern [*aside*]. What charming children!

Mrs. Ulrica [*aside*]. He does not know them to be his; they don't know him to be their father. [*Aloud*]. Well, children, what brings you here at this time of night?

Little Boy. What I was going to say was [*the Little Boy looks at the stranger between every two or three words, and Christiern looks at him*]—what I was going to say was—

Little Girl. Ha! ha! ha! he forgets that we found this purse in the forest as we were going home.

Little Boy. And we thought that it might be yours.

Mrs. Ulrica. Why should you think it was mine?

Little Boy. Because nobody else could have so much money in one purse, so we brought it to you: here it is.

Mrs. Ulrica. 'Tis none of my purse. [*Aside*]. Oh! he'll certainly find out that they are his children. [*She stands between the Children and Christiern.*] 'Tis none of my purse; but you are good, honest little dears; and I'll be hanged if I won't carry you both up to my master himself this very minute, and tell the story of your honesty before all the company. [*She pushes the Children towards the door: Ulric looks back.*]

Little Boy. He has a soldier's coat on: let me ask him if he is a soldier.

Mrs. Ulrica. No; what's that to you?

Little Girl. Let me ask him if he knows anything about father.

Mrs. Ulrica [*puts her hand before the Little Girl's mouth*]. Hold your little foolish tongue, I say: what's that to you?

[*Exeunt Mrs. Ulrica, pushing forward the Children.*]

Enter, at the opposite door, THOMAS, the Footman.

Footman. Sir, would you please to come into our servants' hall, only for one instant? There's one wants to speak a word to you.

Christiern. Oh, I cannot stay another moment; I must go home. Who is it?

Footman. 'Tis a poor man, who has brought in two carts full of my master's baggage; and my master begs you'll be so very good as to see that the things are all right, as you know 'em, and no one else here does.

Christiern [*with impatience*]. How provoking!—a full hour's work. I shan't get home this night, I see that. I wish the man and the baggage were in the Gulf of Finland.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Apartment where the COUNT, ELEANORA, CHRISTINA, &c., were dancing.*

Enter MRS. ULRICA, leading the two Children.

Christina. Ha! Mrs. Ulrica and her little godson.

Mrs. Ulrica. My lady, I beg pardon for *per*suming to interrupt, but I was so proud of my little godson and his sister, though not my god-daughter, that I couldn't but bring them up through the very midst of the company to my master, to praise 'em according to their deserts, for nobody can praise those that deserve it so well as my master, to my fancy.

Eleanora [aside]. Nor to mine.

Mrs. Ulrica. Here's a purse, sir, which this little boy and girl of mine found in the wood as they were going home, and, like honest children as they are, they came back with it directly to me, thinking that it was mine.

Helmaar. Shake hands, my honest little fellow: this is just what I should have expected from a godson of Mrs. Ulrica, and a son of—

Mrs. Ulrica [aside to the Count]. Oh, Lord bless you, sir, don't tell him. My lady [*to Christina*], would you take the children out of hearing?

Eleon. [to the Children]. Come with us, my dears.

[*Exeunt Ladies and Children.*]

Mrs. Ulrica. Don't, sir, pray, tell the children anything about their father: they don't know that their father's here, though they've just seen him; and I've been striving all I can to keep the secret, and to keep the father here all night, that I may have the pleasure of seeing the meeting of father and mother and children, at their own cottage, to-morrow. I would not miss the sight of their meeting for fifty pounds, and yet I shall not see it after all, for Christiern will go, all I can say or do. Lord bless me! I forgot to bolt him in when I came up with the children—the bird's flown, for certain! [*Going in a great hurry.*]

Helmaar. Good Mrs. Ulrica, you need not be alarmed: your prisoner is very safe, I can assure you, though you forgot to bolt him in. I have given him an employment that will detain him a full hour, for I design to have the pleasure of restoring my deliverer, myself, to his family.

Mrs. Ulrica. Oh, that will be delightful!—then you'll keep him here all night. But that will vex him terribly, and of all the days and nights or the year, one wouldn't have anybody vexed this day or night, more especially the man who, as I may say, is the cause of all our illuminations, and rejoicings, and dancings. No, happen what will, we must not have him vexed.

Helmaar. He shall not be vexed, I promise you; and if it be necessary to keep your heart from breaking, my good Mrs. Ulrica, I'll tell you a secret, which I had intended, I own, to have kept from you one half-hour longer.

Mrs. Ulrica. A secret!—dear sir, half an hour's a great while to keep a secret from one when it's about one's friends. Pray, if it be proper—but you are the best judge—I should be very glad to hear just a little hint of the matter, to prepare me.

Helmaar. Then prepare in a few minutes to see the happy meeting

between Christiern and his family. I have sent to his cottage for his wife, to desire that she will come hither immediately.

Mrs. Ulrica. Oh, a thousand thanks to you, sir; but I'm afraid the messenger will let the cat out of the bag.

Helmaar. The man I have sent can keep a secret. Which way did the Lady Eleonora go? Are those peasants in the hall? *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Ulrica *[following]*. She went towards the west drawing-room, I think, sir. Yes, sir, the peasants are at supper in the hall. *[Aside]*. Bless me! I wonder what messenger he sent, for I don't know many—men, I mean—fit to be trusted with a secret. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in COUNT HELMAAR'S Castle.*—
ELEONORA—CHRISTINA.—*Little KATE and ULRIC asleep on the floor.*

Eleon. Poor little creatures! they were quite tired by sitting up so late. Is their mother come yet?

Christina. Not yet, but she will soon be here, for my brother told Aleftson to make all possible haste. Do you know where my brother is?—he is not among the dancers. I expected to have found him sighing at the Lady Eleonora's feet.

Eleon. He is much better employed than in sighing at anybody's feet: he is gone down into the great hall to see and to reward some poor peasants, who have brought home the knapsacks of those unfortunate soldiers who fell in the last battle. Your good Mrs. Ulrica found out that these peasants were in the village near us; she sent for them, got a plentiful supper ready, and the count is now speaking to them.

Christina. And can you forgive my ungallant brother for thinking of vulgar boors, when he ought to be intent on nothing but your bright eyes?—then all I can say is, you are both of you just fit for one another; every fool, indeed, saw that long ago.

[A cry behind the scenes of "Long live Count Helmaar! long live the good count! long live the poor man's friend!"

Christina *[joins the cry]*. Long live Count Helmaar!—join me, Eleonora—long live the good count! long live the poor man's friend!

[The little Children waken, start up, and stretch themselves.]

Eleon. There, you have wakened these poor children.

Ulric. What's the matter? I dreamed father was shaking hands with me.

Enter MRS. ULRICA.

Little Kate. Mrs. Ulrica, where am I? I thought I was in my little bed at home; I was dreaming about a purse, I believe.

Mrs. Ulrica. Was it about this purse you were dreaming? *[shows the purse the Children found in the wood]*—come, take it in your little hands, and waken and rouse yourselves, for you must come and give this purse back to the rightful owner: I've found him out for you. *[Aside to Christina and Eleonora]*. And now, ladies, if you please to go up into the gallery, you'll see something worth looking at. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*A Hall in COUNT HELMAAR'S Castle.*—Peasants rising from supper in the back scene.

1st. Peasant. Here's a health to the poor man's friend, and may every poor man, every honest poor man—and there are none other in Sweden—find as good a friend as Count Helmaar.

Enter CHARLES, eagerly.

Charles. Count Helmaar! is he here?

All. Heyday! Charles, the sleeper, broad awake! or is he walking in his sleep?

Charles. Where's Count Helmaar, I say? I'd walk in my sleep, or any way, to get a sight of him.

1st. Peasant. Hush! stand back!—here's some of the quality coming, who are not thinking of you.

[The Peasants all retire to the back scene. Count Helmaar, Christina, and Eleonora appear looking from a gallery.]

Enter ALEFTSON and CATHERINE at one door, MRS. ULRICA at the opposite door, with CHRISTIERN, followed by the two CHILDREN.

Cath. *[springs forward]*. Christiern! my husband! alive!—is it a dream?

Christiern *[embracing her]*. Your own Christiern, dearest Catherine.

[The Children clap their hands and run to their father.]

Ulric. Why, I thought he was my father, only he did not shake hands with me.

Kate. And Mrs. Ulrica bid me hold my tongue.

Christiern. My Ulric! my little Kate!

Mrs. Ulrica. Ay, my little Kate, you may speak now as much as you will. *[Their father kisses them eagerly]*. Ay, kiss them, kiss them; they are as good children as ever were born, and as honest. Kate, show him the purse, and ask him if it be his.

Kate. Is it yours, father?

[Holds up the purse.]

Christiern. 'Tis mine! 't was in my knapsack; but how came it here, Heaven knows.

Ulric. We found it in the wood, father, as we were going home, just at the foot of a tree.

Charles *[comes forward]*. Why, mayhap, now I recollect, I might have dropped it there; more shame for me, or rather more shame for them *[looking back at his companions]*, that were playing the fool with me, and tumbled out all the things on the ground. Master, I hope there's no harm done; we poor peasant fellows have brought home all the other knapsacks, safe and sound, to the relations of them that died, and yours came by mistake, it seems.

Christiern. It is a very lucky mistake, for I wouldn't have lost a waistcoat which there is in that knapsack for all the waistcoats in Sweden. My Catherine, 't was that which you gave me the day before I went abroad—do you remember it?

Charles. Ay, that she does: it had like to have been the death of her, for she thought you must be dead for certain, when she saw it

brought home without you ; but I knew he was not dead, mistress. Did not I tell you, mistress, not to give way to sorrow while there was hope left ?

Cath. Oh, joy ! joy ! too much joy !

Aleft. Now, are you sorry you came with me when I bade you ? But I'm a fool ! I'm a fool !

Ulric. But where's the cap and coat you used to wear ?

Kate. You are quite another man, uncle.

Aleft. The same man, niece, only in another coat.

Mrs. Ulrica [*laughing*]. How they stare ! Well, Christiern, you are not angry with my master and me for keeping you now ?—but, angry or not, I don't care, for I wouldn't have missed seeing this meeting for anything in the whole world.

Enter COUNT HELMAAR, ELEONORA, and CHRISTINA.

Christina. Nor I.

Eleonora. Nor I.

Helmaar. Nor I.

The Peasants. Nor any of us.

Helmaar [*to little Ulric*]. My honest little boy, is that the purse which you found in the wood ?

Ulric. Yes, and it's my own father's.

Helmaar. And how much money is there in it ?

[*The Child opens the purse, and spreads the money on the floor.*]

Ulric [*to Mrs. Ulrica*]. Count you, for I can't count so much.

Mrs. Ulrica [*counts*]. Eight ducats, five rixdollars, and let me see how many—sixteen carolines ! *—'t would have been a pity, Catherine, to have lost all this treasure which Christiern has saved for you.

Helmaar. Catherine, I beg that all the money in this purse may be given to those honest peasants—[*to Kate*—here, take it to them, my little modest girl. As for you and your children, Catherine, you may depend upon it that I will not neglect to make you easy in the world ; your own good conduct, and the excellent manner in which you have brought up these children, would incline me to serve you, even if your husband had not saved my life.

Cath. Christiern, my dear husband, and did *you* save Count Helmaar's life ?

Mrs. Ulrica. Ay, that he did.

Cath. [*embracing him*]. I am the happiest wife, and [*turning to kiss her children*] the happiest mother upon earth.

Charles [*staring up in Count Helmaar's face*]. God bless him ! I've seen him face to face at last, and now I wish in my heart I could see his wife.

Christina. And so do I most sincerely. My dear brother, who has been all his life labouring for the happiness of others, should now surely think of making himself happy.

Eleonora [*giving her hand to Helmaar*]. No ; leave that to me, for I shall think of nothing else all my life.

* A rixdollar is 4s. 6d. sterling ; two rixdollars are equal in value to a ducat. A caroline is 1s. 2d.



Popular Tales.

LAME JERVAS.

CHAPTER I.

BOTH SIDES POSITIVE.

SOME years ago, a lad of the name of William Jervas, or, as he was called from his lameness, Lame Jervas, whose business it was to tend the horses in one of the Cornwall tin-mines, was missing. He was left one night in a little hut at one end of the mine, where he usually slept; but in the morning he could nowhere be found, and his sudden disappearance gave rise to a number of strange and ridiculous stories among the miners. The most rational, however, concluded that the lad, tired of his situation, had made his escape during the night. It was certainly rather surprising that he could nowhere be traced; but, after the neighbours had wondered and talked for some time about it, the circumstance was by degrees forgotten. The name of William Jervas was scarcely remembered by any, except two or three of the oldest miners, when, twenty years afterward, there came a party of gentlemen and ladies to see the mines; and, as the guide was showing the curiosities of the place, one among the company, a gentleman of about six-and-thirty years of age, pointed to some letters that were carved on the rock, and asked, "Whose name was written there?"

"Only the name of one William Jervas," answered the guide; "a poor lad, who ran away from the mines a long while ago."

"Are you sure that he ran away?" said the gentleman.

"Yes," answered the guide, "sure and certain I am of that."

"Not at all sure or certain of any such thing," cried one of the oldest of the miners, who interrupted the guide, and then related all that he knew, all that he had heard, and all that he imagined and believed, concerning the sudden disappearance of Jervas; concluding by positively assuring the stranger that the ghost of the said Jervas was often seen

to walk slowly, in the long west gallery of the mine, with a blue taper in his hand. "I will take my Bible oath," added the man, "that, about a month after he was missing, I saw the ghost, just as the clock struck twelve, walking slowly, with the light in one hand, and a chain dragging after him in t'other; and he was coming straight towards me, and I ran away into the stables to the horses; and from that time forth I've taken special good care never to go late in the evening to that there gallery, or near it; for I was never so frightened, above or underground, in all my born days!"

The stranger, upon hearing this story, burst into a loud fit of laughter; and, on recovering himself, he desired the ghost-seer to look steadfastly in his face, and to tell whether he bore any resemblance to the ghost that walked with the blue taper in the west gallery.

The miner stared for some minutes, and answered, "No: he that walks in the gallery is clear another guess sort of a person—in a white jacket, a leather apron, and ragged cap, like what Jervas used to wear in his lifetime; and, moreover, he limps in his gait, as lame Jervas always did, I remember well."

The gentleman walked on, and the miners observed, what had before escaped their notice, that he limped a little; and when he came again to the light, the guide, after considering him very attentively, said, "If I was not afraid of affronting the like of a gentleman such as your honour, I should make bold for to say that you be very much—only a deal darker-complexioned—you be very much of the same sort of person as our lame Jervas used for to be."

"Not at all like our lame Jervas," cried the old miner who professed to have seen the ghost; "no more like to him than *Black Jack* to *Blue John*."

The bystanders laughed at this comparison; and the guide, provoked at being laughed at, sturdily maintained that not a man that wore a head in Cornwall should laugh him out of his senses. Each party now growing violent in support of his opinion, from words they were just coming to blows, when the stranger at once put an end to the dispute, by declaring that he was the very man.

"Jervas!" exclaimed they all at once, "Jervas alive!—our lame Jervas turned gentleman!"

The miners could scarcely believe their eyes or their ears, especially when, upon following him out of the mine, they saw him get into a handsome coach, and drive toward the mansion of one of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who was a proprietor of the mine.

CHAPTER II.

EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF OPPRESSION.

THE next day, all the head miners were invited to dine in tents pitched in a field near this gentleman's house. It was fine weather and harvest-time: the guests assembled, and in the tents found abundance of good cheer provided for them.

After dinner, Mr. Roberts, the master of the house, appeared, accom-

panied by lame Jervas, dressed in his miner's old jacket and cap. Even the ghost-seer acknowledged that he now looked wonderfully like himself. Mr. Roberts, the master of the house, filled a glass, and drank—"Welcome home to our friend Mr. Jervas ; and may good faith always meet with good fortune."

The toast went round, each drank, and repeated, "Welcome home to our friend Mr. Jervas ; and may good faith always meet with good fortune !" Indeed, what was meant by the good faith or the good fortune none could guess ; and many in whispers, and some aloud, made bold to ask for an explanation of the toast.

Mr. Jervas, on whom all eyes were fixed, after thanking the company for their *welcome home*, took his seat at the table, and, in compliance with Mr. Roberts's request, and the wishes of all present, related to them his story nearly in the following manner :

Where I was born, or who were my parents, I do not well know myself, nor can I recollect who was my nurse, or whether I was ever nursed at all ; but, luckily, these circumstances are not of much importance to the world. The first thing which I can distinctly remember is the being set, along with a number of children of my own age, to pick and wash loose ore of tin mixed with the earth, which in those days we used to call *shoad* or *squad*—I don't know what you call it now.

"We call it *squad* to this day, master," interrupted one of the miners.

I might be at this time, I suppose, continued the gentleman, about five or six years old ; and from that time till I was thirteen, I worked in the mine where we were yesterday. From the bottom of my heart I rejoice that the times are bettered for youngsters since then, for I know I had a hard life of it.

My good master here never knew anything of the matter, but I was cruelly used by those under him. First the old woman—Betty Morgan, I think, was her name—who set us our tasks of picking and washing the *squad*, was as cross as the rheumatism could make her. She never picked an ounce herself, but made us do her heap for her among us, and I being the youngest, it was shoved down to me. Often and often my day's wages were kept back, not having done this woman's task ; and I did not dare to tell my master the truth, lest she should beat me. But, God rest her soul ! she was an angel of light in comparison with the *trapdoor-keeper*, who was my next tyrant.

It was our business to open and shut certain doors, that were placed in the mine for letting in the air to the different galleries ; but my young tyrant left them every one to me to take care of ; and I was made to run to and fro till I had scarcely breath in my body, whilst every miner in turn was swearing at me for the idlest little fellow upon the surface of the earth ; though the surface of the earth, alas ! was a place on which I had never yet set my foot.

In my own defence, I made all the excuses I could think of, and from excuses I went on to all kinds of deceit ; for tyranny and injustice always produce cunning and falsehood.

One day, having shut all the doors on my side of the mine, I left three open on my companion's side. The men, I thought, would not

go to work on that side of the mine for a day or two ; but in this I was mistaken ; and about noon I was alarmed by the report of a man having been killed in one of the galleries, for want of fresh air.

The doorkeepers were summoned before the overseer, or, as you call him, the viewer. I was the youngest, and the blame was all laid upon me. The man, who had only swooned, recovered ; but I was thrashed and thrashed, for the neglect of another person, till the viewer was tired.

A weary life I led afterwards, with my friend the doorkeeper, who was enraged against me for having told the truth.

CHAPTER III.

MISFORTUNE, BENEVOLENCE, AND GOOD EXAMPLE, THE PARENTS OF MANY VIRTUES.

IN process of time, as I grew stronger and bigger, I was set to other work. First I was employed at the barrow ; and then a pickaxe and a *gad** were put into my hands, and I thought myself a great man. It was my fate to fall among the idlest set in the mine. I observed that those men who worked by task, and who had the *luck* to hit upon easy beds of the rock, were not obliged to work more than three or four hours a day : they got high wages, with little labour ; and they spent their money jollily aboveground in the ale-houses, as I heard. I did not know that these jolly fellows often left their wives and families starving, while they were getting drunk.

I longed for the time when I should be a man, and do as I saw others do ; I longed for the days when I should be able to drink and be idle ; and in the meantime I set all my wits to work to baffle and overreach the viewer.

I was now about fourteen, and had I grown up with these notions and habits, I must have spent my life in wretchedness, and I should probably have ended my days in a workhouse ; but fortunately for me an accident happened which made as great a change in my mind as in my body.

One of my companions bribed me, with a strong dram, to go down into a hole in the mine to search for his *gad*, which he, being half intoxicated, had dropped. My head could not stand the strength of the dram which he made me swallow to give me courage, and being quite insensible to the danger, I took a leap down a precipice which I should have shuddered to look at if I had not lost my recollection.

I soon came to my senses, for I broke my leg ; and it is wonderful I did not break my neck by my fall. I was drawn up by cords, and was carried to a hut in the mine, near the stables, where I lay in great pain. My master was in the mine at the time the accident happened, and hearing where I was, he had the goodness to come directly to me himself, to let me know that he had sent for a surgeon.

The surgeon who lived in the neighbourhood was not at home ; but there was at that time, upon a visit at my master's, a Mr. Young, an old

* A gad is a tool used in mines ; it resembles a smith's punch.

gentleman who had been a surgeon ; and though he had for many years left off practice, he no sooner heard of the accident that had happened, than he had the goodness to come down into the mine to set my leg.

After the operation was over, my master returned to tell me that I should want for nothing. Never shall I forget the humanity with which he treated me. I do not remember that I had ever heard him speak to me before this time ; but now his voice and manner were so full of compassion and kindness, that I looked up to him as to a new sort of being. His goodness awakened and warmed me to a sense of gratitude—the first virtuous emotion I was conscious of having ever felt.

I was attended with the greatest care during my illness by the benevolent surgeon, Mr. Young. The circumstance of my having been intoxicated when I took the leap had been concealed by the man who gave me the dram, who declared that I had fallen by accident, as I was looking down the hole for a *gad* that I had dropped. I did not join in this falsehood, for the moment my master spoke to me with so much goodness about my mishap, my heart opened to him, and I told him just how the thing happened.

Mr. Young also heard the truth from me ; and I had no cause to repent of having told it, for this gave him hopes, as he said, that I might turn out well, and was the cause of his taking some pains to instruct me. He observed to me that it was a pity a lad like me should so early in my days take to dram-drinking, and he explained the consequences of intemperance, of which I had never before heard or thought.

While I was confined to my bed I had leisure for many reflections. The drunken and brutal among the miners, with whom I formerly associated, never came near me in my illness ; but the better sort used to come and see me often ; and I began to take a liking to their ways, and to wish to imitate them.

As they stood talking over their own affairs in my hut, I learned how they laid out their time and their money ; and I now began to desire to have, as they had, a little garden and property of my own, for which I knew I must work hard. So I rose from my bed with very different views from those which I had when I was laid down upon it, and from this time forward I kept company with the sober and industrious as much as I could. I saw things with different eyes : formerly I used, like my companions, to be ready enough to take any advantage of my employer that lay in my way ; but my gratitude to him who had befriended me in my helpless state wrought such a change in me, that I now took part with my master on all occasions, and could not bear to see him wronged : thus, gratitude first made me honest.

My master would not let the viewer turn me out of work, as he wanted to do, because I was lame and weak, and not able to do much. "Let him have the care of my horses in the stable," said my master : "he can do something. I don't want to make money out of poor *lame Fervas*. So, as long as he is willing to work, he shall not be turned out to starve." These were his very words, and when I heard them I said in my heart, "God bless him !" And from that time forth I could, as I thought, have fought with the stoutest man in the mine that said a word to his disparagement.

Perhaps my feeling of attachment to him was the stronger because he was, I may say, the first person then in the world who had ever shown me any tenderness, and the only one from whom I felt sure of meeting with justice.

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCOVERY, GRATEFUL FEELINGS, AND STRONG FEARS.

ABOUT this time, as I was busied in the stable, unperceived by them, I saw through the window a party of the miners, amongst whom were several of my old associates, at work opposite to me. Suddenly one of them gave a shout; then all was hushed: they threw down their tools, huddled together, and I judged by the keenness of their looks that they knew they had made some valuable discovery. I further observed that, instead of beginning to work the vein, they covered it up immediately with rubbish, and defaced the *country* with their pick-axes; so that, to look at it, no one could have suspected there was any *load* to be found near. I also saw them secrete a lump of spar, in which they had reason to guess there were Cornish diamonds, as they call them, and they carefully hid the bits of *kellus*,* which they had picked out, lest the viewer should notice them, and suspect the truth.

From all this mystery, from the whispering that went on, and the pains they took to chase or entice the overseer away from this spot, I conjectured they meant to keep their discovery a secret, that they might turn it to their own advantage.

There was a passage out of the mine, known only to themselves, as they thought, through which they intended to convey all the newly-found ore. This passage, I should observe, led through an old gallery in the mine, along the side of the mountain, immediately up to the surface of the earth; so that you could, by this way, come in and out of the mine without the assistance of the *gin*, by which people and ore are usually let down or drawn up.

I made myself sure of my facts by searching this passage, in which I found plenty of their purloined treasure. I then went up to one of the party, whose name was Clarke, and, drawing him aside, ventured to expostulate with him. Clarke cursed me for a spy, and then knocked me down, and returned to tell his associates what I had been saying, and how he had served me. They one and all swore that they would be revenged upon me if I gave the least hint of what I had seen to our master.

From this time they watched me, whenever he came down amongst us, lest I should have an opportunity of speaking to him; and they never, on any account, would suffer me go out of the mine. Under pretence that the horses must be looked after, and that no one tended them as well as I did, they contrived to keep me prisoner night and day, hinting to me pretty plainly, that if I ever again complained of being thus *shut up*, I should not long be buried *alive*.

* *Kellus* is the miners' name for a substance like a white soft stone, which lies above the fluur or spar, near to a vein.

Whether they would have gone the lengths they threatened, I know not. Perhaps they threw out these hints only with a design to intimidate me, and so to preserve their secret. I confess I was alarmed ; but there was something in the thought of showing my good master how much I was attached to his interests that continually prevailed over my fears ; and my spirits rose with the reflection that I, a poor insignificant lad,—I, that was often the scoff and laughingstock of the miners,—I, that went by the name of *Lame Jervas*,—I, who they thought could be bullied to anything by their threats, might do a nobler action than any man amongst them would have the courage to do in my place. Then the kindness of my master, and the words he said about me to the viewer, came into my memory ; and I was so worked up, that I resolved, let the consequence be what it might, I would, living or dying, be faithful to my benefactor.

I now waited anxiously for an opportunity to speak to him, and, if I did but hear the sound of his voice at a distance, my heart beat violently. “You little know,” thought I, “that there is one here, whom perhaps you quite forget, who is ready to hazard his life to do you a service.”

One day, as he was coming near the place where I was at work rubbing down a horse, he took notice that I fixed my eyes very earnestly upon him, and he came closer to me, saying, “I am glad to see you better, Jervas ; do you want anything?”

“I want for nothing, thank you, sir ; but,” and as I said *but*, I looked round, to see who was near. Instantly Clarke, one of the gang, who had his eye upon us, called me, and dispatched me on some errand to a distant part of the mine. As I was coming back, however, it was my good fortune to meet my master by himself in one of the galleries. I told him my secret and my fears. He answered me only with a nod, and these words, “Thank you : trust to me ; make haste back to those that sent you.”

I did so ; but I fancy there was something unusual in my manner or countenance which gave alarm, for, at the close of the day, I saw Clarke and the gang whispering together, and I observed that they refrained from going to their secret treasure the whole of the day. I was in great fear that they suspected me, and that they would take immediate and perhaps direful revenge.

CHAPTER V.

GOODNESS THE BEST OF GUARDIANS.

THESE fears increased when I found myself left alone in my hut at night, and as I lay quite still, but broad awake, in my bed, I listened to every sound, and once or twice started up on hearing some noise near me ; but it was only the horses moving in the stable, which was close to my hut. I lay down again, laughing at my own fears, and endeavoured to compose myself to sleep, reflecting that I had never in my life more reason to sleep with a safe conscience.

I then turned round, and fell into a sweet sound sleep ; but from this I was suddenly roused by a noise at the door of my hut. “It is only

the horses again," thought I ; but, opening my eyes, I saw a light under the door. I rubbed my eyes, hoping I had been in a dream ; the light disappeared, and I thought it was my fancy. As I kept my eyes, however, turned towards the door, I saw a light again through the keyhole, and the latch was pulled up ; the door was then softly pushed inwards, and I saw on the wall the large shadow of a man with a pistol in his hand. My heart sank within me, and I gave myself up for lost. The man came in ; he was muffled up in a thick coat, his hat was slouched, with a lantern in his hand. Which of the gang it was I did not know ; but I took it for granted that it was one of them come with intent to murder me. Terror at this instant left me, and starting upright in my bed, I exclaimed, " I'm ready to die ! I die in a good cause ! Give me five minutes to say my prayers !" and I fell upon my knees, the man standing silent beside the bed, with one hand upon me, as if afraid I should escape from him.

When I had finished my short prayer, I looked up towards my murderer, expecting the stroke ; but what was my surprise and joy when, as he held the lantern up to his face, I beheld—the countenance of my master, smiling upon me with the most encouraging benevolence ! " Awake, Jervas," said he, " and try if you can find out the difference between a friend and an enemy. Put on your clothes as fast as you can, and show me the way to this new vein."

No one ever was sooner dressed than I was. I led the way to the spot, which was covered up with rubbish, so that I was some time clearing out an opening, my master assisting me all the while, for, as he said, he was impatient to get me out of the mine safe, as he did not think my apprehensions wholly without foundation. The light of our lantern was scarcely sufficient for our purpose, but when we came to the vein, my master saw enough to be certain that I was in the right. We covered up the place as before, and he noted the situation, so that he could be sure to find it again. Then I showed him the way to the secret passage ; but this passage he knew already, for by it he had descended into the mine this night.

As we passed along, I pointed out the heaps of ore which lay ready to be carried off.

" It is enough, Jervas," said he, clapping his hand upon my shoulder ; " you have given me proof sufficient of your fidelity. Since you were so ready to die in a good cause, and that cause mine, it is my business to take care you shall live by it ; so follow me out of this place directly, and I will take good care of you, my honest lad."

I followed him with quick steps and a joyful heart ; he took me home with him to his own house, where he said I might sleep for the rest of the night, secure from all fear of murderers ; and so, showing me into a small closet within his own bed-chamber, he wished me a good night, desiring me, if I waked early, not to open the window-shutters of my room, nor go to the window, lest some of his people should see me.

I lay down for the first time in my life upon a feather bed ; but, whether it was from the unusual feeling of the soft bed, or from the hurry of mind in which I had been kept, and the sudden change of my circumstances, I could not sleep a wink all the remainder of the night.

Before daybreak my master came into my room, and bade me rise, put on the clothes which he brought me, and follow him without making any noise. I followed him out of the house before anybody else was awake, and he took me across the fields towards the high road. At this place we waited till we heard the tinkling of the bells of a team of horses.

"Here comes the waggon," said he, "in which you are to go. I have taken every possible precaution to prevent any of the miners, or people in the neighbourhood, from tracing you; and you will be in safety at Exeter, with my friend Mr. Young, to whom I am going to send you. Take this," continued he, putting a letter directed to Mr. Young into my hand; "and here are five guineas for you. I shall desire Mr. Young to pay you an annuity of ten guineas out of the profits of the new vein, provided it turns out well, and you do not turn out ill. So fare you well, Jervas. I shall hear how you go on; and I only hope you will serve your next master, whoever he may be, as faithfully as you have served me."

"I shall never find so good a master," was all I could say for the soul of me; for I was quite overcome by his goodness, and by sorrow at parting with him, as I then thought, for ever.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST VIEWS OF NATURE, AND PRIMITIVE SENSATIONS.—THE GOOD ARE SURE GUIDES.

THE morning clouds began to clear away; I could see my master at some distance, and I kept looking after him, as the waggon went on slowly, and as he walked fast away over the fields; but when I had lost sight of him, my thoughts were forcibly turned to other things. I seemed to awake to quite a new scene and new feelings. Buried underground in a mine as I had been from my infancy, the face of nature was totally unknown to me.

"We shall have a brave fine day of it, I hope and trust," said the waggoner, pointing with his long whip to the rising sun. He went on whistling, whilst I, to whom the rising sun was a spectacle wholly surprising, started up in astonishment. I know not what exclamations I uttered as I gazed upon it; but I remember the waggoner burst out into a loud laugh. "*Lud a marcy!*" said he, holding his sides, "to hear *un*, an' look at *un*, a body would think the oaf had never seen the sun rise afore in all his born days!"

Upon this hint, which was nearer the truth than he imagined, recollecting that we were still in Cornwall, and not out of the reach of my enemies, I drew myself back into the waggon, lest any of the miners, passing the road to their morning's work, might chance to spy me out.

It was well for me that I took this precaution, for we had not gone much farther when we met a party of the miners; and as I sat wedged up in a corner, behind a heap of parcels, I heard the voice of Clarke, who asked the waggoner as he passed us, "What o'clock it might be?" I kept myself quite snug till he was out of sight; nay, long afterwards I was content to sit within the waggon, rather than venture out; and I

amused myself with listening to the bells of the team, which jingled continually.

On our second day's journey, however, I ventured out of my hiding-place: I walked with the waggoner up and down the hills, enjoying the fresh air, the singing of the birds, and the delightful smell of the honeysuckles and the dog-roses in the hedges. All these wild flowers, and even the weeds on the banks by the wayside, were to me matters of wonder and admiration. At every step almost I paused to observe something that was new to me; and I could not help feeling surprise at the insensibility of my fellow-traveller, who plodded on, seldom interrupting his whistling, except to cry, "Gee, Blackbird, aw, woa!" or, "How now, Smiler?" and certain other words or sounds of menace and encouragement, addressed to his horses in a language which seemed intelligible to them and to him, though utterly incomprehensible to me.

Once, as I was in admiration of a plant, whose stem was about two feet high, and which had a round, shining, pale purple, beautiful flower, the waggoner, with a look of extreme scorn, exclaimed, "Help thee, lad! does not thee know 't is a common thistle? Didst thee not know that a thistle would prick thee?" continued he, laughing at the face I made when I touched the prickly leaves. "Why, my horse Dobbin has more sense by half! He is not like an ass hunting for thistles."

After this the waggoner seemed to look upon me as very nearly an idiot. Just as we were going into the town of Plymouth, he eyed me from head to foot, and muttered, "The lad's beside himself, sure enough." In truth, I believe I was a droll figure, for my hat was stuck full of weeds and of all sorts of wild flowers, and both my coat and waistcoat-pockets were stuffed out with pebbles and funguses.

Such an effect, however, had the waggoner's contemptuous look upon me, that I pulled the weeds out of my hat and threw down all my treasure of pebbles before we entered the town. Nay, so much was I overawed, and in such dread was I of passing for an idiot, that when we came within view of the sea, in the fine harbour of Plymouth, I did not utter a single exclamation, although I was struck prodigiously at this my first sight of the ocean, as much almost as I had been at the spectacle of the rising sun. I just ventured, however, to ask my companion some questions about the vessels which I beheld sailing on the sea, and the shipping with which the bay was filled. But he answered coldly, "They be nothing in life but the boats and ships, man. Them that see them for the first time are often struck all on a heap, as I've noticed in passing by here; but I've seen it all a many and a many times." So he turned away, went on chewing a straw, and seemed not a whit more moved with admiration than he had been at the sight of my thistle.

I conceived a high opinion of a man who had seen so much that he could admire nothing; and he preserved and increased my respect for him by the profound silence which he maintained during the five succeeding days of our journey: he seldom or ever opened his lips, except to inform me of the names of the towns through which we passed. I have since reflected that it was fortunate for me that I had such a supercilious fellow-traveller on my first journey; for he made me at once thoroughly sensible of my own ignorance, and extremely anxious

to supply my deficiencies, and to find one who would give some other answer to my questions than a smile of contempt, or, "I do na know, I say."

We arrived at Exeter at last, and with much ado I found my way to Mr. Young's house. It was evening when I got there, and the servant to whom I gave the letter said he supposed Mr. Young would not see me that night, as he liked to have his evenings to himself; but he took the letter, and in a few minutes returned, desiring me to follow him upstairs.

I found the good old gentleman and some of his friends in his study, with his children about him—one little chap on his knee, another climbing on the arm of his chair, and two bigger lads were busy looking at a glass tube, which he was showing them when I came in. It does not become me to repeat the handsome things he said to me upon reading my good master's letter; but he was very gracious to me, and told me that he would look out for some place or employment that would suit me, and in the meantime that I should be welcome to stay in his house, where I should meet with the good treatment which (he was pleased to say) I deserved. Then, observing that I was overcome with bashfulness at being looked at by so many strangers, he kindly dismissed me.

The next day he sent for me again to his study, when he was alone, and asked me several questions, seeming pleased with the openness and simplicity of my answers. He saw that I gazed with vast curiosity at several objects in the room, which were new to me; and pointing to the glass tube which he had been showing the boys when I first came in, he asked me if they had such things as that in our mines, and if I knew the use of it? I told him I had seen something like it in our overseer's hands, but that I had never known its use. It was a thermometer: Mr. Young took great pains to show me how and on what occasions this instrument might be useful.

I saw I had now to do with a person who was somewhat different from my friend the waggoner, and I cannot express the surprise and gratitude I felt when I found that he did not think me quite a fool. Instead of looking at me with scorn as one *very nearly an idiot*, he answered my questions with condescension, and sometimes was so good as to add, "That's a sensible question, my lad."

While we were looking at the thermometer, he found out that I could not read the words *temperate, freezing-point, boiling-water heat, &c.*, which were written upon the ivory scale in small characters. He took that occasion to point out to me the use and advantages of knowing how to read and write; and he told me that, as I wished to learn, he would desire the writing-master who came to attend his young grandson to teach me.

I shall not detain you with a journal of my progress through my spelling-book and copy-books: it is enough to say that I applied with diligence, and soon could write my name in rather more intelligible characters than those in which the name of Jervas is cut on the rock that we were looking at yesterday.

My eagerness to read the books which he put into my hands, and the attention which I paid to his lessons, pleased my writing-master so

much, that he took a pride, as he said, "in bringing me forward as fast as possible."

And here, I must confess, he was rather imprudent in the warmth of his commendations: my head could not stand them: as much as I was humbled and mortified by my waggoner's calling me *an idiot*, so much was I elated by my writing-master's calling me *a genius*. I wrote some very bad lines in praise of a thistle, which I thought prodigiously fine, because my writing-master looked surprised when I showed them to him, and because he told me that, having given a copy of them to some gentlemen in Exeter, they agreed that the rhymes were *wonderful for me*.

I was at this period very nearly spoiled for life; but fortunately my friend Mr. Young saw my danger, and cured me of my conceit, without damping my ardour to acquire knowledge. He took me to the books in his study, and showed me many volumes of fine poems which had been written, pointing out some passages to me that greatly diminished my admiration of my own lines on the thistle. The vast distance which I perceived between myself and these writers threw me into despair. Mr. Young, seeing me thoroughly abashed, observed that he was glad to find I saw the difference between bad and good poetry, and pointed out to me, that it was not likely, if I turned my industry to writing verses, I should ever either earn my bread or equal those who had enjoyed greater advantages of leisure and education. "But, Jervas," continued he, "I commend you for your application, and quickness in learning to write and read in so short a time: you will find both these qualifications of great advantage to you. Now, I advise you, turn your thoughts to something that may make you useful to other people. You have your bread to earn, and this you can only do by making yourself useful in some way or other. Look about you, and you will see that I tell you truth. You may perceive that the servants in my house are all useful to me, and that I pay them for their services. The cook, who can dress my dinner; the baker, who bakes bread for me; the smith, who knows how to shoe my horses; the writing-master, who undertakes to teach my children to write, can all earn money for themselves, and make themselves independent. And you may remark that, of all those I have mentioned, the writing-master is the most respected and the best paid. There are some kinds of knowledge and some kinds of labour that are more highly paid for than others. But I have said enough to you, Jervas, for the present: I do not want to lecture you, but to serve you. You are a young lad, and have had no experience; I am an old man, and have had a great deal; so perhaps my advice may be of some use to you."

His advice was indeed of the greatest use to me: every word he said sank into my mind. I wish those who give advice to young people, especially to those in a lower station than themselves, would follow this gentleman's example, and, instead of haranguing with the haughtiness of superior knowledge, would speak with such kindness as to persuade at the same time that they convince.

CHAPTER VII.

ENTERPRISE LEADS TO GOOD FORTUNE.—A RATIONAL EXPLANATION OF A GHOST.

THE very day that Mr. Young spoke to me in this manner, he called me, that I might tell his eldest son the names which we miners give to certain fossils that had been sent him from Cornwall ; and, after observing to his son that this knowledge would be useful to him, he begged me to tell him exactly how the tin-mine, in which I had been employed, was worked. This I did as well as I was able ; and, imperfect as my description was, it entertained the boys so much that I determined to try to make a sort of model of the tin-mine for their amusement.

But this I found no easy task : my remembrance, even of the place in which I had lived all my life, was not sufficiently exact to serve me, as to the length, height, breadth, &c., of the different parts ; and, though Mr. Young had a good collection of fossils, I was at a loss, for want of materials, to represent properly the different strata and veins, or, as we call it, *the country*.

My temper, naturally enthusiastic, was not on this occasion to be daunted by any difficulties. I was roused by the notion that I should be able to complete something that would be *really useful* to my kind benefactor's sons, and I anticipated with rapture the moment when I should produce my model complete, and justify Mr. Young's opinion of my diligence and capacity. I thought of nothing else from the moment these ideas came into my head. The measures, plans, and specimens of earths and ore, which were wanting, I knew could only be obtained from the mine ; and, such was my ardour to accomplish my little project, that I determined, at all hazards, to return into Cornwall, and to ask my good master's permission to revisit the mine in the night-time.

Accordingly, without a moment's delay, I set out upon this expedition. Part of the journey I performed on foot ; but, wherever I could, I got a set down, because I was impatient to get near the Land's End. I concluded that the wonder excited by my sudden disappearance had subsided by this time ; that I was too insignificant to make it worth while to continue a search after me for more than a few days ; and that, in all likelihood, my master had dismissed from his work the gang who had been concerned in the plot, and who were the only persons whose revenge I had reason to fear.

However, as I drew nearer the mine, I had the prudence not to expose myself unnecessarily ; and I watched my opportunity so well that I contrived to meet my master in his walk homeward, when no one was with him. I hastily gave him a letter from Mr. Young, as a certificate of my good conduct since my leaving him ; then explained the reason of my return, and asked permission to examine the mines that night.

He expressed a good deal of surprise, but no displeasure, at my boldness in returning : he willingly granted my request ; but, at the same time, warned me that some of my enemies were still in the neighbourhood ; and that, though he had dismissed them from his works, and though several had fled the country in search of employment elsewhere,

yet he was informed that two or three of the gang, and Clarke among the number, were seen lurking about the country ; that they had sworn vengeance against me for *betraying* them, as they called it, and had been indefatigably active in their search after me.

My master consequently advised me to stay only the ensuing night, and to depart before daybreak ; he also cautioned me not to wake the man who now slept in my hut in the mine.

I did not like to spoil the only good suit of clothes of which I was possessed ; so, before I went down into the mine, I got from my master my old jacket, apron, and cap, in which being equipped, and furnished with a lantern, and rod for measuring, I descended into the mine.

I went to work as quietly as possible, surveyed the place exactly, and remembered what I had heard Mr. Young observe, "that people can never make their knowledge useful if they have not been at the pains to make it exact." I was determined to give him a proof of my exactness. Accordingly, I measured and minuted down everything with the most cautious accuracy ; and so intent was my mind upon my work, that the thoughts of Clarke and his associates never came across me for a moment. Nay, I absolutely forgot the man in the hut, and am astonished he was not sooner awoke.

What roused him at last was, I believe, the noise made in loosening some earth and stones for specimens. A great stone came tumbling down, and immediately afterwards I heard one of the horses neigh, which showed me I had waked them at least, and I betook myself to a hiding-place in the western gallery, where I kept quiet for, I believe, a quarter of an hour, in order to give the horses and the man, if he were awake, time to go to sleep again.

I ventured out of my hiding-place too soon, for, just as I left my nook, I saw the man at the end of the gallery. Instantly upon the sight of me, he put both his hands before his face, gave a loud shriek, turned his back, and took to his heels with the greatest precipitation. I guessed that, as he said yesterday, he took me for the ghost of myself, and that his terror made him mistake my lantern for a blue taper. I had no chain, but that I had a rod in my hand is most certain ; and it is also true that I took advantage of his fears to drive him out of my way ; for the moment he began to run I shook my rod as fast and as loud as I could against the tin top of my lantern, and I trampled with my feet as if I was pursuing him.

As soon as the coast was clear I hastened back for my specimens, which I packed up in my basket, and then decamped as fast as I could. This is the only time I ever walked in the western gallery, with a *blue taper* in my hand, dragging a *chain* after me, whatever the ghost-seer may report to the contrary.

I was heartily glad to get away, and to have thus happily accomplished the object of my journey. I carried my basket on my back for some miles, till I got to the place where a waggon put up, and in this I travelled safely back to Exeter.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDUSTRY, INGENUITY, AND PERSEVERANCE LEAD TO FAME AND FORTUNE.

I DETERMINED not to show my model to Mr. Young or the boys till it should be as complete as I could make it. I got a good, ingenious carpenter, who had been in the habit of working for the toy-shops, to help me, and laid out the best part of my worldly treasure upon this my grand first project. I had new models made of the sieves for *lueing*, the *box* and *trough*, the *buddle*, *wreck*, and *tool*,* besides some dozen of wooden workmen, wheelbarrows, &c., &c., with which the carpenter, by my directions, furnished my mine. I paid a smith and tinman, moreover, for a model of our *stamps* and *blowing-house*, and an iron grate for my box; besides, I had a *lion rampant*,† and other small matters, from the pewterer; also a pair of bellows, finished by the glover; for all of which articles, as they were out of the common way, I was charged high.

It was some time, even when all this was ready, before we could contrive to make our puppets do their business properly; but patience accomplishes everything. At last we got our wooden miners to obey us, and to perform their several tasks at the word of command; that is to say, at the pulling of certain strings and wires, which we fastened to their legs, arms, heads, and shoulders, which wires, being thin and black, were at a little distance invisible to the spectators. When the skeletons were perfect we fell to work to dress and paint them, and I never shall forget the delight with which I contemplated our whole company of puppets: men, women, and children, fresh painted and dizen'd out, each in its proper colours. The carpenter could scarcely prevent me from spoiling them: I was so impatient to set them at work that I could not wait till their clothes were dry, and I was every half-hour rubbing my finger upon their cheeks, to try whether the red paint was yet hard enough.

With some pride I announced my intended exhibition to Mr. Young, and he appointed that evening for seeing it, saying that none but his own boys should be present at the first representation. It was for them, indeed, alone that it was originally designed, but I was so charmed with my newly finished work that I would gladly have had all Exeter present at the exhibition. However, before night I was convinced of my friend Mr. Young's superior prudence: the whole thing, as the carpenter said, *went off* pretty well, but several disasters happened which I had not foreseen. There was one stiff old fellow, whose arms, twitch them which way I would, I could never get to bend, and an obstinate old woman, who would never do anything but curtsy when I wanted her to kneel down and do her work. My children sorted their heaps of rubbish and ore very dexterously, excepting one unlucky little chap, who from the beginning had his head, somehow or other, turned the wrong way upon his shoulders, and I could never manage all the night

* The names of vessels and machines used in the Cornish tin-mines.

† A lion rampant is stamped on the block tin which is brought from thence.

to set it right again. It was in vain I flattered myself that his wry neck would escape observation, for, as he was one of the wheelbarrow-boys, he was a conspicuous figure in the piece, and whenever he appeared, wheeling or emptying his barrow, I, to my mortification, heard repeated peals of laughter from the spectators, in which even my patron, notwithstanding his good-natured struggles against it for some time, was at last compelled to join.

I all the while was wiping my forehead behind my show-box, for I never was in such a bath of heat in my life: not the hardest day's work I ever wrought in the mine made me one-half so hot as setting these puppets to work.

When my exhibition was over, good Mr. Young came to me, and consoled me for all disasters by the praises he bestowed upon my patience and ingenuity: he showed me that he knew the difficulties with which I had to contend, and he mentioned the defects to me in the kindest manner, and how they might be remedied. "I see," said he, smiling, "that you have endeavoured to make something useful for the entertainment of my boys, and I will take pains to make it turn out advantageously to you."

The next morning I went to look at my show-box, which Mr. Young had desired me to leave in his study, and I was surprised to see the wood in front, which I had left open for the spectators, filled up with boards, and having a circular glass in the middle of the new front. The eldest boy, who stood by enjoying my surprise, bid me look in and tell him what I saw. What was my astonishment when I first looked through this glass! "As large as the life!—as large as the life!" cried I in admiration. "I see the puppets, the *wheelbarrows*—everything as large as the life!"

Mr. Young then told me that it was by his son's directions that this glass, which he said was called a magnifying-glass or convex lens, was added to my show-box. "He makes you a present of it. And now," added he, smiling, "get all your little performers into order, and prepare for a second representation. I will send for a clockmaker in this town, who is an ingenious man, and will show you how to manage properly the motions of your puppets, and then we will get a good painter to paint them for you."

There was at this time, in Exeter, a society of literary gentlemen, who met once a week at each other's houses: Mr. Young was one of these gentlemen; and several of the principal families in Exeter, especially those who had children, came on the appointed evening to see the model of the Cornwall tin-mine, which, with the assistance of the clockmaker and painter, was now become really a show worth looking at. I made but few blunders this time, and the company were indulgent enough to pardon these, and to express themselves well pleased with my little exhibition. They gave me, indeed, solid marks of their satisfaction, which were quite unexpected. After the exhibition, Mr. Young's youngest boy, in the name of the rest of the company, presented me with a purse containing the contributions which had been made for me.

After repaying all my expenses for my journey and machinery, I found

I had six guineas and a crown to spare. So I thought myself a rich man ; and having never seen so much money together in my life before as six golden guineas and a crown, I should most probably, like the generality of people who come into the possession of unexpected wealth, have become extravagant, had it not been for the timely advice of my kind monitor, Mr. Young. When I showed him a pair of Chinese tumblers, which I had bought from a pedlar for twice as much as they were worth, merely because they pleased my fancy, he shook his head, and observed that I might, before my death, want this very money to buy a loaf of bread. "If you spend your money as fast as you get it, Jervas," said he, "no matter how ingenious or industrious you are, you will always be poor. Remember the good proverb that says, '*Industry is Fortune's right hand, and frugality her left*,'"—a proverb which has been worth ten times more to me than all my little purse contained ; so true it is that those do not always give most who give money.

CHAPTER IX.

PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE CONQUER MANY DIFFICULTIES

I HAD soon reason to rejoice at having thrown away no more money on baubles, as I had occasion for my whole stock to fit myself out for a new way of life. "Jervas," said Mr. Young to me, "I have at last found an occupation which I hope will suit you." Unknown to me, he had been, ever since he first saw my little model, intent upon turning it to my lasting advantage. Among the gentlemen of the society which I have before mentioned, there was one who had formed a design of sending some well-informed lecturer though England, to exhibit models of the machines used in manufactories. Mr. Young purposely invited this gentleman the evening that I exhibited my tin-mine, and proposed to him that I should be permitted to accompany his lecturer. To this he agreed. Mr. Young told me that, although the person who was fixed upon as lecturer was not exactly the sort of man he should have chosen, yet, as he was a relation of the gentleman who set the business on foot, no objection could well be made to him.

I was rather daunted by the cold and haughty look with which my new master, the lecturer, received me when I was presented to him. Mr. Young observing this, whispered to me at parting, "Make yourself useful, and you will soon be agreeable to him." We must not expect to find friends ready made wherever we go in the world : we often have to make friends for ourselves with great pains and care. It cost me both pains and care, I know, to make this lecturer my friend. He was what is called *born a gentleman* ; and he began by treating me as a low-born upstart, who, being perfectly ignorant, wanted to pass for a self-taught *genius*. That I was low-born I did not attempt to conceal, nor did I perceive that I had any reason to be ashamed of my birth, or of having raised myself by honest means to a station above that in which I was born. I was proud of this circumstance, and therefore it was no torment to me to hear the continual hints which my well-born master threw out upon this subject. I moreover never pretended to any

knowledge which I had not ; so that, by degrees, notwithstanding his prejudices, he began to feel that I had neither the presumption of an upstart nor of a self-taught genius. I kept in mind the counsel given to me by Mr. Young, to endeavour to make myself useful to my employer ; but it was no easy matter to do this at first, because he had such a dread of my awkwardness that he would never let me touch any of his apparatus. I was always left to stand like a cipher beside him whilst he lectured ; and I had regularly the mortification of hearing him conclude his lecture with—"Now, gentlemen and ladies, I will not detain you any longer from what, I am sensible, is much better worth your attention than anything I can offer,—Mr. Jervas's puppet-show."

It happened one day that he sent me with a shilling, as he thought, to pay a hostler for the feeding of his horse : as I rubbed the money between my finger and thumb, I perceived that the white surface came off, and the piece looked yellow : I recollected that my master had the day before been showing some experiments with quicksilver and gold, and that he had covered a guinea with quicksilver ; so I immediately took the money back, and my master, for the first time in his life, thanked me very cordially, for this was in reality a guinea, and not a shilling. He was also surprised at my directly mentioning the experiment he had shown.

The next day that he lectured, he omitted the offensive conclusion about Mr. Jervas's puppet-show. I observed further, to my infinite satisfaction, that after this affair of the guinea he was not so suspicious of my honesty as he used to appear : he now yielded more to his natural indolence, and suffered me to pack up his things for him, and to do a hundred little services which formerly he used roughly to refuse at my hands, saying, "I had rather do it myself, *sir* ;"—or—"I don't like to have anybody meddle with my things, Mr. Jervas." But his tone changed, and it was now, "Jervas, I'll leave you to put up these things, whilst I go and read ;"—or—"Jervas, will you see that I leave none of my goods behind me ? there's a good lad." In truth, he was rather apt to leave his goods behind him : he was the most absent and forgetful man alive. During the first half-year we travelled together, whilst he attempted to take care of his own things, I counted that he lost two pair and a half of slippers, one boot, three nightcaps, one shirt, and fifteen pocket-handkerchiefs. Many of these losses, I make no doubt, were set down in his imagination to my account whilst he had no opinion of my honesty ; but I am satisfied that he was afterwards thoroughly convinced of the injustice of his suspicions, as from the time that I had the charge of his *goods*, as he called them, to the day we parted, including a space of above four years and a half, he never lost anything but one red nightcap, which, to the best of my belief, he sent in his wig one Sunday morning to the barber's, but which never came back again, and an old ragged blue pocket-handkerchief, which he said he put under his pillow, or into his boot, when he went to bed at night. He had an odd way of sticking his pocket-handkerchief into his boot, "that he might be sure to find it in the morning." I suspect the handkerchief was carried down in the boot when it was taken to be cleaned. He was, however, perfectly certain that these two losses were not to be

imputed to any carelessness of mine. He often said he was obliged to me for the attention I paid to his interests ; he treated me now very civilly, and would sometimes condescend to explain to me in private what I did not understand in his public lectures.

I was presently advanced to the dignity of his secretary. He wrote a miserably bad hand, and his manuscripts were so scratched and interlined, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could decipher his own writing, when he was obliged to have recourse to his notes in lecturing. He was, moreover, extremely near-sighted ; and he had a strange trick of wrinkling up the skin on the bridge of his nose when he was perplexed : altogether, his look was so comical, when he began to pore over these papers of his, that few of the younger part of our audiences could resist their inclination to laugh. This disconcerted him beyond measure, and he was truly glad to accept my offer of copying out his scrawls fairly in a good bold round hand. I could now write, if I may say it without vanity, an excellent hand, and could go over his calculations as far as the first four rules of arithmetic were concerned ; so that I became quite his *factotum* ; and I thought myself rewarded for all my pains, by having opportunities of gaining every day some fresh piece of knowledge from the perusal of the notes which I transcribed.

CHAPTER X.

KNOWLEDGE AFFORDS THE MEANS OF SAFETY, PROSPERITY, AND FAME.

IT was now that I felt most thoroughly the advantage of having learned to read and write : stores of useful information were opened to me, and my curiosity and desire to inform myself were insatiable. I often sat up half the night reading and writing : I had free access now to all my fellow-traveller's books, and I thought I could never study them enough.

At the commencement of my studies, my master often praised my diligence, and would show me where to look for what I wanted in his books, or explain difficulties : I looked up to him as a miracle of science and learning ; nay, I was actually growing fond of him ; but this did not last long. In process of time he grew shy of explaining things to me ; he scolded me for thumbing his books, though Heaven knows my thumbs were always cleaner than his own ; and he thwarted me continually on some pretence or other. I could not for some time conceive the cause of this change in my master's behaviour ; indeed, it was hard for me to guess or believe that he was become jealous of the talents and knowledge of a poor lad, whose ignorance he but a few years before had so much despised and derided. I was the more surprised at this new turn of his mind, because I was conscious that, instead of becoming more conceited, I had of late become more humble ; but this humility was, by my suspicious master, attributed to artifice, and tended more than anything to confirm him in his notion that I had formed a plan to supplant him in his office of lecturer—a scheme which had never entered my head. I was thunderstruck when he one day said to me, "You need not study so hard, Mr. Jervas, for I promise you that, even with Mr.

Young's assistance, and all your *art*, you will not be able to supplant me, clever as, with all your affected humility, you think yourself."

The truth lightened upon me at once. Had he been a judge of the human countenance, he must have seen my innocence in my looks; but he was so fixed in his opinion, that I knew any protestations I could make, of my never having thought of the scheme he imputed to me, would serve only to confirm him in his idea of my dissimulation. I contented myself with returning to him his books and his manuscripts, and thenceforward withdrew my attention from his lectures, to which I had always, till now, been one of the most eager auditors: by these proceedings I hoped to quiet his suspicions. I no longer applied myself to any studies in which he was engaged, to show him that all competition with him was far from my thoughts; and I have since reflected that this fit of jealousy of his, which I at the time looked upon as a misfortune, because it stopped me short in pursuits which were highly agreeable to my taste, was in fact of essential service to me. My reading had been too general, and I had endeavoured to master so many things that I was not likely to make myself thoroughly skilled in any. As a blacksmith said once to me, when he was asked why he was not both blacksmith and whitesmith, "The smith that will meddle with all things may go shoe the goslings:" an old proverb which, from its mixture of drollery and good sense, became ever after a favourite of mine.

Having returned my master's books, I had only such to read as I could purchase or borrow for myself, and I became very careful in my choice; I also took every opportunity of learning all I could from the conversation of sensible people, wherever we went; and I found that one piece of knowledge often helped me to another when I least expected it. And this I may add, for the encouragement of others, that everything which I learned accurately was of use to me at some time or other of my life.

After having made a progress through England, my fellow-traveller determined to try his fortune in the metropolis, and to give lectures there to young people during the winter season. Accordingly, we proceeded towards London, taking Woolwich in our way, where we exhibited before the young gentlemen of the military academy. My master, who, since he had withdrawn his notes from my hands, had no one to copy them fairly, found himself during his lecture in some perplexity; and as he exhibited his usual odd contortions upon this occasion, the young gentlemen could not restrain their laughter; he also prolonged his lecture more than his audience liked, and several yawned terribly, and made signs of an impatient desire to see what was in my box, as a relief from their fatigue. This my master quickly perceived, and being extremely provoked, he spoke to me with a degree of harshness and insolence which, as I bore it with temper, prepossessed the young company in my favour. He concluded his lecture with the old sentence: "Gentlemen, I shall no longer detain you from what I am sure is much better worthy of your attention than anything I could offer, viz., Mr. Jervas's puppet-show."

This was an unlucky speech on the present occasion, for it happened that everybody, after having seen what he called my puppet-show, was

precisely of this opinion. My master grew more and more impatient, and wanted to hurry me away ; but one spirited young man most warmly took me and my tin-mine under his protection. I stood my ground, insisting upon my right to finish my exhibition, as my master had been allowed full time to finish his. The young gentleman who supported me was as well pleased by my present firmness as he had been by my former patience. At parting, he made a handsome collection for me, which I refused to accept, taking only the regular price.

"Well," said he, "you shall be no loser by this. You are going to town ; my father is in London ; here is his address. I'll mention you to him the next time I write home, and you'll not be the worse for that."

As soon as we got to London, I went according to my direction. The young gentleman had been more punctual in writing home than young gentlemen sometimes are. I was appointed to come with my models the next evening, when a number of young people were collected, besides the children of the family, which was numerous. The young spectators gathered round me at one end of a large saloon, asking me innumerable questions after the exhibition was over, whilst the master of the house, who was an East India director, was walking up and down the room conversing with a gentleman in an officer's uniform. They were, as I afterwards understood, talking about the casting of some guns at Woolwich for the East India Company.

"Charles," said the director, coming to the place where we were standing, and tapping one of his sons on the shoulder, "do you recollect what your brother told us about the proportion of tin which is used in casting brass cannon at Woolwich ?"

The young gentleman answered that he could not recollect, but referred his father to me, adding that his brother told him I was the person from whom he had the information. My memory served me exactly, and I had reason to rejoice that I had not neglected the opportunity of gaining this knowledge during our short stay at Woolwich. The East India director, pleased with my answering his first question accurately, condescended, in compliance with his children's entreaties, to examine my models, and questioned me upon a variety of subjects. At length he observed to the gentleman with whom he had been conversing, that I explained myself well, that I knew all I did know accurately, and that I had the art of captivating the attention of young people. "I do think," concluded he, "that he would answer Dr. Bell's description better than any person I have seen." He then inquired particularly into my history and connections, all of which I told him exactly. He took down the direction to Mr. Young and my good master (as I shall always call Mr. Roberts), and to several other gentlemen at whose houses I had been during the last three or four years, telling me that he would write to them about me, and that if he found my accounts of myself were as exact as my knowledge upon other subjects, he thought he could put me in a very eligible situation. The answers to these letters were all perfectly satisfactory: he gave me the letter from Mr. Roberts, saying, "You had better keep this letter, and take care of it, for it will be a recommendation to you in any part of the

world where courage and fidelity are held in esteem." Upon looking into this letter, I found that my good master had related, in the handsomest manner, the whole of my conduct about the discovery of the vein in his mine.

The director now informed me that if I had no objection to go to India, I should be appointed to go out to Madras as an assistant to Dr. Bell, one of the directors of the asylum for the instruction of orphans—an establishment which is immediately under the auspices of the East India Company, and which does them honour.

The salary which was offered me was munificent beyond my utmost expectations, and the account of the institution, which was put into my hands, charmed me. I speedily settled all my concerns with the lecturer, who was in great astonishment that this appointment had not fallen upon him. To console him for the last time, I showed him a passage in Dr. Bell's pamphlet, in which it is said that the doctor prefers to all others, for teachers at his school, youths who have no fixed habits as tutors, and who will implicitly follow his directions. I was at this time but nineteen; my master was somewhat appeased by this view of the affair, and we parted, as I wished, upon civil terms, though I could not feel much regret at leaving him. I had no pleasure in living with one who would not let me become attached to him, for, having early met with two excellent friends and masters, the agreeable feelings of gratitude and affection were in a manner necessary to my happiness.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END OF THE WICKED.

BEFORE I left England I received new proofs of Mr. Roberts's goodness: he wrote to me to say that, as I was going to a distant country, to which a small annuity of ten guineas a year could not easily be remitted, he had determined to lay out a sum equal to the value of the annuity he had promised me in a manner which he hoped would be advantageous; he further said that, as the vein of the mine with which I had made him acquainted turned out better than he had expected, he had added to the value of fifty guineas more than my annuity; and that if I would go to Mr. Ramsden's, mathematical instrument maker, in Piccadilly, I should receive all he had ordered to be ready for me.

At Mr. Ramsden's I found, ready to be packed for me, two small globes, syphons, prisms, an air-gun and an air-pump, a speaking-trumpet, a small apparatus for showing the gases, and an apparatus for freezing water. Mr. Ramsden informed me that these were not all the things Mr. Roberts had bespoken; that he had ordered a small balloon, and a portable telegraph, in form of an umbrella, which would be sent home, as he expected, in the course of the next week. Mr. Ramsden also had directions to furnish me with a complete set of mathematical instruments of his own making. "But," added he, with a smile, "you will be lucky if you get them soon enough out of my hands."

In fact, I believe I called a hundred times in the course of a fortnight

upon Ramsden, and it was only the day before the fleet sailed that they were finished and delivered to me.

I cannot here omit to mention an incident that happened in one of my walks to Ramsden's. I was rather late, and was pushing my way hastily through a crowd that was collected at the turning of a street, when a hawker, by accident, flapped a bundle of wet handbills in my eyes, and at the same instant screamed in my ears, "*The last dying speech and confession of Jonathan Clarke, who was executed on Monday, the 17th instant.*"

Jonathan Clarke! The name struck my ears suddenly, and the words shocked me so much that I stood fixed to the spot, and it was not till the hawker had passed by me some yards, and was beginning with—"*The last dying speech and confession of Jonathan Clarke, the Cornwall miner,*" that I recollected myself enough to speak. I called after the hawker in vain; he was bawling too loud to hear me, and I was forced to run the length of the whole street before I could overtake him and get one of the handbills. On reading it I could have no doubt that it was really the last dying speech of my old enemy Clarke; his birth, parentage, and every circumstance convinced me of the truth. Amongst other things in his confession, I came to a plan he had laid to murder a poor lad in the tin-mine where he formerly worked, and he thanked God that this plan was never executed, as the boy providentially disappeared the very night on which the murder was to have been perpetrated. He further set forth that, after being turned away by his master and obliged to fly from Cornwall, he came up to London and worked as a coalheaver for a little while, but soon became what is called a *mudlark*, that is, a plunderer of the ships' cargoes that unload in the Thames. He plied this abominable trade for some time, drinking every day to the value of what he stole, till, in a quarrel at an ale-house about the division of some articles to be sold to a receiver of stolen goods, he struck the woman of the house a blow, of which she died; and as it was proved that he had long borne her malice for some old dispute, Clarke was on his trial brought in guilty of wilful murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

I shuddered whilst I read all this. To such an end, after the utmost his cunning could do, was this villain brought at last! How thankful I was that I did not continue his associate in my boyish days! My gratitude to my good master increased upon the reflection that it was his humanity which had raised me from vice and misery to virtue and happiness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAPRICES OF POWER.

WE sailed from the Downs on the 20th of March. But why I tell you this I do not know, except it be in compliance with the custom of all voyagers, who think that it is important to the world to know on what day they sailed from this or that port. I shall not, however, imitate them in giving you a journal of the wind, or a copy of the ship's log-book; suffice it to say, that we arrived safely at Madras, after a

voyage of about the usual number of months and days, during all of which I am sorry that I have not for your entertainment any escape or imminent danger of shipwreck to relate, nor even any description of a storm or a water-spout.

You will, I am afraid, be much disappointed to find that upon my arrival in India, where, doubtless, you expected that I should, like others, have wonderful adventures, I began to live, at Dr. Bell's asylum in Madras, a quiet, regular life, in which for years I may safely say that every day in the week was extremely like that which preceded it. This regularity was no ways irksome to me, notwithstanding that I had for some years in England been so much used to a roving way of life. I had never any taste for rambling, and, under Dr. Bell, who treated me with strict justice as far as the business of the asylum was concerned, and with distinguished kindness in all other circumstances, I enjoyed as much freedom as I desired. I never had those absurd, vague notions of liberty which render men uneasy under the necessary restraints of all civilized society, and which do not make them the more fit to live with savages. The young people who were under my care gradually became attached to me, and I to them. I obeyed Dr. Bell's directions exactly in all things, and he was pleased to say, after I had been with him for some time, that he never had any assistant who was so entirely agreeable to him. When the business of the day was over, I often amused myself and the elder boys with my apparatus for preparing the gases, my speaking-trumpet, air-gun, &c.

One day, I think it was in the fourth year of my residence at Madras, Dr. Bell sent for me into his closet, and asked me if I had ever heard of a scholar of his of the name of William Smith, a youth of seventeen years of age, who, in the year 1794, attended the embassy to Tippoo Sultan when the hostage princes were restored, and who went through a course of experiments in natural philosophy in the presence of the sultan. I answered Dr. Bell, that before I left England I had read, in his account of the asylum, extracts from this William Smith's letters whilst he was at the sultan's court, and that I remembered all the experiments he had exhibited perfectly well; and also that he was detained, by the sultan's order, nineteen days after the embassy had taken leave, for the purpose of instructing two *aruzbegs*, or lords, in the use of an extensive and elegant mathematical apparatus, presented to Tippoo by the government at Madras.

"Well," said Dr. Bell, "since that time Tippoo Sultan has been at war, and has had no leisure, I suppose, for the study of philosophy or mathematics; but now that he has just made peace, and wants something to amuse him, he has sent to the government at Madras, to request that I will permit some of my scholars to pay a second visit at his court, to refresh the memory of the *aruzbegs*, and, I presume, to exhibit some new wonders for Tippoo's entertainment."

Dr. Bell proposed to me to go on this embassy; accordingly, I prepared all my apparatus, and having carefully remarked what experiments Tippoo had already seen, I selected such as would be new to him. I packed up my speaking-trumpet, my apparatus for freezing water, and that for exhibiting the gases, my balloon and telegraph, and

with these, and my model of the tin-mine, which I took by Dr. Bell's advice, I set out with two of his eldest scholars upon our expedition. We were met on the entrance of Tippoo's dominions by four *hircarrahs*, or soldiers, whom the sultan sent as a guard to conduct us safely through his dominions. He received us at court the day after our arrival. Unaccustomed as I was to Asiatic magnificence, I confess that my eyes were at first so dazzled by the display of oriental pomp, that, as I prostrated myself at the foot of the sultan's throne, I considered him as a personage high as human veneration could look. After having made my salaam, or salutation, according to the custom of his court, as I was instructed to do, the sultan commanded me, by his interpreter, to display my knowledge of the arts and sciences for the instruction and amusement of his court.

My boxes and machines had all been previously opened and laid out. I was prepared to show my apparatus for freezing ; but Tippoo's eye was fixed upon the painted silk balloon, and with prodigious eagerness he interrupted me several times with questions about that great empty bag. I endeavoured to make him understand as well as I could, by my interpreter and his own, that this great empty bag was to be filled with a species of air lighter than the common air, and that, when filled, the bag, which I informed him was in our country called a balloon, would mount far above his palace. No sooner was this repeated to him by the interpreter, than the sultan commanded me *instantly* to fill the balloon ; and when I replied that it could not be done instantly, and that I was not prepared to exhibit it on this day, Tippoo gave signs of the most childish impatience. He signified to me that since I could not show him what he wanted to see, the sultan would not see what I wanted to show. I replied, through his interpreter, in the most respectful but firm manner, that no one would be so presumptuous as to show to Tippoo Sultan, in his own court, anything which he did not desire to see ; that it was in compliance with his wishes that I came to his court, from which, in obedience to his commands, I should at any time be ready to withdraw. A youth, who stood at the right hand of Tippoo's throne, seemed much to approve of this answer ; and the sultan, assuming a more composed and dignified aspect, signified to me that he was satisfied to await for the sight of the filling of the great bag till the next day, and that he should, in the meantime, be well pleased to see what I was now prepared to show.

The apparatus for freezing, which we then exhibited, seemed to please him ; but I observed that he was, during a great part of the time whilst I was explaining it, intent upon something else ; and no sooner had I done speaking than he caused to be produced the condensing engines, made by himself, which he formerly showed to William Smith, and which he said spouted water higher than any of ours. The sultan, I perceived, was much more intent upon displaying his small stock of mechanical knowledge than upon increasing it ; and the mixture of vanity and ignorance which he displayed upon this and many subsequent occasions, considerably lessened the awe which his external magnificence at first excited in my mind. Sometimes he would put himself in competition with me, to show his courtiers his superiority ;

but, failing in these attempts, he would then treat me as a species of mechanic juggler, who was fit only to exhibit for the amusement of his court. When he saw my speaking-trumpet, which was made of copper, he at first looked at it with great scorn, and ordered his trumpeters to show me theirs, which were made of silver. As he had formerly done when my predecessor was at his court, he desired his trumpeters to sound through these trumpets the words *haww* and *jaww*—i.e., *come* and *go*; but, upon trial, mine was found to be far superior to the sultan's; and I received intimation, through one of his courtiers, that it would be prudent to offer it immediately to Tippoo. This I accordingly did, and he accepted it with the eagerness of a child who has begged and obtained a new plaything.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PASSIONATE AND THE CAPRICIOUS ARE OFTEN UNJUST.

THE next day Tippoo and his whole court assembled to see my balloon. Tippoo was seated in a splendid pavilion, and his principal courtiers stood in a semicircle on each side of him. The youth whom I formerly observed was again on his right hand, and his eyes were immovably fixed upon my balloon, which had been previously filled and fastened down by cords. I had the curiosity to ask who this youth was. I was informed he was the sultan's eldest son, Prince Abdul Calie. I had not time to make any further inquiries, for Tippoo now ordered a signal to be given, as had been previously agreed upon. I instantly cut the cords which held the balloon, and it ascended with a rapid but graceful motion, to the unspeakable astonishment and delight of all the spectators. Some clapped their hands and shouted, others looked up in speechless ecstasy, and in the general emotion all ranks for an instant were confounded. Even Tippoo Sultan seemed at this interval to be forgotten, and to forget himself, in the admiration of this new wonder.

As soon as the balloon was out of sight, the court returned to their usual places, the noise subsided, and the sultan, as if desirous to fix the public attention upon himself, and to show his own superior magnificence, issued orders immediately to his treasurer to present me, as a token of his royal approbation, with two hundred star pagodas. When I approached to make my salaam and compliment of thanks, as I was instructed, the sultan, who observed that some of the courtiers already began to regard me with envy, as if my reward had been too great, determined to divert himself with their spleen, and to astonish me with his generosity: he took from his finger a diamond ring, which he presented to me by one of his officers. The young Prince Abdul Calie whispered to his father whilst I was withdrawing; and I soon afterwards received a message from the sultan, requesting, or in other words ordering, me to remain some time at his court, to instruct the young prince his son in the use of my European machines, for which they had in their language no names.

This command proved a source of real pleasure to me, for I found

Prince Abdul Calie not only a youth of quick apprehension, but of a most amiable disposition, unlike the imperious and capricious temper which I had remarked in his father. Prince Abdul Calie had been, when he was about twelve years old, one of the hostage princes left with Lord Cornwallis at Seringapatam. With that politeness which is seldom to be found in the sons of Eastern despots, this prince, after my first introduction, ordered the magnificent palanquin given to him by Lord Cornwallis to be shown to me ; then, pointing to the enamelled snakes which support the panels, and on which the sun at this instant happened to shine, Prince Abdul Calie was pleased to say, "The remembrance of your noble countryman's kindness to me is as fresh and lively in my soul as those colours now appear to my eye."

Another thing gave me a good opinion of this young prince : he did not seem to value presents merely by their costliness. Whether he gave or received, he considered the feelings of others ; and I know that he often excited in my mind more gratitude by the gift of a mere trifle, by a word or a look, than his ostentatious father could by the most valuable donations. Tippoo, though he ordered his treasurer to pay me fifty rupees per day whilst I was in his service, yet treated me with a species of insolence, which, having some of the feelings of a free-born Briton about me, I found it difficult to endure with patience. His son, on the contrary, showed that he felt obliged to me for the little instructions I was able to give him, and did never appear to think that, as a prince, he could pay for all the kindness as well as the service of his inferiors by pagodas or rupees—so true it is that attachment cannot be bought, and that those who wish to have friends, as well as servants, should keep this truth constantly in mind. My English pride induced me to make these and many more such reflections whilst I was at Tippoo's court.

Every day afforded me fresh occasion to form comparisons between the sultan and his son, and my attachment to my pupil every day increased. My pupil ! It was with astonishment I sometimes reflected that a young prince was actually my pupil. Thus an obscure individual, in a country like England, where arts, sciences, and literature are open to all ranks, may obtain a degree of knowledge which an Eastern despot in all his pride would gladly purchase with ingots of his purest gold.

One evening, after the business of the day was over, Tippoo Sultan came into his son's apartment whilst I was explaining to the young prince the use of some of the mathematical instruments in my pocket-case. "We are well acquainted with these things," said the sultan in a haughty tone : "the government of Madras sent us such things as those, with others, which are now in the possession of some of my *aruzbegs*, who have doubtless explained them sufficiently to the prince my son."

Prince Abdul Calie modestly replied, "that he had never before been made to understand them ; for that the *aruzbeg* who had formerly attempted to explain them had not the art of making things so clear to him as I had done."

I felt a glow of pleasure at this compliment, and at the consciousness that I deserved it. How little did I imagine, when I used to sit up at

nights studying my old master's books, that one of them would be the means of procuring me such honour.

"What is contained in that box?" said the sultan, pointing to the box which held the model of the tin-mine. "I do not remember to have seen it opened in my presence."

I replied that it had not been opened, because I feared that it was not worthy to be shown to him. But he commanded that it should instantly be exhibited, and, to my great surprise, it seemed to delight him excessively. He examined every part, moved the wires of the puppets, and asked innumerable questions concerning our tin-mines. I was the more astonished at this, because I had imagined he would have considered every object of commerce as beneath the notice of a sultan. Nor could I guess why he should be peculiarly interested about our English tin-mines; but he soon explained this to me by saying that he had in his dominions certain tin-mines, which he had a notion would, if properly managed, bring a considerable revenue to the royal treasury, but that at present, through negligence or fraud, these mines were rather burdensome than profitable.

He inquired from me how my model came into my possession; and when his interpreter told him that I made it myself, he caused the question and answer to be repeated twice, before he would believe that he understood me rightly. He next inquired whether I was acquainted with the art of mining, and how I came by my information: in short, he commanded me to relate my history. I replied that it was a long story, concerning only an obscure individual, and unworthy the attention of a great monarch; but he seemed this evening to have nothing to do but to gratify his curiosity, which my apology only served to increase. He again commanded me to relate my adventures, and I then told him the history of my early life. I was much flattered by the interest which the young prince took in my escape from the mine, and by the praises he bestowed on my fidelity to my master.

The sultan, on the contrary, heard me at first with curiosity, but afterwards with an air of incredulity. Upon observing this, I produced the letter from my good master to the East India director, which gave a full account of the whole affair. I put this letter into the hands of the interpreter, and with some difficulty he translated it into the Carnatic Malabar, which was the language the sultan used in speaking to me.

The letter, which had the counter-signatures of some of the East India Company's servants resident at Madras, whose names were well known to Tippoo, failed not to make a great impression in favour of my integrity: of my knowledge he had before a high opinion. He stood musing for some time, with his eyes fixed upon the model of the tin-mine; and, after consulting with the young prince, as I guessed by their tones and looks, he bade his interpreter tell me, that if I would undertake to visit the tin-mines in his dominions, to instruct his miners how to work them, and to manage the ore according to the English fashion, I should receive from the royal treasure a reward more than proportioned to my services, and suitable to the generosity of a sultan.

Some days were given me to consider of this proposal. Though

tempted by the idea that I might realize, in a short time, a sum that would make me independent for the rest of my life, yet my suspicions of the capricious and tyrannical temper of Tippoo made me dread to have him for a master ; and, above all, I resolved to do nothing without the express permission of Dr Bell, to whom I immediately wrote. He seemed, by his answer, to think that such an opportunity of making my fortune was not to be neglected : my hopes, therefore, prevailed over my fears, and I accepted the proposal.

The presents which he had made me, and the salary allowed me during the six weeks that I attended the young prince, amounted to a considerable sum—500 star pagodas and 500 rupees—all which I left, together with my ring, in the care of a great Gentoo merchant, of the name of Omychund, who had shown me many civilities. With proper guides, and full powers from the sultan, I proceeded on my journey, and devoted myself with the greatest ardour to my undertaking. A most laborious and difficult undertaking it proved ; for in no country are prejudices in favour of their own customs more inveterate, amongst workmen of every description, than in India ; and, although I was empowered to inflict what punishment I thought proper on those who disobeyed, or even hesitated to fulfil, my orders, yet, thank God, I could never bring myself to have a poor slave tortured or put to death because he roasted ore in a manner which I did not think so good as my own method, nor even because he was not so well convinced as I was of the advantages of our Cornwall smelting furnace.

My moderation was of more service to me, in the minds of the people, than the utmost violence I could have employed to enforce obedience. As I got by degrees some little knowledge of their language, I grew more and more acceptable to them ; and some few, who tried methods of my proposing, and found that they succeeded, were, by my directions, rewarded with the entire possession of the difference of profit between the old and new modes. This bounty enticed others ; and in time that change was accomplished, by gentle means, which I had at first almost despaired of ever effecting.

When the works were in proper train, I dispatched a messenger to the sultan's court, to request that he would be pleased to appoint some confidential person to visit the mines, in order to be an eye-witness of what had been done ; and I further begged, as I had now accomplished the object of the sultan's wishes, that I might be recalled, after deputing whomsoever he might think proper to superintend and manage the mines in my stead ; I moreover offered, before I withdrew, to instruct the person who should be appointed. My messenger, after a long delay, returned to me, with a command from Tippoo Sultan to remain where I was till his further orders. For these I waited three months, and then, concluding that I was forgotten, I determined to set out to refresh Tippoo's memory.

I found him at Devanelli Fort, thinking little of me or my tin-mines : he was busily engaged in making preparations for a war with some Souba or other, whose name I forget, and all his ideas were bent on conquest and vengeance. He scarcely deigned to see, much less to listen to me : his treasurer gave me to understand that too much had already been

lavished upon me, a stranger as I was, and that Tippoo's resources, at all events, would be now employed in carrying on schemes of war, and not petty projects of commerce. Thus insulted, and denied all my promised reward, I could not but reflect upon the hard fate of those who attempt to serve capricious despots.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAN NEVER HAS ENOUGH.

I PREPARED as fast as possible to depart from Tippoo's court. The Hindoo merchant with whom I had lodged the pagodas and rupees, promised to transmit them to me at Madras; and he delivered to me the diamond ring which Tippoo had given to me during his fit of generosity or ostentation. The sultan, who cared no more what became of me, made no opposition to my departure; but I was obliged to wait a day or two for a guard, as the *hircarrahs* who formerly conducted me were now out upon some expedition.

Whilst I waited impatiently for their return, Prince Abdul Calie, who had not been during all this time at Devanelli Fort, arrived; and when I went to take leave of him, he inquired into the reason of my sudden departure. In language as respectful as I could use, and with as much delicacy as I thought myself bound to observe in speaking to a son of his father, I related the truth. The prince's countenance showed what he felt. He paused, and seemed to be lost in thought for a few minutes: he then said to me, "The sultan, my father, is at this time so intent upon preparations for war, that even I should despair of being listened to on any other subject. But you have in your possession, as I recollect, what might be useful to him either in war or peace; and, if you desire it, I will speak of this machine to the sultan."

I did not immediately know to what machine of mine the prince alluded; but he explained to me that he meant my portable telegraph, which would be of infinite use to Tippoo in conveying orders or intelligence across the desert. I left the matter entirely to the prince, after returning him my very sincere thanks for being thus interested in my concerns.

A few hours after this conversation I was summoned into the sultan's presence. His impatience to make trial of the telegraphs was excessive; and I, who but the day before had been almost trampled upon by the officers and lords of his court, instantly became a person of the greatest importance. The trial of the telegraphs succeeded beyond even my own expectations, and the sultan was in a species of ecstasy upon the occasion.

I cannot omit to notice an instance of the violence of his temper, and its sudden changes from joy to rage. One of his blacks, a gentle Hindoo lad, of the name of Saheb, was set to manage a telegraph at one of the stations, a few yards distant from the sultan. I had previously instructed Saheb in what he was to do; but, from want of practice, he made some mistake, which threw Tippoo into such a transport of passion, that he

instantly ordered the slave's head to be cut off!—a sentence which would infallibly have been executed, if I had not represented that it would be expedient to suffer his head to remain on his shoulders till the message was delivered by his telegraph, because there was no one present who could immediately supply his place. Saheb then read off his message without making any new blunder; and the moment the exhibition was over, I threw myself at the feet of the sultan, and implored him to pardon Saheb. I was not likely at this moment to be refused such a *trifle!* Saheb was pardoned.

An order upon the treasurer for five hundred star pagodas, to reward my services at the royal tin-mines, was given to me; and, upon my presenting to Tippoo Sultan the portable telegraphs, on which his ardent wishes were fixed, he exclaimed:

“Ask any favour in the wide-extended power of Tippoo Sultan to confer, and it shall be granted.”

I concluded that this was merely an oriental figure of speech; but I resolved to run the hazard of a refusal. I did not ask for a province, though this was in the wide-extended power of Tippoo Sultan to confer; but, as I had a great curiosity to see the diamond-mines of Golconda, of which both in Europe and in India I had heard so much, I requested the sultan's permission to visit those which belonged to him. He hesitated; but, after saying some words to an officer near him, he bade his interpreter tell me that he granted my request.

Accordingly, after lodging my pagodas and rupees along with the rest in the hands of Omychund, the Gentoo merchant, who was a man of great wealth and credit, I set out in company with some diamond merchants who were going to Golconda. My curiosity was amply gratified by the sight of these celebrated mines, and I determined that, when I returned to Europe, I would write a description of them. This description, however, I shall spare you for the present, and proceed with my story.

The diamond merchants with whom I travelled had a deal of business to transact at various places, and this was a cause of much delay to me, which I could scarcely bear with patience, for, now that I had gratified my curiosity, I was extremely desirous to return to Madras with my little treasure. The five years' salary due to me by the East India Company, which I had never touched, I had put out at interest at Madras, where sometimes the rate was as high as twelve per cent.; and if you knew—[said Mr. Jervas, addressing himself to the miners at Mr. Roberts's table]—anything of the nature of compound interest, you would perceive that I was in a fair way to get rich; for, in the course of fourteen or fifteen years, any sum that is put out at compound interest, even in England, where the rate of legal interest is five per cent., becomes double; that is, one hundred pound put out at compound interest, in fourteen years becomes two hundred. But few people have the patience or the prudence to make this use of their money. I was, however, determined to employ all my capital in this manner; and I calculated that, in seven years, I should have accumulated a sum fully sufficient to support me all the rest of my life in ease and affluence.

Full of these hopes and calculations, I pursued my journey along

with the merchants. Arrived at Devanelli Fort, I learned that the Souba with whom the sultan had been going to war, had given up the territory in dispute, and had pacified Tippoo by submissions and presents.

Whether he chose peace or war was indifferent to me : I was intent on my private affairs ; and I went immediately to Omychund, my banker, to settle them. I had taken my diamond ring with me to the mines, that I might compare it with others, and learn its value ; and I found that it was worth nearly treble what I had been offered for it. Omychund congratulated me upon this discovery, and we were just going to settle our accounts when an officer came in, and after asking whether I was not the young Englishman who had lately visited the mines of Golconda, summoned me immediately to appear before the sultan. I was terrified, for I imagined I was perhaps suspected of having purloined some of the diamonds ; but I followed the officer without hesitation, conscious of my innocence.

Tippoo Sultan, contrary to my expectations, received me with a smiling countenance, and pointing to the officer who accompanied me, asked me whether I recollected to have ever seen his face before ? I replied, no ; but the sultan then informed me that this officer, who was one of his own guards, had attended me in disguise during my whole visit to the diamond-mines, and that he was perfectly satisfied of my honourable conduct. Then, after making a signal to the officer and all present to withdraw, he bade me approach nearer to him, paid some compliments to my abilities, and proceeded to explain to me that he stood in further need of my services, and that if I served him with fidelity, I should have no reason to complain, on my return to my own country, of his want of generosity.

All thoughts of war being now, as he told me, out of his mind, he had leisure for other projects to enrich himself, and he was determined to begin by reforming certain abuses which had long tended to impoverish the royal treasury. I was at a loss to know whither this preamble would lead ; at length, having exhausted his oriental pomp of words, he concluded by informing me that he had reason to believe he was terribly cheated in the management of his diamond-mines at Golconda ; that they were rented from him by a Feulinga Brahmin, as he called him, whose agreement with the adventurers in the mines was, that all the stones they found under a pago in weight were to be their own, and all above this weight were to be his, for the sultan's use. Now, it seems that this agreement was never honestly fulfilled by any of the parties—the slaves cheating the merchants, the merchants cheating the Feulinga Brahmin, and he, in his turn, defrauding the sultan ; so that Tippoo assured me he had often purchased from diamond merchants stones of a larger spread and finer water than any he could get directly from his own mines, and that he had been frequently obliged to reward these merchants with rich vests or fine horses, in order to encourage others to offer their diamonds for sale.

I could not but observe, whilst Tippoo related all this, the great agitation of his looks and voice, which showed me the strong hold the passion for diamonds had upon his soul ; on which I should perhaps have made some wise reflections, but that people have seldom leisure

or inclination to make wise reflections when standing in the presence of a prince as powerful and as despotic as Tippoo Sultan.

The service that he required from me was a most dangerous one—not less than to visit the mines secretly by night, to search those small cisterns in which the workmen leave the diamonds mixed with the sand, gravelly stuff, and red earth, to sink and drain off during their absence. I did by no means relish this undertaking: besides that it would expose me to imminent danger, it was odious to my feelings to become a spy and an informer. This I stated to the sultan; but he gave no credit to this motive; and attributing my reluctance wholly to fear, he promised that he would take effectual measures to secure my safety, and that, after I had executed this commission, he would immediately send a guard with me to Madras. I saw that a dark frown lowered on his brow when I persisted in declining this office; but I fortunately bethought myself at this moment of a method of escaping the effects of his anger, without giving up my own principles.

I represented to him that the seizure of the diamonds in the cisterns, which he proposed, even should it afford him any convincing proofs of the dishonesty of the slaves and diamond merchants, and even if he could in future take effectual precautions to secure himself from their frauds, would not be a source of wealth to him equal to one which I could propose. His avarice fixed his attention, and he eagerly commanded me to proceed. I then explained to him that one of his richest diamond-mines had been for some time abandoned, because the workmen, having dug till they came to water, were then forced to stop for want of engines, such as are known in Europe. Now, having observed that there was a rapid current at the foot of the mountain, on which I could erect a water-mill, I offered to clear this valuable mine.

CHAPTER XV.

TIGERS AND DESPOTS ARE DANGEROUS FRIENDS.

THE sultan was pleased with the proposal; but recollecting how apt he was to change his humour, and how ill he received me when I returned from his tin-mines, I had the precaution to represent that, as this undertaking would be attended with considerable expense, it would be necessary that a year's salary should be advanced to me before my departure for Golconda, and that, if the payments were not in future regularly made, I should be at liberty to resign my employment and return to Madras. Prince Abdul Calie was present when the sultan pledged his word to this, and gave me full powers to employ certain of his artificers and workmen.

I shall not trouble you with the history of all my difficulties, delays, and disappointments in the execution of my undertaking; however interesting they were to me, the relation would be tiresome to those who have no diamond-mines to drain. It is enough for you to know that at length my engines were set a-going properly, and did their business so effectually that the place was by degrees cleared of water, and the workmen were able to open up fresh and valuable veins. During

all this time, including a period of three years, my salary was regularly paid to the Gentoo merchant, Omychund, in whose hands I left all my money, upon his promising to pay me as high interest as what I could obtain at Madras. I drew upon him only for such small sums as were absolutely necessary, as I was resolved to live with the utmost economy, that I might the sooner be enabled to return in affluence to my native country.

And here I must pause to praise myself, or rather to rejoice from the sincerity of my soul, that when power was in my hands, I did not make use of it for the purposes of extortion. The condition of the poor slaves who were employed by me was envied by all the others; and I have reason to know that, even in the most debased and miserable state of existence, the human heart can be awakened by kind treatment to feelings of affection and gratitude. These slaves became so much attached to me, that although the governor of the mines, and certain diamond merchants, were lying in wait continually to get rid of me some way or other, yet they never could effect their purposes: I was always apprised of my danger in time by some of these trusty slaves, who, with astonishing sagacity and fidelity, guarded me whilst I lived amongst them.

A life of daily suspicion and danger, however, was horrible, and my influence extended but a little way in making others happy. I might, for a short season, lessen the sufferings of these slaves; but still they were slaves, and most of them were scarcely treated as if they were human beings by the rapacious adventurers for whom they laboured.

These poor wretches generally work almost naked; they dare not wear a coat, lest the governor should say they have thriven much—are rich, and so increase his demands upon them. The wisest, when they find a great stone, conceal it till they have an opportunity, and then, with wife and children, run all away into the Visiapore country, where they are secure and well used.

My heart sickened at the daily sight of so much misery, and nothing but my hopes of finally prevailing on the sultan to better their condition, by showing him how much he would be the gainer by it, could have induced me to remain so long in this situation. Repeatedly Tippoo promised me that, upon the first diamond of twenty pagos' weight being brought to him, he would grant all I asked in favour of the slaves under my care. I communicated to them this promise, which excited them to great exertions. At last we were fortunate enough to find a diamond above the weight required. It was a well-spread stone, of a beautiful pale rose-colour, and of an adamantine hardness. I am sure that the sight of that most famous stone which is known by the name of the Pitt Diamond never gave its possessor such heartfelt joy as I experienced when I beheld this diamond. I looked upon it as the pledge of future happiness, not only to myself, but to hundreds of my fellow-creatures.

I set out immediately for Tippoo Sultan's court. It was too late in the evening when I arrived to see the sultan that night, so I went to Omychund, the Hindoo merchant, to settle my affairs with him. He received me with open arms, saying that he had thriven much upon my pagodas and rupees, and that he was ready to account with me for my

salary, also for the interest which he owed me; for all which he gave me an order upon an English merchant at Madras with whom I was well acquainted.

This being settled to my satisfaction, I told him the business which now brought me to Tippoo's court, and showed him my rose-coloured diamond. His eyes opened at the sight with a prodigious expression of avaricious eagerness. "Trust me," said he: "keep this diamond. I know Tippoo better than you do: he will not grant those privileges to the slaves that you talk about; and, after all, what concern are they of yours? They are used to the life they lead—they are not Europeans. Once in your native country, you will dream of them no more; you will think only of enjoying the wealth which you will have brought from India. Trust me, keep the diamond, fly this night towards Madras; I have a slave who perfectly knows the road across the country—you will be in no danger of pursuit, for the sultan will suppose you to be still at Golconda; no one could inform him of the truth but myself, and you must see by the advice I now give you that I am your firm friend."

As he finished these words, he clapped his hands to summon one of his slaves, as he said, to give instant orders for my flight. He looked upon me with incredulous surprise when I coolly told him that the flight which he proposed was far from my thoughts, and that it was my determination to give to the sultan the diamond that belonged to him.

Seeing that I was in earnest, Omychund suddenly changed his countenance, and in a tone of raillery asked me whether I could believe his proposal was serious; then making a sign to the slave who entered the room, a sumptuous banquet was in a short time spread before us, of which Omychund pressed me to partake, and encouraged me by his example, seeming desirous, by the power of wine and gaiety, to efface all remembrance of our late conversation. Indeed, I was left in doubt whether he had been in earnest or not, and at all events I gave him to understand that I was incapable of betraying him to the sultan. I ate, however, but sparingly of the banquet, and drank nothing.

The next morning, as early as I could, I presented myself before the sultan, who singled me from the crowd, and took me with him into the apartment of Prince Abdul Calie.

I proceeded cautiously. Tippoo was all impatience to hear news of his diamond-mine, and repeatedly interrupted me in my account of what had been done there, by asking whether we had yet come to any diamonds. I produced first one of a violet-colour, which I had reserved as a present for Prince Abdul Calie: it was a fine stone, but nothing equal to our rose-coloured diamond. Tippoo admired this, however, so much that I was certain he would be in raptures with that which I had in store for him. Before I showed it to him, in speaking of the weight of that which I had designed to present to the prince, I reminded him of his royal promise with respect to the slaves. "True," cried the sultan; "but is this diamond twenty pagos' weight? When you bring me one of that value you may depend upon having all you ask." I instantly produced the rose-coloured diamond, weighed it in his presence, and, as the scale in which it was put descended, Tippoo burst forth in an exclamation of joy. I seized the favourable moment; he

nodded as I knelt before him, and bade me rise, saying my request was granted, though why I should ask favours for a parcel of mean slaves, he observed, was incomprehensible.

Prince Abdul Calie did not appear to be of this opinion. He at this instant cast upon me a look of benevolence, and whilst his father was absorbed in the contemplation of his rose-coloured diamond, which he weighed, I believe, a hundred times, the generous young prince presented to me that violet-coloured diamond which I brought for him—a princely gift, made in a princely manner.

Tippoo's secretary made out for me the necessary order to the governor of the mines, by which a certain share of the profits of his labour was, by the sultan's command, to belong to each slave, and all those who had been employed in my service were, as a reward for their good conduct, to be emancipated. A number of petty exactions were by this order abolished, and the property acquired in land, dress, &c., by the slaves, was secured to them. Most gladly did I see the sultan's signature affixed to this paper, and when it was delivered into my hands my heart bounded with joy. I resolved to be the bearer of these good tidings myself: although my passport was made out for Madras, and two *hircarrahs*, by the sultan's order, were actually ready to attend me thither, yet I could not refuse myself the pleasure of beholding the joy of the slaves at this change in their condition, and to the latest hour of my life I shall rejoice that I returned to Golconda, the messenger of happiness. Never shall I forget the scene to which I was there a witness; never will the expressions of joy and gratitude be effaced from my memory which lighted up the black faces of these poor creatures! who, say what we will, have as much sensibility, perhaps more, than we have ourselves.

No sooner was I awake, the morning after my arrival, than I heard them singing songs under my window, in which my own name was frequently repeated. They received me with a shout of joy when I went amongst them, and crowding round me, they pressed me to accept of some little tokens of their gratitude and goodwill, which I had not the heart to refuse. The very children, by their caresses, seemed to beg me not to reject these little offerings. I determined, if ever I reached Europe, to give all of them to you, sir, my good master, as the best present I could make to one of your way of thinking.

The day after my arrival was spent in rejoicings. All the slaves who had worked under my inspection had saved some little matters, with which they had purchased for their wives and for themselves coloured cottons, and handkerchiefs for their heads: now that they were not in dread of being robbed or persecuted by the governor of the mines, they ventured to produce them in open day. These cottons of Malabar are dyed of remarkably bright and gaudy colours, and when the slaves appeared decked in them it was to me one of the gayest spectacles I ever beheld. They were dancing with a degree of animation of which till then I never had an idea.

I stood under the shade of a large banyan-tree, enjoying the sight, when suddenly I felt from behind a blow on my head which stunned me. I fell to the ground, and when I came to my senses found myself

in the hands of four armed soldiers and a black, who was pulling my diamond ring from my finger. They were carrying me away, amid the cries and lamentations of the slaves who followed us.

"Stand off! it is in vain you shriek," said one of the soldiers to the surrounding crowd; "what we do is by the order of the sultan: thus he punishes traitors."

Without further explanation, I was thrown into a dungeon belonging to the governor of the mines, who stood by with insulting joy to see me chained to a large stone in my horrid prison. I knew him to be my enemy; but what was my astonishment when I recollected in the countenance of the black, who was fastening my chains and loading me with curses, that very Saheb whose life I had formerly saved! To all my questions no answer was given but "It is the will of the sultan," or "Thus the sultan avenges himself upon traitors."

The door of my dungeon was then locked and barred, and I was left alone in perfect darkness. Is this, thought I, the reward of all my faithful services? Bitterly did I regret that I was not in my native country, where no man at the will of a sultan can be thrown into a dungeon without knowing his crime or his accusers. I cannot attempt to describe to you what I felt during this most miserable day of my existence: feeble at last, for want of food, I stretched myself out as well as my chains would allow me, and tried to compose myself to sleep. I sank into a state of insensibility, in which I must have remained for several hours, for it was midnight when I was roused by the unbarring of my prison door. It was the black, Saheb, who entered, carrying in one hand a torch, and in the other some food, which he set before me in silence. I cast upon him a look of scorn, and was about to reproach him with his ingratitude, when he threw himself at my feet and burst into tears.

"Is it possible," said he to me, "that you are not sure of the heart of Saheb? You saved my life; I am come to save yours. But eat, master," continued he; "eat whilst I speak, for we have no time to lose; to-morrow's sun must see us far from hence—you cannot support the fatigues you have to undergo without taking food."

I yielded to his entreaties, and, whilst I ate, Saheb informed me that my imprisonment was owing to the treacherous Hindoo merchant, Omychund, who, in hopes, I suppose, of possessing himself in quiet of all the wealth which I had entrusted to his care, went to the sultan and accused me of having secreted certain diamonds of great value, which he pretended I had shown to him in confidence. Tippoo, enraged at this, dispatched immediate orders to four of his soldiers to go in search of me, seize, imprison, and torture me, till I should confess where these diamonds were concealed. Saheb was in the sultan's apartment when this order was given, and immediately hastened to Prince Abdul Calie, whom he knew to be my friend, and informed him of what had happened. The prince sent for Omychund, and after carefully questioning him, was convinced by his contradictory answers, and by his confusion, that the charge against me was wholly unfounded; he dismissed Omychund, however, without letting him know his opinion, and then sent Saheb for the four soldiers, who were setting out in search of me. In

their presence he gave Saheb orders aloud to take charge of me the moment I should be found, and secretly commissioned him to favour my escape. The soldiers thought that in obeying the prince they obeyed the sultan, and, consequently, when I was taken and lodged in my dungeon, the keys of it were delivered to Saheb.

When he had finished telling me all this, he restored to me my ring, which he said he snatched from my finger, as soon as I was seized, that I might not be robbed of it by the governer or some of the soldiers.

The grateful Saheb now struck off my chains, and my own anxiety for my escape was scarcely equal to his. He had swift horses belonging to the soldiers in readiness, and we pursued our course all night without interruption. He was well acquainted with the country, having accompanied the sultan on several expeditions. When we thought ourselves beyond the reach of all pursuers, Saheb permitted me to rest; but I never rested at my ease till I was out of Tippoo Sultan's dominions, and once more in safety at Madras. Dr. Bell received me with great kindness, heard my story, and congratulated me on my escape from Tippoo's power.

I was now rich beyond my hopes; for I had Omychund's order upon the Madras merchant safe in my pocket, and the whole sum was punctually paid to me. My ring I sold to the Governor of Madras for more even than I expected.

I had the satisfaction to learn, before I left Madras, that Omychund's treachery was made known to the sultan by means of Prince Abdul Calie, whose memory will ever be dear to me. Tippoo, as I have been informed, in speaking of me, was heard to regret that he could not recall to his service such an honest Englishman.

I was eager to reward the faithful Saheb, but he absolutely refused the money which I offered him, saying "that he would not be paid for saving the life of one who had saved his." He expressed a great desire to accompany me to my native country, from the moment that I told him we had no slaves there, and that, as soon as any slave touched the English shore, by our laws he obtained his freedom. He pressed me so earnestly to take him along with me as my servant, that I could not refuse, so he sailed with me for Europe.

As the wind filled the sails of our vessel, much did I rejoice that the gales which blew me from the shores of India were not tainted with curses of any of my fellow-creatures.

Here I am, thank Heaven! once more in free and happy England, with a good fortune, clean hands, and a pure conscience, not unworthy to present myself to my first good master, to him whose humanity and generosity were the cause of—

Here Mr. Roberts interrupted his own praises, by saying to those of the miners who had not fallen fast asleep, "My good friends, you now know the meaning of the toast which you all drank after dinner; let us drink it again before we part: 'Welcome home to our friend Jervas, and may good faith always meet with good fortune.'"



THE WILL.

CHAPTER I.

THE TENOUR OF THE WILL, AND A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE CANDIDATES.



R. PEARSON, a wealthy Lincolnshire farmer, who had always been esteemed a prudent, sensible man, though something of a *humourist*, made the following will :

"I, John Pearson, of The Wold in Lincolnshire, farmer, being of sound mind and body, do make this my last will and testament, &c., &c.

"I give and bequeath my farm of West Wold Land to my eldest nephew, Grimes Goodenough ; my farm of Holland Fen to my dear nephew John Wright ; and my farm of Clover Hill to my youngest nephew, Pierce Marvel.

"I further will and desire that the sum of ten thousand pounds, which is now in the hands of William Constantine, gentleman, my executor, may by him, immediately after my decease, be put out to interest for ten years ; and I will and desire that, at the end of the said ten years, the said sum of ten thousand pounds, and the interest so accumulated thereon, be given to whichever of my aforesaid nephews shall at that time be the richest.

"And I trust that the said William Constantine, gentleman, my executor and very good friend, being a clear-headed, honest man, will understand and execute this my last will and testament according to the plain meaning of my words, though it should happen that this my will should not be drawn up in due legal form, of which I know little or nothing."

Mr. Constantine, the executor, being, as described, a clear-headed, honest man, found no difficulty either in understanding or executing his trust : the ten thousand pounds, immediately upon Pearson's decease, were placed out upon interest, and the three nephews were put into possession of their farms.

These were of very different value. Goodenough's wanted improvement, but would pay richly for any that should be judiciously made ; Wright's farm was by far the worst of the three ; and Marvel's the best.

The Lincolnshire folks were much divided in opinion concerning these young men, and many bets were laid relating to the legacy. People judged according to their own characters: the enterprising declared for Marvel, the prudent for Wright, the timid for Goodenough.

The nephews had scarcely been in possession of their farms a week, when one evening, as they were all supping together at Wright's house, Marvel suddenly turned to Goodenough, and exclaimed, "When do you begin your improvements, Cousin Goodenough?"

"Never, Cousin Marvel."

"Then you'll never touch the ten thousand, my boy. What! will you do nothing to your marsh? nothing to your common? nothing to your plantations? Do not you mean ever to make any improvements?"

"I mean not to make any improvements."

"Well, you'll let me make some for you."

"Not I."

"No! Won't you let me cut down some of those trees for you, that are spoiling one another in your wood?"

"Not a tree shall be cut down. Not a stick shall be stirred. Not a change shall be made, I say."

"Not a change for the better, Cousin Goodenough?" said Wright.

"No change can be for the better to my mind. I shall plough and sow and reap as our forefathers did, and that's enough for me."

"What! will you not even try the new plough?" said Marvel.

"Not I: no new ploughs for me. No plough can be so good as the old one."

"How do you know, as you never tried it or would see it tried?" said Wright. "I find it better than the old one."

"No matter: the old one will do well enough for me, as it did for my father before me."

After having repeated these words in precisely the same tone several times, he went on slowly eating his supper, whilst Marvel, in detestation of his obstinate stupidity, turned his back upon him, and began to enumerate to Wright sundry of his own ingenious projects.

"My dear Wright," said he, "you are worth talking to, and you shall hear all my schemes."

"Willingly, but I do not promise to approve of them all."

"Oh! you will, you will, the moment you hear them; and I will let you have a share in some of them. In the first place, there's that fine rabbit-warren near Clover Hill. The true silver-grey rabbits, *silver-sprigs*, they call them. Do you know that the skins of those *silver-sprigs* are worth any money?"

"Any money! What money?"

"Pooh! I don't know exactly; but I mean to buy that warren."

"Before you know what it is worth? Let us consider: each dozen of skins is worth, say, from ten to fifteen shillings."

"You need not trouble yourself to calculate now," interrupted Marvel, "for I have determined to have the warren. With the money that I shall get for my silver-sprigs, I will next year make a decoy, and supply the London market with wild fowl. Don't you remember, the day that we met Simon Stubbs, the carrier, loaded with game and

wild fowl, he said that a decoy in Lincolnshire must be a fortune to any man? I'll have the best decoy not only in Lincolnshire, but in all England. By-the-bye, there's another thing I must do, Wright; I'll exchange any part of Clover Hill you please with you, for as much land in Holland Fen."

"Take him at his word, Cousin Wright," said Goodenough.

"No, no," replied Wright, "I know the value of land, and the difference between Clover Hill and Holland Fen better than he does. I would not take him at his word, for that would be taking him in."

"I would take nobody in," said Goodenough; "but if another man is a fool, that's no reason I should be one. Now, if a man offers me a good bargain, why should I not close with him and say Done?"

"Then say Done!" cried Marvel, "and you shall have the bargain, Goodenough. You have an undrained marsh of your own: I'll exchange with you, and welcome—ten acres of the marsh for five of Clover Hill."

"Done," said Goodenough.

"Done. I shall stock it with geese, and you'll see what the quills and feathers alone will bring me in. I've engaged with one already to sell them for me. But, Wright, here's another scheme I have. Wild-moore Common, you know, is covered with those huge thistles, which prick the noses of the sheep so as to hinder them from feeding and fattening: I will take that common into my own hands."

"Ay," said Goodenough: "exchange the rest of Clover Hill for it—that's like you!"

"And I will mow the thistles," pursued Marvel, without deigning to reply to Goodenough—"I will mow the thistles; their down I can contrive to work up into cotton, and the stalks into cordage; and with the profit I shall make of these thistles, and of my decoy, and of my goose-quills and feathers, and of my silver-sprig rabbits, I will buy jackets for my sheep; for my sheep shall all have jackets after shearing. Why should not Lincolnshire sheep, if they have jackets, become as valuable as the Leicestershire breed? You'll see my sheep will be the finest in the whole county; and with the profit I shall make of them, I will set up a fishery in fen lake; and with the profits of the fishery—now comes my grand scheme—I shall be the richest of you all!—with the profits of the fishery, and the decoy, and the sheep, and the silver-sprigs, and the quills and feathers, and geese and thistles, I will purchase that fine heronry near Spalding."

At these words Goodenough laid down his knife and fork, and sticking his arms akimbo, laughed contemptuously, if not heartily.

"So, then, the end of all this turmoil is to purchase a heronry!—much good may it do you, Cousin Marvel. You understand your own affairs best: you will make great *improvements*, I grant, and no doubt will be the richest of us all. The ten thousand pounds will be yours for certain; for, as we all know, Cousin Marvel, you are a genius!—But why a genius should set his fancy upon a heronry, of all things in this mortal world, is more than I can pretend to tell—being no genius myself."

"Look here, Wright," continued Marvel, still without vouchsafing any

direct reply to Goodenough, "here's a description, in this last newspaper, of the fine present that the Grand Seigneur has made to his Majesty. The plume of herons' feathers alone is estimated at a thousand guineas! Think of what I shall make by my heronry! At the end of ten years, I shall be so rich that it will hardly be worth my while," said Marvel, laughing, "to accept of my uncle's legacy. I will give it to you, Wright, for you are a generous fellow, and I am sure you will deserve it."

CHAPTER II.

HASTY CONCLUSIONS ARE BUT SELDOM JUST.

IN return for this liberal promise, Wright endeavoured to convince Marvel, that if he attempted such a variety of schemes at once, they would probably all fail; and that to insure success, it would be necessary to calculate, and to make himself master of the business, before he should undertake to conduct it. Marvel, however, was of too sanguine and presumptuous a temper to listen to this sage advice: he was piqued by the sneers of his Cousin Goodenough, and determined to prove the superiority of his own spirit and intellect. He plunged at once into the midst of a business which he did not understand. He took a rabbit-warren, of two hundred and fifty acres, into his hands; stocked ten acres of marsh-land with geese; and exchanged some of the best part of Clover Hill for a share in a common covered with thistles. He planted a considerable tract of land, with a degree of expedition that astonished all the neighbourhood; but it was remarked that the fences were not quite sufficient, especially as the young trees were in a dangerous situation, being surrounded by land stocked with sheep and horned cattle. Wright warned him of the danger; but he had not time this year, he said, to complete the fences: the men who tended his sheep might easily keep them from the plantation for this season, and the next spring he purposed to dig such a ditch round the whole as should secure it for ever. He was now extremely busy, making jackets for his sheep, providing willows for his decoy, and gorse and corn for his geese. The geese, of which he had a prodigious flock, were not yet turned into their fen, because a new scheme had occurred to Marvel relative to some reeds with which a part of this fen was covered. On these reeds myriads of starlings were accustomed to roost, who broke them down with their weight. Now, Marvel knew that such reeds would be valuable for thatching, and with this view he determined to drive away the starlings; but the measures necessary for this purpose would frighten his friends the geese, and therefore he was obliged to protect and feed them in his farm-yard, at a considerable expense, whilst he was carrying on the war with the starlings. He fired guns at them morning and evening; he sent up rockets and kites with fiery tails; and at last he banished them; but half his geese in the meantime died for want of food, and the women and children who plucked them stole one-quarter of the feathers and one-half of the quills, whilst Marvel was absent letting up rockets in the fen.

The rabbit-warren was, however, to make up for all other losses. A

furrier had engaged to take as many silver-sprigs from him as he pleased, at sixteen shillings a dozen, provided he should send them properly dressed, and in time to be shipped for China, where these silver-grey rabbit-skins sold to the best advantage. As winter came on, it was necessary to supply the warren with winter food; and Marvel was much astonished at the multitude of unforeseen expenses into which his rabbits led him. The banks of the warren wanted repair, and the warrener's house was not habitable in bad weather: these appeared but slight circumstances when Marvel made the purchase; but, alas! he had reason to change his opinion in the course of a few months. The first week in November there was a heavy fall of snow, and the warren walls should have been immediately cleared of snow, to have kept the rabbits within their bounds; but Marvel happened this week to be on a visit in Yorkshire, and he was *obliged* to leave the care of the warren entirely to the warrener, who was *obliged* to quit his house during the snow, and to take shelter with a neighbour. He neglected to clear the walls; and Marvel, upon his return home, found that his silver-sprigs had strayed into a neighbouring warren. The second week in November is the time when the rabbits are usually killed, as the skins are then in full prime. It was in vain that Marvel raised a hue and cry after his silver-sprigs: a fortnight passed away before one-third of them could be recovered. The season was lost, and the furrier sued him for breach of contract; and, what was worse, Goodenough laughed at his misfortunes.

The next year he expected to retrieve his loss. He repaired the warrener's house, new-faced the banks, and capped them with furze; but the common grey rabbit had been introduced into the warren by the stragglers of the preceding year, and as these grey rabbits are of a much more hardy race than the silver-sprigs, they soon obtained and kept possession of the land. Marvel now pronounced rabbits to be the most useless and vexatious animals upon earth, and in one quarter of an hour thoroughly convinced himself that tillage was far more profitable than rabbits. He ploughed up his warren, and sowed it with corn; but unluckily his attention had been so much taken up by the fishery, the decoy, the geese, the thistles, and the hopes of the heronry, that he totally forgot his intention of making the best of all possible ditches round his plantation. When he went to visit this plantation, he beheld a miserable spectacle: the rabbits which had strayed beyond their bounds during the great snow, and those which had been hunted from their burrows when the warren was ploughed up, had all taken shelter in this spot; and these refugees supported themselves for some months upon the bark and roots of the finest young trees.

Marvel's loss was great, but his mortification still greater, for his Cousin Goodenough laughed at him without mercy. Something must be done, he saw, to retrieve his credit; and the heronry was his resource.

"What will signify a few trees more or less," thought he, "or the loss of a few silver-sprigs, or the death of a few geese, or the waste of a few quills and feathers? My sheep will sell well—my thistles will bring me up again; and as soon as I have sold my sheep at Partney Fair, and manufactured my thistles, I will set out, with my money in my pocket,

for Spalding, and make my bargain for the heronry. A plume of heron's feathers is worth a thousand guineas! My fortune will be made when I get possession of the Spalding heronry."

So intent was Marvel upon the thoughts of the Spalding heronry, that he neglected everything else. About a week before the fair of Partney, he bethought himself of his sheep, which he had left to the care of a shepherd-boy. He now ordered the boy to drive them home, that he might see them. Their jackets hung upon them like bags: the poor animals had fallen away in the most deplorable manner. Marvel could scarcely believe that these were his sheep, or that these were the sheep which he had expected to be the pride of Lincolnshire, and which he had hoped would set the fashion of jackets. Behold, they were dying of the rot!

"What an unfortunate man, I am!" exclaimed Marvel, turning to his Cousin Wright, whom he had summoned along with Goodenough, in the pride of his heart, to view, value, and admire his sheep. "All your sheep, Wright, are fat and sound; mine were finer than yours when I bought them. How comes it that I am so unlucky?"

"Jack of all trades, and master of none!" said Goodenough with a sneer.

"You forgot, I am afraid, what I told you when first you bought these sheep," said Wright, "that you should always keep them in fold every morning till the dew was off: if you had done so, they would now be as well and thriving as mine. Do you not remember my telling you that?"

"Yes; and I charged this boy always to keep them in fold till the dew was off," replied Marvel, turning with an angry countenance to the shepherd-boy.

"I never heard nothing of it till this minute, I am sure, master," said the boy.

Marvel now recollected that, at the very moment when he was going to give this order to the boy, his attention had been drawn away by the sight of a new decoy in the fields adjoining to his sheep pasture. In his haste to examine the decoy, he forgot to give that order to his shepherd on which the safety of his fine flock of sheep depended.* Such are the negligences and blunders of those who endeavour to do half a dozen things at once.

CHAPTER III.

SUCCESSIVE DISAPPOINTMENTS ARE CONSOLED BY SUCCESSIVE HOPES.

THE failure of one undertaking never discouraged Marvel from beginning another; and it was a pity that, with so much spirit and activity, he had so little steadiness and prudence. His sheep died, and

* "A General View of the Agriculture of the County of Lincoln," p. 330. "It well deserves noting that a shepherd, who, when young, was shepherd's boy to an old man who lived at Netlam, near Lincoln, a place famous for the rot, told Mr. Neve that he was persuaded sheep took the rot only of a morning, before the dew was well off. At that time they folded, being open fold; his master's shepherd kept his flock in fold always till the dew was gone, and, with no other attention, his sheep were kept sound, when all the neighbours lost their flocks."

he set out for Spalding full of the thoughts of the heronry. Now, this heronry belonged to Sir Plantagenet Mowbray, an elderly gentleman, who was almost distracted with family pride: he valued himself upon never having parted with one inch of the landed property that had descended to him through a long line of ancestors from the Plantagenets. He looked down upon the whole race of farmers and traders as beings of a different species from himself; and the indignation with which he heard, from a Lincolnshire farmer, a proposal to purchase his heronry, may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be described. It was in vain that Marvel rose in his offers; it was in vain that he declared he was ready to give any price that Sir Plantagenet would set upon the heronry. Sir Plantagenet sent word by his steward that not a feather of his birds should be touched; that he was astonished at the insolence of such a proposal; and that he advised Marvel to keep out of the way of *his people*, lest they should revenge the insult that had been offered to their master.

This haughty answer, and the disappointment of all his hopes and schemes respecting the heronry, threw Marvel into a degree of rage scarcely inferior to what was felt by Sir Plantagenet. As he was galloping down the avenue from Plantagenet Hall, he overtook a young man of a shabby appearance, who was mounted upon a very fine horse. At first Marvel took it for granted that he was one of Sir Plantagenet's *people*, and he was riding past him, when he heard the stranger say, in a friendly tone, "Your horse gallops well, sir; but have a care—there's a carrion a little way farther on that may startle him."

Marvel pulled in his horse. The stranger rode up beside him, and they entered into conversation. "That carrion, sir," said he, pointing to the dead horse, which had just been shot for the hounds of the baronet's son—"that carrion, sir, was, in my opinion, the best horse possessed either by Sir Plantagenet or his son. 'Tis a shame for any man who pretends to be a gentleman, and who talks so largely and so high of his family, should be so stingy in the article of horseflesh."

Marvel was not unwilling at this instant to hear the haughty baronet blamed and ridiculed, and his companion exactly fell in with his humour, by telling a variety of anecdotes to prove Sir Plantagenet to be everything that was odious and contemptible. The history of his insolence about the heronry was now related by Marvel, and the stranger seemed to sympathize so much in his feelings, that from a stranger he began to consider him as a friend. Insensibly the conversation returned to the point at which it commenced, and his new friend observed that it was vain to expect anything good from any gentleman, or indeed from any man, who was stingy in the article of horseflesh.

A new sense of honour and of shame began to rise in our hero's mind, and he sat uneasy in his saddle, whilst he reflected that the horse upon which he was mounted was perhaps as deservedly an object of contempt as any of Sir Plantagenet's stud. His new friend, without seeming to notice his embarrassment, continued his conversation, and drew a tempting picture of the pleasures and glories of a horse-race. He said he was "just training a horse for the York races, and a finer animal never was crossed. Sir Plantagenet's eldest son would have been the

proudest and happiest of men, if his father would but have bought the horse for him ; but he had refused, and the youth himself had not the price, or half the price, at his command."

Our hero was no judge of horses, but he was ambitious to prove that his spirit was superior to that of the haughty baronet, and that something good might be expected from him, as he was not stingy in horse-flesh ; besides, he was worked up to a high degree of curiosity to see the York races, and his companion assured him that he could not appear there without being well mounted. In short, the hour was not at an end before he had offered a hundred guineas for the finest horse that ever was crossed. He was charmed with the idea that he should meet Sir Plantagenet Mowbray's son and heir at the York races, and should show him that he was able and willing to pay for the horse which his arrogant father could not afford to purchase.

From the anecdote of the herony, his companion perceived that Marvel was a man fond of projects, and he proposed to him a scheme, which caught his fancy so much that it consoled him for the loss of the herony. It was the fault of our enterprising hero's character always to think the last scheme for making a fortune the best. As soon as he reached home he was in haste to abandon some of his old projects, which now appeared to him flat, stale, and unprofitable. About a score of his flock, though tainted with the rot, were not yet dead ; he was eager to sell them, but no one would buy sheep of such a wretched appearance. At last Wright took them off his hands. "I will throw the threescore jackets into the bargain," said Marvel ; "for you are a generous fellow, to offer so handsomely for my poor sheep, and you deserve to be treated as you treat others. If I come in at the end of the ten years for the legacy, I shall remember you, as I told you before. As to my Cousin Goodenough here, he thinks so much of himself that there is no occasion for others to think of him. I asked him to join me in a bond yesterday for a hundred pounds, just to try him, and he refused me. When I come in for the legacy I will cut him off with a shilling,—I give him fair notice."

"Cut me off with what you will," said Goodenough sullenly : "not a farthing of my money shall ever be lent to one that has a project for every day in the year. Get into what difficulties you may, I will never join you in any bond, I promise you. It is enough for me to take care of myself."

"Don't flatter yourself that I am getting into any difficulties," replied Marvel. "I wanted the hundred guineas only to pay for a horse ; and the friend who sold him to me will wait my convenience."

"The *friend* !" said Wright ; "do you mean that man who rode home with you from Spalding ?—I advise you not to make a friend of him, for he is a notorious jockey."

"He will not take *me* in, though," said Marvel : "I am as sharp as he is, and he sees that ; so we understand one another very well. To my certain knowledge, a hundred and twenty guineas could be had to-morrow for the horse I bought from him, yet he let me have it for a hundred."

"And how can a man of your sense, Cousin Marvel," said Wright,

"believe that a person who never saw you till within these three days would be so much your friend as to make you a present of twenty guineas?"

"A present!"

"Yes; if he lets you have a horse for a hundred, which you can sell for a hundred and twenty, does not he make you a present of twenty guineas?"

"Well, but I can tell you the reason for all that: he wants me to enter into a scheme with him for breeding horses on the commons here: and so he would not, at first setting out, stand to higgie with me for the price of a horse."

"And would you for twenty guineas, Cousin Marvel, run the hazard of joining in any scheme with a man of his character? Pray inquire in the country, and in York, where you are going, what sort of a character this man bears. Take my advice, pay him for his horse, and have nothing more to do with him."

"But I have not the ready cash to pay him for his horse," said Marvel.

"Let that be no difficulty," replied Wright; "for I have a hundred guineas here, just brought home from Partney Fair, and they are heartily at your service."

Goodenough twitched Wright's elbow three times as he uttered these words, but Wright finished his sentence, and put the money into Marvel's hands immediately, upon his promising to pay for the horse, break off all connection with his friend the jockey if he should find upon inquiry that he was not a person of good character, and at all events to suspend any treaty with him till after his return from York.

"Whilst you are gone," said Wright, "I will make inquiries about the profit of breeding of horses on the commons. I have an acquaintance, a sensible old man, who has kept accounts of what he has done in that way himself, and he will show us his accounts, from which we shall be able to judge."

Marvel acknowledged the good sense of this advice, and set out the next morning for York races.

CHAPTER IV.

HE IS FORTUNATE WHOSE FRIEND IS A MAN OF SOUND UNDERSTANDING.

WRIGHT heard nothing more of Marvel for about a fortnight, when he received the following letter:

"DEAR COUSIN WRIGHT,—It is a very great pity that you could not be persuaded to come along with me to York races, where I have seen more of life and of the world in a week than ever I did in all my life before. York is a surprising fine town, and has a handsome cathedral and assembly-room. But I am not in the humour just now to describe them, so I shall proceed to what is much better worth thinking of.

"You must know, Cousin Wright, that I am in love, and never was I so happy or so miserable in my days. If I was not a farmer there would be some hopes for me; but, to be sure, it is not to be expected

that such a lady as she is should think of a mere country booby, in which light, indeed, she was pleased to say, as I heard from good authority, she did not consider me, though my manners wanted polish. These were her own words. I shall spare nothing to please her, if possible, and am not wholly without hope, though I have a powerful rival: no less a person than the eldest son and heir of Sir Plantagenet Mowbray, Bart. But her virtue will never, I am persuaded, suffer her to listen to such addresses as his. Now, mine are honourable and pure as her soul, the purity of which no one could doubt who had seen her last night, as I did, in the character of the *Fair Penitent*. She was universally admired, and another night sang and danced like an angel. But I can give you no idea of her by pen and ink; so I beseech you to come and see her, and give your advice to me candidly, for I have the highest opinion of your judgment and good-nature.

"I find you were quite right about that scoundrel who rode with me from Spalding. He has arrested me for one hundred guineas, and is, without exception, the shabbiest dog I ever met with; but I am out of his clutches, and have better friends. I will tell you the whole story when we meet, and pay your hundred with many thanks. Pray set out as soon as you receive this, for every moment is an age to me, and I won't declare myself more than I have done, if possible, till you come; for I have a great opinion of your judgment, yet hope you won't put on your severe face, nor be prejudiced against her because of her being on the stage. Leave such illiberality to Cousin Goodenough: it would be quite beneath you. Pray bring with you that volume of old plays that is at the top of my bed, under the bag of thistles, or in the basket of reeds that I was making, or in the outhouse, where I keep the goose-quills and feathers. I don't find my memory so clear, since my head is so full of this charming Alicia Barton.

"Pray make no delay, as you value the peace of mind of your affectionate cousin and friend,

"PIERCE MARVEL.

"P.S.—Mr. Barton, her brother, is the most generous of men, and the cleverest. He is not averse to the match. Sir Plantagenet Mowbray's son and heir, who is as insolent as his father, may find that a Lincolnshire farmer is a person not to be despised. I have thoughts of selling my farm of Clover Hill, and of going into another way of life, for which, as Mr. Barton said, and Alicia hinted—nay, and as I am inclined to believe too—I am much better suited than for farming. Of this more when we meet. Pray set out as soon as you receive this. Alicia has dark eyes, and yet a fair complexion. I am sure you will like her."

Far from feeling sure that he should like Miss Alicia Barton, Wright was so much alarmed for his cousin on the perusal of this letter that he resolved to set out immediately for York, lest the sale of Clover Hill should be concluded before his arrival. A new project and a new love were indeed powerful temptations to one of Marvel's character.

As Goodenough was plodding at his accustomed pace to his morning's work, he met Wright on horseback, who asked him if he had any commissions that he could execute in York, whither he was going.

"None, thank Heaven," said Goodenough. "So, I see it is as I always knew it would be! Marvel is 'ticing you into his own ways, and will make you just such another as *his* self. Ay, you must go to York races! Well, so much the better for me. Much pleasure to you at the races."

"I am not going to the races; I am going to do Marvel a service."

"Charity begins at home: that's my maxim," replied Goodenough.

"It is quite fitting that charity should *begin* at home," said Wright, "but then it should not *end* at home; for those that help nobody will find none to help them in time of need."

"Those that help nobody will not be so apt to come to need," replied Goodenough. "But yonder's my men standing idle. If I but turn my head, that's the way of 'em. Good morrow to you, Cousin Wright. I can't stand argufying here about charity, which won't plough my ground, nor bring me a jot nearer to the ten thousand pounds legacy; so good morrow to you. My service to Cousin Marvel."

Goodenough proceeded to his men, who were, in truth, standing idle, as it was their custom to do when the master's eye was not, as they thought, upon them; for he kept them so hard at work when he was present, that not a labouring man in the county would hire himself to Goodenough when he could get employment elsewhere. Goodenough's partisans, however, observed that he got his money's worth out of every man he employed, and that this was the way to grow rich. The question, said they, is not which will be the best beloved of the three nephews, but which will be the richest at the end of ten years, and on this ground who can dispute that Goodenough's maxim is the best, "Charity begins at home"?

Wright's friends looked rather alarmed when they heard of this journey to York, and Marvel's advocates, though they put a good face upon the matter, heartily wished him safe home from York races.

Upon Wright's arrival in York, he found it no easy matter to discover his Cousin Marvel, for he had forgotten to date his letter, and no direction was given to inn or lodging. At last, after inquiring at all the public houses without success, Wright bethought himself of asking where Miss Alicia Barton the actress lodged, for there he would probably meet her lover. Mr. Harrison, an eminent dyer, to whom he applied for information, very civilly offered to show him to the house. Wright had gained this dyer's good opinion by the punctuality with which he had, for three years past, supplied him, at the day and hour appointed, with the quantity of woad for which he had agreed. Punctuality never fails to gain the good opinion of men of business.

As the dyer walked with Wright to Miss Barton's lodgings, they entered into conversation about her, and Wright asked what character she bore.

"I know nothing of her character for my own share," said Harrison, "not being in that line of business; but I think I could put you in a way of seeing her in her true colours, whatever they may be, for she is very intimate with a milliner whom my wife visits, though not entirely with my goodwill. In return for which, I shall be glad if you will do my business along with your own, and let me know if anything is going wrong."

The dyer introduced Wright to the milliner as a gentleman farmer who wanted to take home with him a fashionable cap and bonnet or two for some ladies in Lincolnshire. The milliner ordered down some dusty bandboxes, which she protested and vowed had just arrived from London with the newest fashions ; and whilst she was displaying these, Wright talked of the races, and the players, and Miss Alicia Barton.

"Is she as handsome as they say? I have a huge *cur'osity* to see her," said Wright, feigning more rusticity of manner and more simplicity than was natural to him. "I have truly a wounded *cur'osity* to see her ; I've heard so much of her, even down in Lincolnshire."

"If you go to see the play, sir, you can't fail to have your curiosity gratified, for Miss Barton plays to-night—(Jenny ! reach me a play-bill)—for her own benefit, and appears in her very best character—the Romp."

"The Romp ! Odds ! Is that her best character ? Why, now, to my notion, bad's the best, if that be the best of her characters. The Romp ! Odds so ! What would our grandmothers say to that ?"

"Oh, sir, times are changed, as well as fashions, since our grandmothers' days," said the milliner. "Put up this bonnet for the gentleman, Jenny. I am sure I don't pretend to say anything in favour of the times, whatever I may of the fashions. But, as to fashion, to be sure no one can be more fashionable here in York than Miss Barton. All our gentlemen are dying for her."

"Odds my life !" cried Wright, "I'll keep out of her way. And yet I've a huge *cur'osity* to set my eyes upon her. Pray, now, could I any way get to the sight or speech of her in a room or so ? for seeing a woman on the stage is one thing, and seeing her off, I take it, is another."

"I take it so too, sir. Jenny, put up the cap for the gentleman, and make out a bill."

"No, no ; the bonnet's all I want, which I'll pay for on the nail."

Wright took out a long purse full of guineas, then put it up again, and opened a pocket-book full of bank-notes. The milliner's respect for him obviously increased. "Jenny ! do run and see who's within there. Miss Barton was trying on her dress, I think, half an hour ago ; maybe she'll pass through this way, and the gentleman may have a sight of her, since it weighs so much upon his mind. Let me put up the cap too, sir ; it's quite the fashion, you may assure the Lincolnshire ladies.—Oh, here's Miss Barton."

Miss Barton made her appearance, with all her most bewitching smiles and graces. Without seeming to notice Wright, she seated herself in a charming attitude, and, leaning pensively upon the counter, addressed her conversation to her friend the milliner ; but at every convenient pause she cast an inquiring glance at Wright, who stood with his long purse of guineas in his hand, and his open pocket-book of bank-notes before him, as if he had been so much astounded by the lady's appearance that he could not recover his recollection.

Now, Wright was a remarkably well-shaped, handsome man, and Miss Barton was in reality as much struck with his appearance as he feigned to be by hers. No forbidding reserve condemned him to silence, and as if inspired by the hope of pleasing, he soon grew talkative.

"This is the most rare town, this your town of York," said he; "I do not well know how I shall ever be able to get myself out of it. So many, many fine sights, my eyes be quite dazzled!"

"And pray, sir, which of all the fine sights do you like the best?" said the milliner.

"Oh, the ladies be the finest of all the fine sights, and I know who I think the finest, lady I ever beheld, but will never tell—never."

"Never, sir?" said the milliner, whilst Miss Barton modestly cast down her eyes. "Never's a bold word, sir. I've a notion you'll live to break that rash resolution."

Miss Barton sighed, and involuntarily looked at the glass.

"Why, where's the use," pursued Wright, "of being laughed at? Where's the sense of being scoffed at, as a man might be, that would go for to pay a compliment, not well knowing how, to a lady that is used to have court made to her by the first gentlemen in all York?"

"Those that think they don't know how to pay a compliment often pay the best, to my fancy," said the milliner. "What says Miss Barton?"

Miss Barton sighed and blushed, or looked as if she meant to blush; and then, raising her well-practised eyes, exclaimed, with theatrical tones and gestures,

"Ye sacred powers, whose gracious providence
Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and flatteries."

Scarcely had she concluded these lines, when Pierce Marvel came breathless into the shop. Wright was standing so as to be completely hidden by the door, and Marvel, not seeing his friend, addressed himself, as soon as he had breath, to his mistress. The lady's manner immediately changed, and Wright had an opportunity of seeing and admiring her powers of acting. To Marvel she was coy and disdainful.

"I expect my friend and relation in town every hour," said he to her in a low voice, "and then I shall be able to settle with your brother about the sale of Clover Hill. You half promised that you would walk with me this morning."

"Not without my brother. Excuse me, sir," said the coy lady, withdrawing with the dignity of a princess. "When your friend arrives, for whose advice I presume you wait, you will be able to decide *your* heart. Mine cannot be influenced by base lucre or mercenary considerations. Unhand me, sir,"

"I will run immediately to the inn, to see whether my friend is come," cried Marvel. "Believe me, I am as much above mercenary considerations as yourself, but I have promised not to conclude upon the sale till he comes, and he would take it ill to be sent for and then to be made a fool of. I'll run to the 'Green Man' again immediately, to see if he is come."

CHAPTER V.

WARM FEELINGS AND COOL DISCRETION ARE SOMETIMES, THOUGH RARELY, ALLIED

MARVEL darted out of the shop. Wright, during this parley, which lasted but a few seconds, had kept himself snug in his hiding-

place, and appeared to the milliner to be wholly absorbed in casting up his bill, in which there was a shilling wrong. He came from behind the door as soon as Marvel departed; and saying that he would call for his purchases in an hour's time, left the milliner's, took a hackney coach, and drove to the "Green Man," where he was now sure of meeting his cousin.

"Thank Heaven! you are come at last," cried Marvel, the moment he saw him. "Thank Heaven! you are come; do not let us lose a moment. If you are not tired, if you are not hungry, come along with me, and I'll introduce you to my charming Alicia Barton."

"I am both tired and hungry," replied Wright; "so let us have a hot beefsteak, and let me sit down and rest myself."

It was the utmost stretch of Marvel's patience to wait for the beefsteak, and he could scarcely conceive how any one could prefer eating it to seeing his charming Alicia. He did not eat a morsel himself, but walked up and down the room with quick steps.

"Oh, my dear Wright," cried he, "it is a sign you've never seen her, or you would eat a little faster."

"Did everybody eat fast who has seen Miss Barton," said Wright, "then to be sure I should, for I have seen her within this half-hour."

"Seen her! Seen Alicia! Seen her within this half-hour! That's impossible. How could you see her? Where could you see her?"

"I saw her in your company," rejoined Wright, coolly.

"In my company! How could that be without my seeing you? You are making a jest of me."

"Not at all; only take care that you do not make a jest of yourself. I assure you that I say nothing but truth: I've seen you and your Miss Barton this very morning; nay, I'll tell you what you said to her—you told her that you could not sell Clover Hill till I came to town."

Marvel stared and stood in silent astonishment.

"Ay," continued Wright, "you see by this how many things may pass before a man's eyes and ears, when he's in love, without his seeing or hearing them. Why, man, I was in the milliner's shop just now, standing in the corner behind the door; but you could see nothing but your charming Miss Barton."

"I beg your pardon for being so blind," said Marvel, laughing; "but you are too good-natured to take offence, though you don't know what it is to be in love."

"There you are mistaken, for I am as much in love as yourself at this instant."

"Then I'm undone," cried Marvel, turning as pale as death.

"Why so?" said Wright; "will you allow nobody, man, to be in love but yourself? I don't see why I have not as good a right to fall in love as you have."

"To be sure you have," said Marvel, trying to recover himself; "and I can't say but what you deal fairly by me, to tell me so honestly at once. More fool I to send for you. I might have foreseen this, blockhead as I am! But you deal fairly by me, Wright, so I cannot complain, and will not, happen what may. Let him who can win her wear her. We start fair; for though I have had the advantage of a first acquaintance,

you are much the handsomer man of the two, and that goes for a great deal with some ladies, though not perhaps with Alicia Barton."

"There, perhaps, you may find yourself mistaken," replied Wright, with a significant look.

"You don't say so? You don't think so?" cried Marvel, with great emotion.

"I say what I think; and if I may trust a woman's looks, I've some reason for my thoughts."

Marvel took up the tankard which stood on the table, and swallowed down a hasty draught, and then said, though with an altered voice, "Cousin Wright, let him who can win her wear her, as I said before. I shan't quarrel with you if you deal fairly by me; so tell me honestly, did you never see her before this morning?"

"Never, as I am an honest man," said Wright, laying his hand upon his heart.

"Then, here's my hand for you," said Marvel. "All's fair and handsome on your part; happen what may, as I said before, I will not quarrel with you. If she was decreed to fall in love with you at first sight, why, that's no fault of yours; and if she tells me so fairly, why, no great fault of hers. She has encouraged me a little, but still women will change their minds, and I shall not call her a jilt if she speaks handsomely to me. It will go a little to my heart at first, no doubt, but I shall bear it like a man, I hope, and I shall not quarrel with you, Cousin Wright, whatever else I do."

Marvel shook Wright's hand heartily, but turned away directly afterwards to hide his agitation.

"Why, now, Cousin Marvel, you are a good fellow, that's the truth of it," said Wright. "Trust to me, and if the girl is what you think her, you shall have her, that I promise you."

"That's more than you *can* promise, being, as you say, as much in love as I am."

"I say I'm more in love than you are; but what then, I ask you?"

"What then! why, we cannot both have Alicia Barton."

"Very true," said Wright: "I would not have her if you would give her to me."

"Would not have her!" cried Marvel, with a look of joyous astonishment; "but did not you tell me you were in love with her?"

"Not I. You told it to yourself. I said I was in love; but cannot a man be in love with any woman in this whole world but Miss Barton?"

Marvel capered about the room with the most lively expressions of delight, shook hands with his cousin as if he would have pulled his arm off, and then, suddenly stopping, said, "But what do you think of my Alicia? Though you are not in love with her, I hope you think well of her."

"I must see more of her before I am qualified to speak."

"Nay, nay, no drawbacks; out with it. I must know what you think of her at this time being."

"At this time being, then, I think she is what they call a—coquette."

"Oh, there you are out, indeed, Cousin Wright: she's more of what they call a prude than a coquette."

“To you, perhaps, but not to *mè*, cousin. Let every one speak of her as they find,” replied Wright.

Marvel grew warm in defence of Miss Barton’s prudery, and at last ended by saying, “that he’d stake his life upon it, she was no jilt. If she had taken a fancy to you, Wright, she would honestly tell me so, I’m convinced; and when she finds you are thinking of another woman, her pride would make her think no more of you. ’Tis but little she could have thought in the few minutes you were in her company, and it is my opinion she never thought of you at all. No offence.”

“No offence, I promise you,” said Wright; “but let us put her to the trial. Do you keep your own counsel, go on courting her your own way, and let me go mine. Don’t you say one word of my being here in York, but put her off about the sale of Clover Hill till such time as you are sure of her heart.”

To this proposal Marvel joyfully agreed, and as to the time of trial, Wright asked only one week. His cousin then told him the new scheme from which he expected to make so much; it had been suggested by Alicia’s brother. “I am to sell Clover Hill, and with the money that I get for it Barton and I are to build and fit up a theatre in Lincoln, and be the managers ourselves. I assure you, he says, and they all say, I should make a figure on the stage; and Miss Barton whispered in my hearing that I should make a capital *Lothario*,” added Marvel, throwing himself into a stage attitude, and reciting in a voice that made Wright start,—

“Earth, heaven, and fair Calista, judge the combat.”

“Very fine, no doubt,” said Wright; “but I am no judge of these matters: only this I am sure of, that with respect to selling Clover Hill, you had best go slowly to work, and see what the sister is before you trust to the brother. It is not for my interest, I very well know, to advise you against this scheme; because, if I wanted to make certain of your not coming in for my uncle’s legacy, I could not take a better way than to urge you to follow your fancy. For say that you lay out all you have in the world on the building of this playhouse, and say that Barton’s as honest a man as yourself—observe, your playhouse cannot be built in less than a couple of years, and the interest of your money must be dead all that time, and pray how are you to bring yourself up by the end of the ten years? Consider, there are but seven years of the time to come.”

Marvel gave his cousin hearty thanks for his disinterested advice, but observed that actors and managers of playhouses were, of all men, they who were most likely to grow rich in a trice; that they often cleared many hundreds in one night for their benefits; that even if he should fail to hit the public taste himself as an actor, he was sure, at least, if he married the charming Alicia, that she would be a source of inexhaustible wealth. “Not,” added he, “that I think of her in that light, for my soul is as much superior to mercenary considerations as her own.”

“More, perhaps,” said Wright; but seeing fire flash in his cousin’s eyes at this insinuation, he contented himself for the present with the

promise he had obtained, that nothing should be concluded till the end of one week ; that no mention should be made to Miss Barton or her brother of his arrival in town ; and that he should have free liberty to make trial of the lady's truth and constancy in any way he should think proper. Back to his friend the milliner's he posted directly. Miss Barton was gone out upon the race-ground in Captain Mowbray's curricule. In her absence Wright was received very graciously by the milliner, who had lodgings to let, and who readily agreed to let them to him for a week, as he offered half a guinea more than she could get from anybody else. She fancied that he was deeply smitten with Miss Barton's charms, and encouraged his passion by pretty broad hints that it was reciprocal. Miss Barton drank tea this evening with the milliner. Wright was of the party ; and he was made to understand that *others* had been excluded, "for Miss Barton," her friend observed, "was very *nice* as to her company."

Many dexterous efforts were made to induce Wright to lay open his heart ; for the dyer's lady had been cross-questioned as to his property in Lincolnshire ; and she, being a lover of the marvellous, had indulged herself in a little exaggeration, so that he was considered as a prize ; and Miss Barton's imagination settled the matter so rapidly, that she had actually agreed to make the milliner a handsome present on the wedding-day. Upon this hint, the milliner became anxious to push forward the affair. Marvel, she observed, hung back about the sale of his estate ; and as to Sir Plantagenet Mowbray's son, he was bound hand and foot by his father, so could do nothing genteel.

All these things considered, the milliner's decision was, on perfectly prudential and virtuous motives, in favour of Wright. Miss Barton's *heart*, to use her own misapplied term, spoke warmly in his favour, for he was, without any comparison, the *handsomest* of her lovers, and his simplicity and apparent ignorance of the world were rather recommendations than objections.

Upon her second interview with him, she had, however, some reason to suspect that his simplicity was not so great as she had imagined. She was surprised to observe that, notwithstanding all their artful hints, Wright came to nothing like a positive proposal, nor even to any declaration of his passion. The next day she was yet more astonished, for Wright, though he *knew* she was a full hour in the milliner's shop, never made the slightest attempt to see her ; nay, in the evening he met her on the public walk, and passed without more notice than a formal bow, and without turning his head to look after her, though she was flirting with a party of gentlemen expressly for the purpose of exciting his jealousy.

Another consultation was held with her friend the milliner. "These men are terrible creatures to deal with," said her confidante. "Do you know, my dear creature, this man, simple as he looks, has been very near taking us in ? Would you believe it ? he is absolutely courting a Lincolnshire lady for a wife. He wrote a letter to her, my dear Alicia, this morning, and begged me to let my boy run with it to the post-office. I winded and winded, saying he was mighty anxious about the letter, and so on, till at last out comes the truth. Then I touched him about

you; but he said, 'An actress was not fit for a farmer's wife, and that you had too many admirers already.' You see, my dear creature, that he has none of the thoughts we built upon. Depend upon it, he is a shrewd man, and knows what he is about; so, as we cannot do better than Marvel, my advice——"

"Your advice!" interrupted Miss Barton. "I shall follow no advice but my own." She walked up and down the small parlour in great agitation.

"Do as you please, my dear; but remember I cannot afford to *lay* out of my money to all eternity. The account between us has run up to a great sum: the dresses were such as never were made up before in York, and must be paid for accordingly, as you must be sensible, Miss Barton. And when you have an opportunity of establishing yourself so handsomely, and getting all your debts paid; and when your brother, who was here an hour ago, presses the match with Mr. Marvel so much, it is very strange and unaccountable of you to say you 'will take nobody's advice but your own;' and to fall in love, ma'am, as you are doing, as fast as you can, with a person who has no serious intentions, and is going to be married to another woman. For shame, Miss Barton! is this behaving with proper propriety? Besides, I've really a great regard for that poor young man that you have been making a fool of. I'm sure he is desperately in love with you."

"Then let him show it, and sell Clover Hill," said Miss Barton.

Her mind balanced betwixt avarice and what she called love. She had taken a fancy to Wright, and his present coldness rather increased than diminished her passion: he played his part so well that she could not tell how to decide. In the meantime the milliner pressed for her money, and Alicia's brother bullied loudly in favour of Marvel: he had engaged the milliner, whom he was courting, to support his opinion. Marvel, though with much difficulty, stood his ground, and refused to sell Clover Hill till he should be perfectly sure that Miss Barton would marry him, and till his relation should arrive in town and give his consent.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONTENTIONS OF SELFISHNESS AND VANITY ARE OFTEN FATAL TO BOTH.

MR. BARTON and the milliner now agreed that if fair means would not bring the charming Alicia to reason, others must be used; and it was settled that she should be arrested for her debt to the milliner, which was upwards of fifty pounds. "She knows," said this considerate brother, "that I have neither the power nor the will to pay the money. Sir Plantagenet's son is as poor as Job, so she must have recourse to Marvel, and if she gives him proper encouragement, he'll pay the money in a trice. As to this man who lodges with you, let her apply to him if she likes it: she will soon see how he will answer her. By your account he is a shrewd fellow, and not like our friend Marvel."

On Friday morning the charming Alicia was arrested at the suit of her dear friend and confidante the milliner. The arrest was made in the milliner's shop. Alicia would doubtless have screamed and fainted

with very becoming spirit and grace, if any spectators had been present; but there was no one in the shop to admire or pity. She rushed with dishevelled hair, and all the stage show of distraction, into Wright's apartment; but, alas! he was not to be found. She then composed herself, and wrote the following note to Marvel:

"To J. MARVEL, Esq., &c.,

"At the Green Man.

"Much as it hurts the delicacy and wounds the pride of Alicia, she is compelled by the perfidy of a bosom friend of her own sex, to apply for assistance and protection to one who will feel for the indignity that has been shown her. How will his generous nature shudder when he hears that she is on the point of being dragged to a loathsome dungeon, for want of the paltry sum of fifty pounds! Retrospection may convince the man of her heart that her soul is superior to mercenary considerations, else she would not now be reduced so low in the power of her enemies. She scarcely knows what she writes: her heart bleeds—her brain is on fire!

" 'Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
And every pain grows less. Oh! gentle Altamont,
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone,
But pity me. Had I but early known
Thy wondrous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both. Now 'tis too late.
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee!
Thou art their last dear object. Mercy, Heaven!'

"Your unfortunate, and (shall I confess it?) too affectionate

"ALICIA."

Marvel was settling some accounts with Wright when this note was put into his hands. Scarcely had he glanced his eye over it, when he started up, seized a parcel of bank-notes which lay on the table, and was rushing out of the room. Wright caught hold of his arm and stopped him by force.

"Where now? what now, Marvel?" said he.

"Do not stop me, Wright! I will not be stopped! She has been barbarously used. They are dragging her to prison. They have driven her almost out of her senses. I must go to her this instant."

"Well, well, don't go without your hat, man, for the people in the street will take you for a lunatic. May a friend see this letter that has driven *you* out of your senses?"

Marvel put it into Wright's hands, who read it with wonderful composure, and when he came to the end of it, only said, "Hum!"

"Hum!" repeated Marvel, provoked beyond measure: "you have no humanity. You are most strangely prejudiced. You are worse than Goodenough. Why do you follow me?" continued he, observing that Wright was coming after him across the inn-yard into the street.

"I follow you to take care of you," said Wright, calmly; "and though you do stride on at such a rate, I'll be bound to keep up with you."

He suffered Marvel to walk on at his own pace for the length of two streets without saying another word; but, just as they were turning the corner into the square where the milliner lived, he again caught hold of

his cousin's arm, and said to him, "Hark you, Marvel, will you trust me with those bank-notes you have in your pocket? and will you let me step on to the milliner's and settle this business for you? I see it will cost you fifty pounds, but that I cannot help. You may think yourself well off."

"Fifty pounds! what are fifty pounds?" cried Marvel, hurrying forwards. "You see that my Alicia must be superior to mercenary considerations; for, though she knows I have a good fortune, that could not decide her in my favour."

"No, because she fancies that I have a better fortune; and besides (for there are times when a man must speak plainly), I've a notion she would at this minute sooner be my wife than yours, if the thing were fairly tried. She'll take your money as fast as you please, and I may take her as fast as I please."

Incensed at these words, Marvel could scarcely restrain his passion within bounds; but Wright, without being moved, continued to speak.

"Nay, then, cousin, if you don't believe me, put it to the test. I'll wait here at this woollen-draper's, where I am to dine. Do you go on to your milliner's, and say what you please, only let me have my turn for half an hour this evening; and if I'm mistaken in the lady I'll freely own it, and make all due apology."

Early the next morning Marvel came to Wright with a face full of joy and triumph. "Go to my Alicia now, Cousin Wright," said he; "I defy you. She is at her lodging. She has promised to marry me! I am the happiest man in the world!"

Wright said not a word, but departed. Now, he had in his pocket an unanswered *billet doux*, which had been laid upon his table the preceding night. The *billet doux* had no name to it, but, from all he had remarked of the lady's manners towards him, he could not doubt that it was the charming Alicia's. He was determined to have positive proof, however, to satisfy Marvel's mind completely. The note which he had received was as follows:

"What can be the cause of your cruel and sudden change towards one of whom you lately appeared to think so partially? A certain female friend may deceive you by false representations: do not trust to her, but learn the real sentiments of a fond heart from one who knows not how to feign. Spare the delicacy of your victim, and guess her name."

To this note, from one "who knew not how to feign," Wright sent the following reply:

"If Miss Barton knows anything of a letter that was left at Mrs. Stokes's, the milliner's, last night, she may receive an answer to her questions from the bearer, who, being no scholar, hopes she will not take offence at the shortness of these lines, but satisfy him in the honour of drinking tea with her, who waits below stairs for an answer."

The charming Alicia allowed him the honour of drinking tea with her, and was delighted with the thoughts that she had at last caught him in her snares. The moment she had hopes of him, she resolved to break her promise to Marvel; and by making a merit of sacrificing to Wright all his rivals, she had no doubt that she should work so suc-

cessfully upon his vanity as to induce him to break off his treaty with the Lincolnshire lady.

Wright quietly let her go on with the notion that she had the game in her own hands : at length he assumed a very serious look, like one upon the point of forming some grand resolution ; and turning half away from her, said, " But now, look ye, Miss Barton : I am not a sort of man who would like to be made a fool of. Here I am told half the gentlemen of York are dying for you ; and as your friend Mrs. Stokes informed——"

" Mrs. Stokes is not my friend, but the basest and most barbarous of enemies," cried Alicia.

" Why, now, this is strange ! She was your friend yesterday ; and how do I know but a woman may change as quick and as short about her lovers as about her friends ?"

" I can never change ; fear nothing," said Alicia, tenderly.

" But let me finish what I was saying about Mrs. Stokes : she told me something about one Mr. Marvel, I think they call him. Now, what is all that ?"

" Nothing : he is a foolish young man, who was desperately in love with me, that's all, and offered to marry me ; but, as I told him, I am superior to mercenary considerations."

" And is the affair broken off, then ?" said Wright, looking her full in the face. " That's in one word what I must be sure of, for I am not a man that would choose to be jilted. Sit you down and pen me a farewell to that same foolish young fellow. I am a plain-spoken man, and now you have my mind."

Miss Barton was now persuaded that all Wright's coldness had proceeded from jealousy. Blinded by her passions, and alarmed by the idea that this was the moment in which she must either secure or forever abandon Wright and his fortune, she consented to his proposal, and wrote the following tender adieu to Marvel :

" To J. MARVEL, Esq., &c.,

" At the Green Man.

" SIR,—Circumstances have occurred, since I had last the honour of seeing you, which make it impossible that I should ever think of you more.

" ALICIA BARTON."

Wright said he was perfectly satisfied with this note ; and all that he now desired was to be himself the bearer of it to Marvel.

" He is a hot-headed young man," said Alicia ; " he will perhaps quarrel with you : let me send the letter by a messenger of my own. You don't know him : you will not be able to find him out. Besides, why will you deprive me of your company ? Cannot another carry this note as well as you ?"

" None shall carry it but myself," said Wright, holding fast his prize. She was apprehensive of losing him for ever if she opposed what she thought his jealous humour, so she struggled no longer to hold him, but bade him make haste to return to his Alicia.

He returned no more ; but the next morning she received from him the following note :

"To Miss ALICIA BARTON, &c., &c.

"MADAM,—Circumstances have occurred, since I had last the honour of seeing you, which make it impossible that I should ever think of you more.

"JOHN WRIGHT.

"P.S.—My Cousin Marvel thanks you for your note. Before you receive this, he will have left York wiser than he came into it by fifty guineas and more."

"Wiser by more than fifty guineas, I hope," said Marvel, as he rode out of town early in the morning. "I've been on the point of being finely taken in! I'm sure this will be a lesson to me as long as I live. I shall never forget your good-nature and steadiness to me, Wright. Now, if it had not been for you, I might have been married to this jade, and have given her and her brother everything I'm worth in the world. Well, well, this is a lesson I shall remember. I've felt it sharply enough. Now I'll turn my head to my business again, if I can. How Good-enough would laugh at me if he knew this story! But I'll make up for all the foolish things I have done yet before I die; and I hope, before I die, I may be able to show you, Cousin Wright, how much I am obliged to you: that would be greater joy to me even than getting by my own ingenuity my Uncle Pearson's ten thousand pounds legacy. Do, Wright, find out something I can do for you, to make amends for all the trouble I've given you, and all the time I have made you waste; do, there's a good fellow."

"Well, then," said Wright, "I don't want to saddle you with an obligation. You shall pay me in kind directly, since you are so desirous of it. I told you I was in love: you shall come with me and see my mistress, to give me your opinion of her. Every man can be prudent for his neighbour. Even you, no doubt, can," added Wright, laughing.

CHAPTER VII.

SELF-SATISFACTION AND THE WORLD'S APPLAUSE ARE BESTOWED ON SUFFERING
YET DISINTERESTED VIRTUE.

WRIGHT'S mistress was a Miss Banks, the only daughter of a gentleman who had set up an apparatus for manufacturing woad. Mr. Banks's house was in their way home, and they called there. They knocked several times at the door before any one answered. At last a boy came to hold their horses, who told them that Mr. Banks was dead, and that nobody could be let into the house. The boy knew nothing of the matter, except that his master died, he believed, of a sort of fit, and that his young mistress was in great grief: "which I'm mortal sorry for," added he; "for she be's kind-hearted and civil spoken, and moreover did give me the very shoes I have on my feet."

"I wish I could see her," said Wright: "I might be some comfort to her."

"Might ye so, master? If that be so," said the boy, looking earnestly in Wright's face, "I'll do my best endeavours."

He ran off at full speed through the back yard, but returned to learn the gentleman's name, which he had forgotten to ask; and presently

afterwards he brought his answer. It was written in pencil, and with a trembling hand.

"MY DEAR MR. WRIGHT.—I cannot see you now; but you shall hear from me as soon as I am able to give an answer to your last.

"S. BANKS."

The words "My dear" were half rubbed out; but they were visible enough to his eyes. Wright turned his horse's head homewards, and Marvel and he rode away. His heart was so full that he could not speak, and he did not hear what Marvel said to comfort him. As they were thus riding on slowly, they heard a great noise of horsemen behind them, and, looking back, they saw a great number of farmers, who were riding after them. As they drew near, Wright's attention was roused by hearing the name of *Banks* frequently repeated. "What news, neighbour?" said Marvel.

"The news is that Mr. Banks is dead: he died of an apoplectic fit, and has left his daughter a power o' money, they say. Happy the man who gets her! Good morrow to you, gentlemen, we're in haste home."

After receiving this intelligence, Wright read his mistress's note over again, and observed that he was not quite pleased to see the words "My dear" half rubbed out. Marvel exclaimed, "Have nothing more to do with her; that's my advice to you; for I would not marry any woman for her fortune, especially if she thought she was doing me a favour. If she loved you, she would not have rubbed out those words at such a time as this."

"Stay a bit," said Wright; "we shall be better able to judge by-and-bye."

A week passed away, and Wright heard nothing from Miss Banks; nor did he attempt to see her, but waited as patiently as he could for her promised letter. At last it came. The first word was "Sir." That was enough for Marvel, who threw it down with indignation when his cousin showed it to him. "Nay, but read it, at least," said Wright.

"SIR,—My poor father's affairs have been left in great disorder, and, instead of the fortune which you might have expected with me, I shall have little or nothing. The creditors have been very kind to me, and I hope in time to pay all just debts. I have been much hurried with business, or should have written sooner; indeed, it is no pleasant task to me to write at all on this occasion. I cannot unsay what I have said to you in former times, for I think the same of you as ever I did; but I know that I am not now a fit match for you as to fortune, and would not hold any man to his word, nor could value any man enough to marry him, who would break it. Therefore it will be no grief for me to break off with you, if such should be your desire. And no blame shall be thrown upon you by my friends, for I will take the refusal upon myself. I know the terms of your uncle's will, and the great reason you have to wish for a good fortune with your wife; so it is very natural—I mean very likely—you may not choose to be burdened with a woman who has none. Pray speak your mind freely to,

"Sir, your humble servant, S. BANKS."

Marvel had no sooner read this letter than he advised his friend Wright to marry Miss Banks directly.

"That is what I have determined to do," said Wright, "for I don't think money the first thing in the world ; and I would sooner give up my Uncle Pearson's legacy this minute than break my word to any woman, much less to one that I love, as I do Miss Banks better now than ever. I have just heard from the steward, who brought this letter, how handsomely and prudently she has behaved to other people as well as to myself, by which I can judge most safely. She has paid all the debts that were justly due, and has sold even the gig, which I know she wished to keep ; but, seeing that it was not suited to her present circumstances, her good sense has got the better. Now, to my mind, a prudent wife, even as to money matters, may turn out a greater treasure to a man than what they call a great fortune."

With these sentiments Wright married Miss Banks, who was indeed a very prudent, amiable girl. Goodenough sneered at this match, and observed that he had always foretold Wright would be taken in, sooner or later. Goodenough was now in his thirty-second year, and, as he had always determined to marry precisely at this age, he began to look about for a wife. He chose a widow, said to be of a very close, saving temper : she was neither young, handsome, nor agreeable ; but then she was rich ; and it was Goodenough's notion that the main chance should be first considered, in matrimony as in everything else. Now, this notable dame was precisely of his way of thinking ; but she had more shrewdness than her lover, and she overreached him in the bargain : her fortune did not turn out to be above one-half of what report had represented it ; her temper was worse than even her enemies said it was ; and the time that was daily wasted in trifling disputes between this well-matched pair was worth more than all the petty savings made by her avaricious habits.

Goodenough cursed himself ten times a day during the honeymoon ; but, as he did not like to let the neighbours know how far he had been outwitted, he held his tongue with the fortitude of a martyr, and his partisans all commended him for making so prudent a match.

"Ay, ay," said they ; "there's Wright, who might have had this very woman, has gone and married a girl without a shilling, with all his prudence ; and as to Marvel, he will surely be bit."

There they were mistaken. Marvel was a person capable of learning from experience, and he never forgot the lesson that he had received from the charming Alicia : it seemed to have sobered him completely.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLEASURES OF FOLLY TOO OFTEN BECOME ITS MISFORTUNES.

ABOUT this time Mr. James Harrison, an eminent dyer, uncle to Wright's friend of that name at York, came to settle near Clover Hill ; and, as Marvel was always inclined to be hospitable, he assisted his new neighbour with many of those little conveniences which money cannot always command at the moment they are wanted. The dyer

was grateful, and, in return for Marvel's civilities, let Marvel into many of the mysteries of the dyeing business, which he was anxious to understand. Scarcely a day passed without his calling on Mr. James Harrison. Now, Mr. Harrison had a daughter Lucy, who was young and pretty; and Marvel thought her more and more agreeable every time he saw her; but, as he told Wright, he was determined not to fall in love with her till he was quite sure that she was good for something. A few weeks after he had been acquainted with her, he had an opportunity of seeing her tried. Mrs. Isaac Harrison's lady came to spend a week with her at the Christmas holidays; Miss Millicent, or, as she was commonly called, Milly Harrison, accompanied her mother: she, having a more fashionable air than Lucy, and having learned to dance from a London dancing-master, thought herself so much her superior, that she ought to direct her in all things. Miss Milly, the Sunday after her arrival, appeared at church in a bonnet that charmed half the congregation; and a crowd of farmers' wives and daughters, the moment the church was over, begged the favour of Miss Milly to tell them where and how such a bonnet could be got, and how much it would cost? It was extravagantly dear, and those mothers who had any prudence were frightened at the price; but the daughters were of opinion that it was the cheapest as well as prettiest thing that ever was seen or heard of; and Miss Milly was commissioned to write immediately to York, to bespeak fifteen bonnets like her own. This transaction was settled before they had left the churchyard; and Miss Milly was leaning upon a tombstone, to write down the names of those who were most eager to have their bonnets before the next Sunday, when Wright and Marvel came up to the place where the crowd was gathered, and they saw what was going forward.

Miss Barber, Miss Cotton, Miss Lamb, Miss Dishly, Miss Trotter, Miss Hull, Miss Parker, Miss Bury, Miss Oxley, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., each in her turn peeped anxiously over Miss Milly's shoulder, to make herself sure that her name was in the happy list. Lucy Harrison alone stood with a composed countenance in the midst of the agitated group.

"Well, Cousin Lucy, what say you now? Shall I bespeak a bonnet for you, eh? Do you know," cried Miss Milly, turning to the admirers of her bonnet—"do you know that I offered to bespeak one yesterday for Lucy, and she was so stingy, she would not let me, because it was *too dear*?"

"*Too dear!* Could you conceive it?" repeated the young ladies, joining in a scornful titter.

All eyes were now fixed upon Lucy, who blushed deeply, but answered with gentle steadiness that she really could not afford to lay out so much money upon a bonnet, and that she would rather not have her name put down in the list.

"She's a good, prudent girl," whispered Wright to Marvel.

"And very pretty, I am sure. I never saw her look so pretty as at this instant," replied Marvel in a low voice.

"Please yourself, child," said Miss Milly, throwing back her head with much disdain; "but I'm sure you'll please nobody else with such a dowdy thing as that you have on. Lud! I should like to see her walk

the streets of York on a Sunday, that figure! Lud! how Mrs. Stokes would laugh!"

Here she paused, and several of her fair audience were struck with the terrible idea of being laughed at by a person whom they had never seen, and whom they were never likely to see, and transporting themselves in imagination into the streets of York, felt all the horrors of being stared at in an unfashionable bonnet by Mrs. Stokes.

"Gracious me! Miss Milly, do pray be sure to have mine sent from York afore next Sunday," cried one of the country belles. "And gracious me! don't forget mine, Miss Milly," was reiterated by every voice but Lucy's, as the crowd followed Miss Harrison out of the churchyard. Great was the contempt felt for her by the company; but she was proof against their ridicule, and calmly ended as she began, with saying, "I cannot afford it."

"She is a prudent girl," repeated Wright in a low voice to Marvel.

"But I hope this is not stinginess," whispered Marvel. "I would not marry such a stingy animal as Goodenough has taken to wife for all the world. Do you know, she has half starved the servant-boy that lived with them. There he is yonder, getting over the stile. Did you ever see such a miserable-looking creature? He can tell you fifty stories of Dame Goodenough's stinginess. I would not marry a stingy woman for the whole world. I hope Lucy Harrison is not stingy."

"Pray, Mrs. Wright," said Marvel's friend, turning to his wife, who had been standing beside him, and who had not yet said one word, "what may your opinion be?"

"My opinion is, that she is as generous a girl as any upon earth," said Mrs. Wright; "and I have good reason to say so."

"How? What?" said Marvel, eagerly.

"Her father lent my poor father five hundred pounds; and at the meeting of the creditors after his death, Mr. Harrison was very earnest to have the money paid, because it was his daughter's fortune. When he found that it could not be had immediately, he grew extremely angry; but Lucy pacified him, and told him that she was sure I should pay the money honestly, as soon as I could, and that she would willingly wait to have it paid at a hundred pounds a year for my convenience. I am more obliged to her for the handsome way in which she trusted to me than if she had given me half the money. I shall never forget it."

"I hope you forgive her for not buying the bonnet?" said Wright to Marvel.

"Forgive her! ay: now I love her for it," said Marvel; "now I know that she is not stingy."

From this day forward Marvel's attachment to Lucy rapidly increased. One evening he was walking in the fields with Lucy and Miss Milly, who played off her finest York airs to attract his admiration, when the following dialogue passed between them:

"La! Cousin Lucy," said Miss Millicent, "when shall we get you to York? I long to show you a little of the world, and to introduce you to my friend Mrs. Stokes the milliner."

"My father says that he does not wish that I should be acquainted with Mrs. Stokes," said Lucy.

"Your father! nonsense, child. Your father has lived all his life in the country, goodness knows where: he has not lived in York, as I have; so how can he know anything upon earth of the world? What *we* call the world, I mean."

"I do not know, Cousin Milly, what you call the world; but I think that he knows more of Mrs. Stokes than I do; and I shall trust to his opinion, for I never knew him speak ill of anybody without having good reason for it. Besides, it is my duty to obey my father."

"Duty! La! gracious me! She talks as if she was a baby in leading-strings," cried Miss Milly, laughing; but she was mortified at observing that Marvel did not join, as she had expected, in the laugh; so she added, in a scornful tone, "Perhaps I'm in the wrong box, and that Mr. Marvel is one of those who admire pretty babies in leading-strings."

"I am one of those that admire a good daughter, I confess," said Marvel; "and," said he, lowering his voice, "that love her too."

Miss Milly coloured with anger, and Lucy with an emotion that she had never felt before. As they returned home they met Mr. Harrison, and the moment Marvel espied him he quitted the ladies.

"I've something to say to you, Mr. Harrison. I should be glad to speak a few words to you in private, if you please," cried he, seizing his arm, and leading him down a bye-lane.

Mr. Harrison was all attention; but Marvel began to gather primroses instead of speaking.

"Well," said Mr. Harrison, "did you bring me here to see you gather primroses?"

After smelling the flowers twenty times, and placing them in twenty different forms, Marvel at last threw them on the bank, and, with a sudden effort, exclaimed, "You have a daughter, Mr. James Harrison."

"I know I have, and I thank God for it."

"So you have reason to do; for a more lovely girl, and a better, in my opinion, never existed."

"One must not praise one's own, or I should agree with you," said the proud father.

Again there was silence, and again Marvel picked up his primroses. "In short," said he, "Mr. Harrison, would you like me for a son-in-law?"

"Would Lucy like you for a husband? I must know that first," said the good father.

"That is what I do not know," replied Marvel; "but if I was to ask her, she would ask you, I am sure, whether you would like me for a son-in-law."

"At this rate we shall never get forward," said Harrison. "Go you back to Miss Milly, and send my Lucy here to me."

We shall not tell how Lucy picked up the flowers, which had been her lover's grand resource, nor how often she blushed upon the occasion. She acknowledged that she thought Mr. Marvel *very agreeable*, but that she was afraid to marry a person who had so little steadiness; that she had heard of a great number of schemes undertaken by him which had failed, or which he had given up as hastily as he had begun them. "Besides," said she, "maybe he might change his mind about

me, as well as about other things ; for I've heard from my Cousin Milly—I've heard—that—he was in love, not very long since, with an actress in York. Do you think this is all true ?”

“Yes, I know it is all true,” said Mr. Harrison, “for he told me so himself. He is an honest, open-hearted young man ; but I think as you do, child—that we cannot be sure of his steadiness.”

When Marvel heard from Mr. Harrison the result of this conversation, he was inspired with the strongest desire to convince Lucy that he was capable of perseverance. To the astonishment of all who knew him—or who thought that they knew him—he settled steadily to business, and for a whole twelvemonth no one heard him speak of any new scheme. At the end of this time he renewed his proposal to Lucy, saying that he hoped she would now have some dependence upon his constancy to her, since she had seen the power she had over his mind. Lucy was artless and affectionate as well as prudent. Now that her only real objection to the match was lessened, she did not torment him to try her power, but acknowledged her attachment to him, and they were married.

Sir Plantagenet Mowbray's agent was much astonished that Lucy did not prefer him, because he was a richer man than Pierce Marvel ; and Miss Milly Harrison was also astonished that Mr. Marvel did not prefer her to such a country girl as Lucy, especially when she had a thousand pounds more to her fortune. But, notwithstanding all this astonishment, Marvel and his wife were perfectly happy.

CHAPTER IX.

BY A COMBINATION OF VIRTUES MEN BECOME SUCCESSFUL.

IT was now the fifth year after old Mr. Pearson's death. Wright was at this time the richest of the three nephews, for the money that he had laid out in draining Holland Fen began to bring him in twenty per cent. As to Marvel, he had exchanged some of his finest acres for the warren of silver-sprigs, the common full of thistles, and the marsh full of reeds. He had lost many guineas by his sheep and their jackets, and many more by his ill-fenced plantations ; so that, counting all the losses from the failure of his schemes and the waste of his time, he was a thousand pounds poorer than when he first came into possession of Clover Hill.

Goodenough was not, according to the most accurate calculations, one shilling richer or poorer than when he first began the world. “Slow and sure,” said his friends : “fair and softly goes far in a day. What he has, he'll hold fast ; that's more than Marvel ever did, and maybe more than Wright will do in the end. He dabbles a little in *experiments*, as he calls them : this he has learned from his friend Marvel ; and this will come to no good.”

About this time there was some appearance of a scarcity in England, and many farmers set an unusual quantity of potatoes, in hopes that they would bear a high price the ensuing season. Goodenough, who feared and hated everything that was called a speculation, declared

that, for his part, he would not set a ridge more than he used to do. What had always done for him and his should do for him still. With this resolution he began to set his potatoes. Marvel said to him, whilst he was at work, "Cousin Goodenough, I would advise you not to set the shoots that are at the bottom of these potatoes; for if you do, they won't be good for anything. This is a secret I learned last harvest home from one of my Irish haymakers. I tried the experiment upon a few ridges last year, and found the poor fellow was quite right. I have given him a guinea for his information, and it will be worth a great deal more to me and my neighbours."

"Maybe so," said Goodenough; "but I shall set my own potatoes my own way, I thank you, Cousin Marvel; for I take it the old way's the best, and I'll never follow any other."

Marvel saw that it was in vain to attempt to convince Goodenough, therefore he left him to his old ways. The consequence was, that Goodenough and his family ate the worst potatoes in the whole country this year, and Marvel cleared *above two hundred* pounds by twenty acres of potatoes, set according to his friend the Irishman's directions.

This was the first speculation of Marvel's which succeeded, because it was the first which had been begun with prudence and pursued with steadiness. His information in the first instance was good; it came from a person who had actually tried the experiment, and who had seen it tried by others; and when he was convinced of the fact, he applied his knowledge at the proper time, boldly extended his experiment, and succeeded. This success raised him in the opinion even of his enemies. His friend Wright heartily rejoiced at it; but Goodenough sneered, and said to Wright, "What Marvel has gained this year, he'll lose by some scheme the next. I dare to say, now, he has some new scheme or another brewing in his brains at this very moment. Ay—look, here he comes, with two bits of rags in his hand. Now for it!"

Marvel came up to them with great eagerness in his looks, and showing two freshly-dyed patterns of cloth, said, "Which of these two blues is the brighter?"

"That in your left hand," said Wright; "it is a beautiful blue."

Marvel rubbed his hands with an air of triumph; but restraining his joy, he addressed himself to Wright in a composed voice.

"My dear Wright, I have many obligations to you; and if I have any good fortune, you shall be the first to share it with me. As for you, Cousin Goodenough, I don't bear malice against you for laughing at me and my heron's feathers, and my silver-sprigs, and my sheep's jackets, and my thistles: shake hands, man; you shall have a share in our scheme if you please."

"I don't please to have any share at all in any of your schemes, Cousin Marvel, I thank you kindly," said Goodenough.

"Had not you better hear what it is, before you decide against it?" said Wright.

Marvel explained himself further. "Some time ago," said he, "I was with my father-in-law, who was dyeing some cloth with woad. I observed that one corner of the cloth was of a much brighter blue than any of the rest; and, upon examining what could be the cause of this,

I found that the corner of the cloth had fallen upon the ground, as it was taken out of the dyeing-vat, and had trailed through a mixture of colours which I had accidentally spilled on the floor. I carefully recollected of what this mixture was composed : I found that woad was the principal ingredient ; the other—is a secret. I have repeated my experiments several times, and I find that they have always succeeded : I was determined not to speak of my discovery till I was sure of the facts. Now I am sure of them. My father-in-law tells me that he and his brother at York could insure to me an advantageous sale for as much blue cloth as I can prepare, and he advises me to take out a patent for the dye.”

Goodenough had not patience to listen any longer, but exclaimed, “Join in a patent ! that’s more than I would do, I am sure, Cousin Marvel ; so don’t think to take me in. I’ll end as I began, without having anything to do with any of your new-fangled schemes. Good morning to you.”

“I hope, Wright,” said Marvel, proudly, “that you do not suspect me of any design to take you in ; and that you will have some confidence in this scheme, when you find that my experiments have been accurately tried.”

Wright assured Marvel that he had the utmost confidence in his integrity, and that he would carefully go over with him any experiments he chose to show him. “I do not want to worm your secret from you,” said he ; “but we must make ourselves sure of success before we go to take out a patent, which will be an expensive business.”

“You are exactly the sort of man I should wish to have for my partner,” cried Marvel, “for you have all the coolness and prudence that I want.”

“And you have all the quickness and ingenuity that I want,” replied Wright ; “so between us, we should indeed, as you say, make good partners.”

A partnership was soon established between Wright and Marvel. The woad apparatus, which belonged to Wright’s father-in-law, was given up to the creditors to pay the debts ; but none of these creditors understood the management of it, or were willing to engage in it, lest they should ruin themselves. Marvel prevailed upon Wright to keep it in his own hands ; and the creditors, who had been well satisfied by his wife’s conduct towards them, and who had great confidence in his character for prudence, relinquished their claims upon the property, and trusted to Wright’s promise that they should be gradually paid by instalments.

“See what it is to have chosen a good wife,” said Wright. “Good character is often better than good fortune.”

The wife returned the husband’s compliment ; but we must pass over such unfashionable conversation, and proceed with our story.

The reader may recollect our mentioning a little boy who carried a message from Wright to his mistress, the day that he called upon her on his return from York. She had been very good to this boy, and he was of a grateful temper. After he left her father’s service, he was hired by a gentleman who lived near Spalding, and for some time she

had heard nothing of him ; but about a year after she was married, his master paid a visit in Lincolnshire, and the lad early one morning came to see his "*old young mistress*." He came so very early that none of the family were stirring, except Marvel, who had risen by daybreak to finish some repairs that he was making in the woad apparatus. He recognized the boy the moment he saw him, and welcomed him with his usual good-nature.

"Ah, sir!" said the lad, "I be's glad to see things going on here again. I be's main glad to hear how young mistress is happy! But I must be back afore my own present master be's up; so will you be pleased to give my sarvice and duty, and here's a little sort of a tea-chest for her, that I made with the help of a fellow-servant of mine. If so be she'll think well of taking it, I should be very proud: it has a lock and key and all."

Marvel was astonished at the workmanship of this tea-chest; and when he expressed his admiration, the boy said, "Oh, sir! all the difficult parts were done by my fellow-servant, who is more handy like than I am, ten to one, though he's a Frenchman. He was one of them French prisoners, and is a curious man. He would have liked of all things to have come here along with me this morning, to get a sight of what's going on here; because that they have woad-mills and the like in his own country, he says; but then he would not come spying without leave, being a civil, honest man."

Marvel told the boy that his fellow-servant should be heartily welcome to satisfy his curiosity; and the next morning the Frenchman came. He was a native of Languedoc, where woad is cultivated; he had been engaged in the manufacture of it, and Marvel soon found by his conversation that he was a well-informed, intelligent man. He told Marvel that there were many natives of Languedoc, at this time prisoners in England, who understood the business as well as he did, and would be glad to be employed, or to sell their knowledge at a reasonable price. Marvel was not too proud to learn, even from a Frenchman. With Wright's consent, he employed several of these workmen; and he carried, by their means, the manufacture of woad to a high pitch of perfection. How success changes the opinion of men! The Lincolnshire farmers, who had formerly sneered at Marvel as a genius and a projector, began to look up to him as to a very wise and knowing man, when they saw this manufacture continue to thrive; and those who had blamed Wright for entering into partnership with him, now changed their minds. Marvel was taught perseverance by Wright, and Wright was excited to activity by Marvel. Neither of them could have done separately what they both effected by their union.

At the end of the ten years Goodenough was precisely where he was when he began—neither richer nor poorer, neither wiser nor happier; all that he had added to his stock was a cross wife and two cross children. He, to the very last moment, persisted in the belief that he should be the richest of the three, and that Wright and Marvel would finish by being bankrupts. He was in unutterable astonishment when, upon the appointed day, they produced their account-books to Mr. Constan-

tine, the executor, and it was found that they were many thousand pounds better in the world than himself.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Constantine, "to which of you am I to give your uncle's legacy? I must know which of the partners has the greatest share in the manufactory."

"Wright has the greatest share," cried Marvel; "for without his prudence I should have been ruined."

"Marvel has the greatest share," cried Wright; "for without his ingenuity I should never have succeeded in the business, nor indeed should I have undertaken it."

"Then, gentlemen, you must divide the ten thousand pounds between you," said Mr. Constantine, "and I give you joy of your happy partnership. What can be more advantageous than a partnership between prudence and justice on the one side, and generosity and abilities on the other?"





THE LIMERICK GLOVES.

CHAPTER I.

SURMISE IS OFTEN PARTLY TRUE AND PARTLY FALSE.



T was Sunday morning, and a fine day in autumn ; the bells of Hereford Cathedral rang, and all the world, smartly dressed, were flocking to church.

"Mrs. Hill ! Mrs. Hill ! Phœbe ! Phœbe ! There's the cathedral bell, I say, and neither of you ready for church, and I a verger," cried Mr. Hill, the tanner, as he stood at the bottom of his own staircase.

"I'm ready, papa," replied Phœbe ; and down she came, looking so clean, so fresh, and so gay, that her stern father's brows unbent, and he could only say to her, as she was drawing on a new pair of gloves, "Child, you ought to have had those gloves on before this time of day."

"Before this time of day !" cried Mrs. Hill, who was now coming downstairs, completely equipped—"before this time of day ! She should know better, I say, than to put on those gloves at all—more especially when going to the cathedral."

"The gloves are very good gloves, as far as I see," replied Mr. Hill. "But no matter now ; it is more fitting that we should be in proper time in our pew, to set an example, as becomes us, than to stand here talking of gloves and nonsense."

He offered his wife and daughter each an arm, and set out for the cathedral ; but Phœbe was too busy drawing on her new gloves, and her mother was too angry at the sight of them, to accept of Mr. Hill's courtesies.

"What I say is always nonsense, I know, Mr. Hill," resumed the matron ; "but I can see as far into a millstone as other folks. Was it not I that first gave you a hint of what became of the great dog that we lost out of our tan-yard last winter ? And was it not I who first took notice to you, Mr. Hill, verger as you are, of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral ? Was it not, I ask you, Mr. Hill ?"

"But, my dear Mrs. Hill, what has all this to do with Phœbe's gloves ?"

"Are you blind, Mr. Hill ? Don't you see that they are Limerick gloves ?"

"What of that?" said Mr. Hill, still preserving his composure, as it was his custom to do as long as he could when he saw his wife was ruffled.

"What of that, Mr. Hill! why, don't you know that Limerick is in Ireland, Mr. Hill?"

"With all my heart, my dear."

"Yes, and with all your heart, I suppose, Mr. Hill, you would see our cathedral blown up, some fair day or other, and your own daughter married to the person that did it, and you a verger, Mr. Hill!"

"God forbid!" cried Mr. Hill, and he stopped short and settled his wig. Presently recovering himself, he added, "But, Mrs. Hill, the cathedral is not yet blown up, and our Phœbe is not yet married."

"No; but what of that, Mr. Hill? Forewarned is forearmed, as I told you before your dog was gone; but you would not believe me, and you see how it turned out in that case, and so it will in this case, you'll see, Mr. Hill."

"But you puzzle and frighten me out of my wits, Mrs. Hill," said the verger, again settling his wig. "*In that case, and in this case!* I can't understand a syllable of what you've been saying to me this half-hour. In plain English, what is there the matter about Phœbe's gloves?"

"In plain English, then, Mr. Hill, since you can understand nothing else, please to ask your daughter Phœbe who gave her those gloves. Phœbe, who gave you those gloves?"

"I wish they were burnt," said the husband, whose patience could endure no longer. "Who gave you these cursed gloves, Phœbe?"

"Papa," answered Phœbe, in a low voice, "they were a present from Mr. Brian O'Neill."

"The Irish glover?" cried Mr. Hill, with a look of terror.

"Yes," resumed the mother; "very true, Mr. Hill, I assure you. Now, you see, I had my reasons."

"Take off the gloves directly, I order you, Phœbe," said her father, in his most peremptory tone. "I took a mortal dislike to that Mr. Brian O'Neill the first time I ever saw him. He's an Irishman, and that's enough, and too much, for me. Off with the gloves, Phœbe! When I order a thing, it must be done."

Phœbe seemed to find some difficulty in getting off the gloves, and urged that she could not well go into the cathedral without them. This objection was immediately removed by her mother's pulling from her pocket a pair of mittens, which had once been brown, and once been whole, but which were now rent in sundry places, and which, having been long stretched by one who was twice the size of Phœbe, now hung in huge wrinkles upon her well-turned arms.

"But, papa," said Phœbe, "why should we take a dislike to him because he is an Irishman? Cannot an Irishman be a good man?"

The verger made no answer to this question, but, a few seconds after it was put to him, observed that the cathedral bell had just done ringing; and as they were now got to the church door, Mrs. Hill, with a significant look at Phœbe, remarked that it was no proper time to talk or think of good men or bad men, or Irishmen, or any men, especially for a verger's daughter.

We pass over in silence the many conjectures that were made by several of the congregation concerning the reason why Miss Phœbe Hill should appear in such a shameful shabby pair of gloves on a Sunday. After service was ended, the verger went, with great mystery, to examine the hole under the foundation of the cathedral; and Mrs. Hill repaired, with the grocer's and the stationer's ladies, to take a walk in the Close, where she boasted to all her female acquaintance, whom she called her friends, of her maternal discretion in prevailing upon Mr. Hill to forbid her daughter Phœbe to wear the Limerick gloves.

CHAPTER II.

WORDS ILL UNDERSTOOD ARE AMONG OUR WORST MISFORTUNES.

IN the meantime Phœbe walked pensively homeward, endeavouring to discover why her father should take a mortal dislike to a man at first sight, merely because he was an Irishman, and why her mother had talked so much of the great dog which had been lost last year out of the tan-yard, and of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral. "What has all this to do with my Limerick gloves?" thought she. The more she thought the less connection she could perceive between these things; for, as she had not taken a dislike to Mr. Brian O'Neill at first sight because he was an Irishman, she could not think it quite reasonable to suspect him of making away with her father's dog, nor yet a design to blow up Hereford Cathedral. As she was pondering upon these matters, she came within sight of the ruins of a poor woman's house, which, a few months before this time, had been burned down. She recollected that her first acquaintance with her lover began at the time of this fire; and she thought that the courage and humanity he showed, in exerting himself to save this unfortunate woman and her children, justified her notion of the possibility that an Irishman might be a good man.

The name of the poor woman whose house had been burned down was Smith; she was a widow, and she now lived at the extremity of a narrow lane in a wretched habitation. Why Phœbe thought of her with more concern than usual at this instant we need not examine, but she did; and, reproaching herself for having neglected her for some weeks past, she resolved to go directly to see the Widow Smith, and to give her a crown which she had long had in her pocket, with which she had intended to have bought play-tickets.

It happened that the first person she saw in the poor widow's kitchen was the identical Mr. O'Neill.

"I did not expect to see anybody here but you, Mrs. Smith," said Phœbe, blushing.

"So much the greater the pleasure of the meeting—to me, I mean, Miss Hill," said O'Neill, rising, and putting down a little boy with whom he had been playing. Phœbe went on talking to the poor woman, and after slipping the crown into her hand, said she would call again.

O'Neill, surprised at the change in her manner, followed her when she left the house, and said, "It would be a great misfortune to me to

have done anything to offend Miss Hill, especially if I could not conceive how or what it was, which is my case at this present speaking ;” and as the spruce glover spoke, he fixed his eyes upon Phœbe’s ragged gloves.

She drew them up in vain, and then said, with her natural simplicity and gentleness, “You have not done anything to offend me, Mr. O’Neill, but you are some way or other displeasing to my father and mother, and they have forbid me to wear the Limerick gloves.”

“And sure Miss Hill would not be after changing her opinion of her humble servant, for no reason in life but because her father and mother, who have taken a prejudice against him, are a little contrary?”

“No,” replied Phœbe, “I should not change my opinion without any reason; but I have not had time yet to fix my opinion of you, Mr. O’Neill.”

“To let you know a piece of my mind, then, my dear Miss Hill,” resumed he, “the more contrary they are, the more pride and joy it would give me to win and wear you, in spite of ’em all; and if without a farthing in your pocket, so much the more I should rejoice in the opportunity of proving to your dear self, and all else whom it may concern, that Brian O’Neill is no Irish fortune-hunter, and scorns them that are so narrow-minded as to think that no other kind of cattle but these fortune-hunters can come out of all Ireland. So, my dear Phœbe, now we understand one another, I hope you will not be paining my eyes any longer with the sight of these odious brown bags, which are not fit to be worn by any Christian’s arms, to say nothing of Miss Hill’s, which are the handsomest, without any compliment, that ever I saw, and, to my mind, would become a pair of Limerick gloves beyond anything; and I expect she’ll show her generosity and proper spirit by putting them on immediately.”

“You expect, sir!” repeated Miss Hill, with a look of more indignation than her gentle countenance had ever before been seen to assume. “Expect!—If he had said hope,” thought she, “it would have been another thing; but expect! what right has he to expect?”

Now, Miss Hill, unfortunately, was not sufficiently acquainted with the Irish idiom to know that to *expect* in Ireland is the same thing as to *hope* in England; and when her Irish admirer said “I expect” he meant only in plain English “I hope.” But thus it is that a poor Irishman often, for want of understanding the niceties of the English language, says the rudest when he means to say the civillest things imaginable.

Miss Hill’s feelings were so much hurt by this unlucky “I expect” that the whole of his speech, which had before made some favourable impression upon her, now lost its effect, and she replied with proper spirit, as she thought, “You expect a great deal too much, Mr. O’Neill, and more than ever I gave you reason to do. It would be neither pleasure nor pride to me to be won and worn, as you were pleased to say, in spite of them all, and to be thrown, without a farthing in my pocket, upon the protection of one who *expects* so much at first setting out. So I assure you, sir, whatever you may expect, I shall not put on the Limerick gloves.”

Mr. O’Neill was not without his share of pride and proper spirit.

Nay, he had, it must be confessed, in common with some others of his countrymen, an improper share of pride and spirit. Fired by the lady's coldness, he poured forth a volley of reproaches, and ended by wishing, as he said, a good morning, for ever and ever, to one who could change her opinion point-blank, like the weathercock. "I am, miss, your most obedient, and I expect you'll never think any more of poor Brian O'Neill and the Limerick gloves."

If he had not been in too great a passion to observe anything, poor Brian O'Neill would have found out that Phœbe was not a weathercock; but he left her abruptly and hurried away, imagining all the while that it was Phœbe, and not himself, who was in a rage. Thus to the horseman who is galloping at full speed the hedges, trees, and houses seem rapidly to recede, whilst in reality they never move from their places.—it is he that flies from them, and not they from him.

CHAPTER III.

ENDEAVOURS TO BE CONSISTENT OFTEN LEAD TO OBSTINACY IN ERROR.

ON Monday morning, Miss Jenny Brown, the perfumer's daughter, came to pay Phœbe a morning visit, with a face of busy joy.

"So, my dear," said she, "fine doings in Hereford! But what makes you look so downcast? To be sure you are invited, as well as the rest of us?"

"Invited where?" cried Mrs. Hill, who was present, and who could never endure to hear of an invitation in which she was not included.

"Invited where, pray, Miss Jenny?"

"La! have you not heard? Why, we all took it for granted that you and Miss Phœbe would have been the first and foremost to have been asked to Mr. O'Neill's ball."

"Ball!" cried Mrs. Hill, and luckily saved Phœbe, who was in some agitation, the trouble of speaking. "Why, this is a mighty sudden thing; I never heard a tittle of it before."

"Well, this is really extraordinary! And, Phœbe, have not you received a pair of Limerick gloves?"

"Yes, I have," said Phœbe; "but what then? What have my Limerick gloves to do with the ball?"

"A great deal," replied Jenny. "Don't you know that a pair of Limerick gloves is, as one may say, a ticket to this ball? for every lady that has been asked has had a pair sent to her along with the card; and I believe as many as twenty, beside myself, have been asked this morning."

Jenny then produced her new pair of Limerick gloves, and, as she tried them on, and showed how well they fitted, she counted up the names of the ladies who, to her knowledge, were to be at this ball. When she had finished the catalogue, she expatiated upon the grand preparations which it was said the Widow O'Neill, Mr. O'Neill's mother, was making for the supper, and concluded by condoling with Mrs. Hill for her misfortune in not having been invited. Jenny took her leave, to get her dress in readiness; "For," added she, "Mr. O'Neill has

engaged me to open the ball, in case Phœbe does not go; but I suppose she will cheer up and go, as she has a pair of Limerick gloves as well as the rest of us."

There was a silence for some minutes after Jenny's departure, which was broken by Phœbe, who told her mother that early in the morning a note had been brought to her, which she had returned unopened, because she knew, from the handwriting of the direction, that it came from Mr. O'Neill.

We must observe that Phœbe had already told her mother of her meeting with this gentleman at the poor widow's, and of all that had passed between them afterwards. This openness on her part had softened the heart of Mrs. Hill, who was really inclined to be good-natured, provided people would allow that she had more penetration than any one else in Hereford. She was, moreover, a good deal piqued and alarmed by the idea that the perfumer's daughter might rival and outshine her own. Whilst she had thought herself sure of Mr. O'Neill's attachment to Phœbe, she had looked higher, especially as she was persuaded by the perfumer's lady to think that an Irishman could not be a good match; but now she began to suspect that the perfumer's lady had changed her opinion of Irishmen, since she did not object to her own Jenny's leading up the ball at Mr. O'Neill's.

All these thoughts passed rapidly in the mother's mind, and, with her fear of losing an admirer for her Phœbe, the value of that admirer suddenly rose in her estimation. Thus, at an auction, if a lot is going to be knocked down to a lady, who is the only person that has bid for it, even she feels discontented, and despises that which nobody covets; but if, as the hammer is falling, many voices answer to the question, "Who bids more?" then her anxiety to secure the prize suddenly rises, and, rather than be outbid, she will give far beyond its value.

"Why, child," said Mrs. Hill, "since you have a pair of Limerick gloves, and since certainly that note was an invitation to us to this ball; and since it is much more fitting that you should open the ball than Jenny Brown; and since, after all, it was very handsome and genteel of the young man to say he would take you without a farthing in your pocket, which shows that those were misinformed who talked of him as an Irish adventurer; and since we are not certain 't was he made away with the dog, although he said its barking was a great nuisance; and since, if he did not kill or entice away the dog, there is no great reason to suppose he was the person who made the hole under the foundation of the cathedral, or that he could have such a wicked thought as to blow it up; and since he must be in a very good way of business to be able to afford giving away four or five guineas' worth of Limerick gloves, and balls and suppers; and since, after all, it is no fault of his to be an Irishman, I give it as my vote and opinion, my dear, that you put on your Limerick gloves and go to this ball; and I'll go and speak to your father, and bring him round to our opinion; and then I'll pay the morning visit I owe to the Widow O'Neill, and make up your quarrel with Brian: love quarrels are easy to make up, you know; and then we shall have things all upon velvet again; and Jenny Brown need not come, with her hypocritical condoling face, to us any more."

After running this speech glibly off, Mrs. Hill, without waiting to hear a syllable from poor Phœbe, trotted off in search of her consort. It was not, however, quite so easy a task as his wife expected it would be to bring Mr. Hill round to her opinion. He was slow in declaring himself of any opinion; but when once he had said a thing, there was but little chance of altering his notions. On this occasion Mr. Hill was doubly bound to his prejudice against our unlucky Irishman; for he had mentioned with great solemnity, at the club which he frequented, the grand affair of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral, and his suspicions that there was a design to blow it up. Several of the club had laughed at this idea; others, who supposed that Mr. O'Neill was a Roman Catholic, and who had a confused notion that a Roman Catholic *must* be a very wicked, dangerous person, thought that there might be a great deal in the verger's suggestions, and observed that a very watchful eye ought to be kept upon this Irish glover, who had come to settle at Hereford nobody knew why, and who seemed to have money at command nobody knew how.

The news of this ball sounded to Mr. Hill's prejudiced imagination like the news of a conspiracy. "Ay, ay," thought he, "the Irishman is cunning enough, but we shall be too many for him. He wants to throw all the good sober folks of Hereford off their guard, by feasting, and dancing, and carousing, I take it, and so to perpetrate his evil designs when it is least suspected; but we shall be prepared for him, fools as he takes us plain Englishmen to be, I warrant."

In consequence of these most shrewd cogitations, our verger silenced his wife with a peremptory nod, when she came to persuade him to let Phœbe put on the Limerick gloves and go to the ball.

"To this ball she shall not go; and I charge her not to put on those Limerick gloves, as she values my blessing," said Mr. Hill. "Please to tell her so, Mrs. Hill, and trust to my judgment and discretion in all things, Mrs. Hill. Strange work may be in Hereford yet; but I'll say no more: I must go and consult with knowing men who are of my own opinion."

He sallied forth, and Mrs. Hill was left in a state which only those who are troubled with the disease of excessive curiosity can rightly comprehend or compassionate. She hied back to Phœbe, to whom she announced her father's answer, and then went gossiping to all her female acquaintance in Hereford, to tell them all that she knew, and all that she did not know, and to endeavour to find out a secret where there was none to be found.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CERTAINTIES OF SUSPICION ARE ALWAYS DOUBTFUL, AND OFTEN RIDICULOUS.

THERE are trials of temper in all conditions, and no lady, in high or low life, could endure them with a better grace than Phœbe.

Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Hill were busied abroad, there came to see Phœbe one of the Widow Smith's children. With artless expressions of gratitude to Phœbe this little girl mixed the praises of O'Neill, who,

she said, had been the constant friend of her mother, and had given her money every week since the fire happened. "Mammy loves him dearly for being so good-natured," continued the child; "and he has been good to other people as well as to us."

"To whom?" said Phœbe.

"To a poor man who has lodged for these few days past next door to us," replied the child. "I don't know his name rightly, but he is an Irishman; and he goes out a-haymaking in the daytime, along with a number of others. He knew Mr. O'Neill in his own country, and he told mammy a great deal about his goodness."

As the child finished these words, Phœbe took out of a drawer some clothes which she had made for the poor woman's children, and gave them to the little girl. It happened that the Limerick gloves had been thrown into this drawer; and Phœbe's favourable sentiments of the giver of those gloves were revived by what she had just heard, and by the confession Mrs. Hill had made, that she had no reasons, and but vague suspicions, for thinking ill of him. She laid the gloves perfectly smooth, and strewed over them, whilst the little girl went on talking of Mr. O'Neill, the leaves of a rose which she had worn on Sunday.

Mr. Hill was all this time in deep conference with those prudent men of Hereford who were of his own opinion about the perilous hole under the cathedral. The ominous circumstance of this ball was also considered, the great expense at which the Irish glover lived, and his giving away gloves, which was a sure sign he was not under any necessity to sell them, and consequently a proof that, though he pretended to be a glover, he was something wrong in disguise. Upon putting all these things together, it was resolved, by these over-wise politicians, that the best thing that could be done for Hereford, and the only possible means of preventing the immediate destruction of its cathedral, would be to take Mr. O'Neill into custody. Upon recollection, however, it was perceived that there were no legal grounds on which he could be attacked. At length, after consulting an attorney, they devised what they thought an admirable mode of proceeding.

Our Irish hero had not that punctuality which English tradesmen usually observe in the payment of bills: he had, the preceding year, run up a long bill with a grocer in Hereford, and as he had not cash in hand at Christmas to pay it, he had given a note payable six months after date. The grocer, at Mr. Hill's request, made over the note to him; and it was determined that the money should be demanded, as it was now due, and that, if it was not paid directly, O'Neill should be that night arrested. How Mr. Hill made the discovery of this debt to the grocer agree with his former notion, that the Irish glover had always money at command, we cannot well conceive; but anger and prejudice will swallow down the grossest contradictions without difficulty. When Mr. Hill's clerk went to demand payment of the note, O'Neill's head was full of the ball which he was to give that evening. He was much surprised at the unexpected appearance of the note: he had not ready money by him to pay it; and after swearing a good deal at the clerk, and complaining of this ungenerous and ungentlemanlike behaviour in the grocer and the tanner, he told the clerk to be gone,

and not to be bothering him at such an unseasonable time—that he could not have the money then, and did not deserve to have it at all.

This language and conduct were rather new to the English clerk's mercantile ears. We cannot wonder that it should seem to him, as he said to his master, more the language of a madman than a man of business. This want of punctuality in money transactions, and this mode of treating contracts of matters as favour and affection, might not have ruined the fame of our hero in his own country, where such conduct is, alas! too common; but he was now in a kingdom where the manners and customs are so directly opposite, that he could meet with no allowance for his national faults. It would be well for his countrymen, if they were made, even by a few mortifications, somewhat sensible of the important difference in the habits of Irish and English traders, before they come to settle in England.

But to proceed with our story. On the night of Mr. O'Neill's grand ball, as he was seeing his fair partner, the perfumer's daughter, safely home, he felt himself tapped on the shoulder by no friendly hand. When he was told that he was the king's prisoner, he vociferated, with sundry strange oaths which we forbear to repeat, "No, I am not the king's prisoner! I am the prisoner of that shabby rascally tanner, Jonathan Hill. None but he would arrest a gentleman in this way, for a trifle not worth mentioning."

Miss Jenny Brown screamed when she found herself under the protection of a man who was arrested; and what between her screams and his oaths, there was such a disturbance that a mob soon collected. Among this mob there was a party of Irish haymakers, who, after returning late from a harvest home, had been drinking in a neighbouring ale-house. With one accord they took part with their countryman, and would have rescued him from the civil officers, with all the pleasure imaginable, if he had not fortunately possessed sufficient sense and command of himself to restrain their party spirit, and to forbid them, as they valued his life and reputation, to interfere by word or deed in his defence.

He then dispatched one of the haymakers home to his mother, to inform her of what had happened, and to request that she would get somebody to be bail for him as soon as possible, as the officers said they could not let him out of their sight till he was bailed by substantial people, or till the debt was discharged.

The Widow O'Neill was just putting out the candles in the ball-room when this news of her son's arrest was brought to her. We pass over Hibernian exclamations. She consoled her pride by reflecting that it would be the most easy thing imaginable to procure bail for Mr. O'Neill in Hereford, where he had so many friends who had just been dancing at his house; but to dance at his house she found was one thing, and to be bail for him quite another. Each guest sent excuses; and the Widow O'Neill was astonished at what never fails to astonish everybody when it happens to themselves.

"Rather than let my son be detained in this manner for a paltry debt," cried the widow, "I'd sell all I have, within half an hour, to a pawnbroker."

It was well no pawnbroker heard this declaration: she was too warm to consider economy. She sent for a pawnbroker who lived in the same street, and after pledging goods to treble the amount of the debt, she obtained ready money for her son's release.

O'Neill, after being in custody for about an hour and a half, was set at liberty upon the payment of his debt. As he passed by the cathedral in his way home, he heard the clock strike; and he called to a man, who was walking backwards and forwards in the churchyard, to ask whether it was two or three that the clock struck. "Three," answered the man; "and as yet all is safe."

O'Neill, whose head was full of other things, did not stop to inquire the meaning of these last words. He little suspected that this man was a watchman, whom the over-vigilant verger had stationed there to guard the Hereford Cathedral from his attacks. O'Neill little guessed that he had been arrested merely to keep him from blowing up the cathedral this night. The arrest had an excellent effect upon his mind, for he was a young man of good sense; it made him resolve to retrench his expenses in time—to live more like a glover, and less like a gentleman—and to aim more at establishing credit, and less at gaining popularity. He found from experience that good friends will not pay bad debts.

CHAPTER V.

CONJECTURE IS AN IGNIS FATUUS, THAT BY SEEMING TO LIGHT MAY DANGEROUSLY MISLEAD.

ON Thursday morning our verger rose in unusually good spirits, congratulating himself upon the eminent service he had done to the city of Hereford by his sagacity in discovering the foreign plot to blow up the cathedral, and by his dexterity in having the enemy held in custody at the very hour when the dreadful deed was to have been perpetrated. Mr. Hill's knowing friends further agreed it would be necessary to have a guard that should sit up every night in the churchyard, and that as soon as they could, by constantly watching the enemy's motions, procure any information which the attorney should deem sufficient grounds for a legal proceeding, they should lay the whole business before the mayor.

After arranging all this most judiciously and mysteriously with the friends who were exactly of his own opinion, Mr. Hill laid aside his dignity of verger, and assuming his other character of a tanner, proceeded to his tan-yard. What was his surprise and consternation when he beheld his great rick of oak-bark levelled to the ground! The pieces of bark were scattered far and wide—some over the Close, some over the fields, and some were seen swimming upon the water. No tongue, no pen, no Muse can describe the feelings of our tanner at this spectacle!—feelings which became the more violent from the absolute silence which he imposed on himself upon this occasion. He instantly decided in his own mind that this injury was perpetrated by O'Neill, in revenge for his arrest, and went privately to the attorney to inquire what was to be done on his part to secure legal vengeance.

The attorney, unluckily—or at least as Mr. Hill thought unluckily—had been sent for, half an hour before, by a gentleman at some distance from Hereford, to draw up a will, so that our tanner was obliged to postpone his legal operations.

We forbear to recount his return, and how many times he walked up and down the Close to view his scattered bark, and to estimate the damage that had been done to him. At length that hour came which usually suspends all passions by the more imperious power of appetite—the hour of dinner—an hour of which it was never needful to remind Mr. Hill by watch, clock, or dial; for he was blessed with a punctual appetite, and powerful as punctual—so powerful, indeed, that it often excited the spleen of his more genteel or less hungry wife.

“Bless my stars, Mr. Hill!” she would oftentimes say, “I am really downright ashamed to see you eat so much; and when company is to dine with us, I do wish you would take a snack, by way of a damper, before dinner, that you may not look so prodigious famishing and ungentlel.”

Upon this hint, Mr. Hill commenced a practice, to which he ever afterwards religiously adhered, of going, whether there was to be company or no company, into the kitchen regularly every day, half an hour before dinner, to take a slice from the roast or the boiled before it went up to table. As he was this day, according to his custom, in the kitchen, taking his snack by way of a damper, he heard the housemaid and the cook talking about some wonderful fortune-teller whom the housemaid had been consulting. This fortune-teller was no less a personage than the successor to Bampfylde Moore Carew, King of the Gipsies, whose life and adventures are probably in many, too many, of our readers’ hands. Bampfylde the Second, King of the Gipsies, assumed this title in hopes of becoming as famous, or as infamous, as his predecessor. He was now holding his court in a wood near the town of Hereford; and numbers of servant-maids and apprentices went to consult him; nay, it was whispered that he was resorted to secretly by some whose education might have taught them better sense.

Numberless were the instances which our verger heard in his kitchen of the supernatural skill of this cunning man; and whilst Mr. Hill ate his snack with his wonted gravity, he revolved great designs in his secret soul. Mrs. Hill was surprised several times during dinner to see her consort put down his knife and fork, and meditate.

“Gracious me, Mr. Hill! what can have happened to you this day? What can you be thinking of, Mr. Hill, that can make you forget what you have upon your plate?”

“Mrs. Hill,” replied the thoughtful verger, “our grandmother Eve had too much curiosity, and we all know it did not lead to any good. What I am thinking of will be known to you in due time, but not now, Mrs. Hill; therefore, pray no questions, or teasing, or pumping. What I think, I think; what I say, I say; what I know, I know; and that is enough for you to know at present: only this, Phœbe,—you did very well not to put on the Limerick gloves, child. What I know, I know. Things will turn out just as I said from the first. What I say, I say; and what I think, I think; and this is enough for you to know at present.”

Having finished dinner with this solemn speech, Mr. Hill settled himself in his arm-chair, to take his after-dinner's nap; and he dreamed of blowing up cathedrals, and of oak-bark floating upon the waters; and the cathedral was, he thought, blown up by a man dressed in a pair of woman's Limerick gloves; and the oak-bark turned into mutton steaks, after which his great dog Jowler was swimming; when, all on a sudden, as he was going to beat Jowler for eating the bark transformed into mutton steaks, Jowler became Bampfylde the Second, King of the Gipsies, and putting a horsewhip with a silver handle into Hill's hand, commanded him three times in a voice as loud as the town crier's to have O'Neill whipped through the market-place of Hereford; but, just as he was going to the window to see this whipping, his wig fell off and he awoke.

It was difficult, even for Mr. Hill's sagacity, to make sense of this dream, but he had the wise art of always finding in his dreams something that confirmed his waking determinations. Before he went to sleep he had half resolved to consult the King of the Gipsies in the absence of the attorney, and his dream made him now wholly determine upon this prudent step. "From Bampfylde the Second," thought he, "I shall learn for certain who made the hole under the cathedral, who pulled down my rick of bark, and who made away with my dog Jowler; and then I shall swear examinations against O'Neill, without waiting for attorneys. I will follow my own way in this business: I have always found my own way best."

So, when the dusk of the evening increased, our wise man set out towards the wood to consult the cunning man. Bampfylde the Second, King of the Gipsies, resided in a sort of hut made of the branches of trees. The verger stooped, but did not stoop low enough, as he entered this temporary palace; and whilst his body was almost bent double, his peruke was caught upon a twig. From this awkward situation he was relieved by the consort of the king; and he now beheld, by the light of some embers, the person of his gipsy Majesty, to whose sublime appearance this dim light was so favourable that it struck a secret awe into our wise man's soul, and, forgetting Hereford Cathedral, and oak-bark, and Limerick gloves, he stood for some seconds speechless. During this time the queen very dexterously disencumbered his pocket of all superfluous articles. When he recovered his recollection, he put, with great solemnity, the following queries to the King of the Gipsies, and received the following answers:

"Do you know a dangerous Irishman, of the name of O'Neill, who has come, for purposes best known to himself, to settle at Hereford?"

"Yes, we know him well."

"Indeed! And what do you know of him?"

"That he is a dangerous Irishman."

"Right! And it was he, was it not, that made away with my dog Jowler, that used to guard the tan-yard?"

"It was."

"And who was it that pulled down, or caused to be pulled down, my rick of oak-bark?"

"It was the person that you suspect."

"And was it the person whom I suspect that made the hole under the foundation of our cathedral?"

"The same and no other."

"And for what purpose did he make that hole?"

"For a purpose that must not be named," replied the King of the Gipsies, nodding his head in a mysterious manner.

"But it may be named to me," cried the verger, "for I have found it out, and I am one of the vergers, and is it not fit that a plot to blow up the Hereford Cathedral should be known *to* me and *through* me?"

"Now, take my word,
Wise man of Hereford,
None in safety may be,
Till the *bad man* doth flee."

These oracular verses, pronounced by Bampfylde with all the enthusiasm of one who was inspired, had the desired effect upon our wise man, and he left the presence of the King of the Gipsies with a prodigiously high opinion of his Majesty's judgment and of his own, fully resolved to impart the next morning to the Mayor of Hereford his important discoveries.

CHAPTER VI.

FALSEHOOD AND FOLLY USUALLY CONFUTE THEMSELVES.

NOW, it happened that, during the time Mr. Hill was putting the foregoing queries to Bampfylde the Second, there came to the door or entrance of the audience-chamber an Irish haymaker, who wanted to consult the cunning man about a little leathern purse which he had lost whilst he was making hay in a field near Hereford. This haymaker was the same person who, as we have related, spoke so advantageously of our hero O'Neill to the Widow Smith. As this man, whose name was Paddy M'Cormack, stood at the entrance of the gipsies' hut, his attention was caught by the name of O'Neill, and he lost not a word of all that passed. He had reason to be somewhat surprised at hearing Bampfylde assert it was O'Neill who had pulled down the rick of bark. "By the holy poker," said he to himself, "the old fellow, now, is out there. I know more o' that matter than he does, no offence to his Majesty: he knows no more of my purse, I'll engage, now, than he does of this man's rick of bark and his dog; so I'll keep my tester in my pocket, and not be giving it to this King o' the Gipsies, as they call him, who, as near as I can guess, is no better than a cheat. But there is one secret which I can be telling this conjuror himself: he shall not find it such an easy matter to do all what he thinks; he shall not be after ruining an innocent countryman of my own, whilst Paddy M'Cormack has a tongue and brains."

Now, Paddy M'Cormack had the best reason possible for knowing that Mr. O'Neill did not pull down Mr. Hill's rick of bark; it was M'Cormack himself, who, in the heat of his resentment for the insulting arrest of his countryman in the streets of Hereford, had instigated his fellow-haymakers to this mischief; he headed them, and thought he was doing a clever, spirited action.

There is a strange mixture of virtue and vice in the minds of the lower class of Irish, or rather a strange confusion in their ideas of right and wrong, from want of proper education. As soon as poor Paddy found out that his spirited action of pulling down the rick of bark was likely to be the ruin of his countryman, he resolved to make all the amends in his power for his folly: he went to collect his fellow-haymakers, and persuaded them to assist him this night in rebuilding what they had pulled down.

They went to this work when everybody except themselves, as they thought, was asleep in Hereford. They had just completed the stack, and were all going away except Paddy, who was seated at the very top finishing the pile, when they heard a loud voice cry out, "Here they are! Watch! watch!"

Immediately all the haymakers who could ran off as fast as possible. It was the watch who had been sitting up at the cathedral who gave the alarm. Paddy was taken from the top of the rick, and lodged in the watch-house till morning. "Since I'm to be rewarded this way for doing a good action, sorrow take me," said he, "if they catch me doing another the longest day ever I live."

Happy they who have in their neighbourhood such a magistrate as Mr. Marshal. He was a man who, to an exact knowledge of the duties of his office, joined the power of discovering truth from the midst of contradictory evidence, and the happy art of soothing or laughing the angry passions into good humour. It was a common saying in Hereford—that no one ever came out of Justice Marshal's house as angry as he went into it.

Mr. Marshal had scarcely breakfasted, when he was informed that Mr. Hill, the verger, wanted to speak to him on business of the utmost importance. Mr. Hill, the verger, was ushered in, and with gloomy solemnity took a seat opposite to Mr. Marshal.

"Sad doings in Hereford, Mr. Mayor—sad doings, sir."

"Sad doings? Why, I was told we had merry doings in Hereford—a ball the night before last, as I heard."

"So much the worse, Mr. Marshal, so much the worse; as those think with reason that see as far into things as I do."

"So much the better, Mr. Hill," said Mr. Marshal, laughing, "so much the better; as those think with reason that see no farther into things than I do."

"But, sir," said the verger, still more solemnly, "this is no laughing matter, nor time for laughing, begging your pardon, Mr. Mayor. Why, sir, the night of that diabolical ball, our Hereford Cathedral, sir, would have been blown up—blown up from the foundation—if it had not been for me, sir!"

"Indeed, Mr. Verger! And pray how, and by whom, was the cathedral to be blown up? and what was there diabolical in this ball?"

Here Mr. Hill let Mr. Marshal into the whole history of his early dislike to O'Neill, and his shrewd suspicions of him the first moment he saw him in Hereford. He related in the most prolix manner all that the reader knows already, and concluded by saying that, as he was now certain of his facts, he was come to swear examinations against this

villanous Irishman, who, he hoped, would be speedily brought to justice, as he deserved.

"To justice he shall be brought, as he deserves," said Mr. Marshal ; "but before I write, and before you swear, will you have the goodness to inform me how you have made yourself as certain as you evidently are of what you call your facts?"

"Sir, that is a secret," replied our wise man, "which I shall trust to you alone ;" and he whispered into Mr. Marshal's ear that his information came from Bampfylde the Second, King of the Gipsies.

Mr. Marshal instantly burst into laughter ; then composing himself, said, "My good sir, I am really glad that you have proceeded no further in this business, and that no one in Hereford besides myself knows that you were on the point of swearing examinations against a man on the evidence of Bampfylde the Second, King of the Gipsies. My dear sir, it would be a standing joke against you to the end of your days. A grave man like Mr. Hill, and a verger too ! Why, you would be the laughingstock of Hereford !"

Now, Mr. Marshal well knew the character of the man to whom he was talking, who, above all things on earth, dreaded to be laughed at. Mr. Hill coloured all over his face, and pushing back his wig by way of settling it, showed that he blushed not only all over his face but all over his head.

"Why, Mr. Marshal, sir," said he, "as to my being laughed at, it is what I did not look for ; there being men in Hereford, to whom I have mentioned that hole in the cathedral, who have thought it no laughing matter, and who have been precisely of my own opinion thereupon."

"But did you tell these gentlemen that you had been consulting the King of the Gipsies?"

"No, sir, no, I can't say that I did."

"Then, I advise you, keep your own counsel, as I will."

Mr. Hill, whose imagination wavered between the hole in the cathedral and his rick of bark on one side, and between his rick of bark and his dog Jowler on the other, now began to talk of the dog, and now of the rick of bark ; and when he had exhausted all he had to say upon these subjects, Mr. Marshal gently pulled him towards the window, and putting a spy-glass into his hand, bid him look towards his own tan-yard, and tell him what he saw. To his great surprise, Mr. Hill saw his rick of bark rebuilt. "Why, it was not there last night," exclaimed he, rubbing his eyes. "Why, some conjuror must have done this."

"No," replied Mr. Marshal, "no conjuror did it ; but your friend Bampfylde the Second, King of the Gipsies, was the cause of its being rebuilt ; and here is the man who actually pulled it down, and who actually rebuilt it."

As he said these words, Mr. Marshal opened the door of an adjoining room, and beckoned to the Irish haymaker, who had been taken into custody about an hour before this time. The watch who took Paddy had called at Mr. Hill's house to tell him what had happened, but Mr. Hill was not then at home.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR MISTAKES ARE OUR VERY SELVES ; WE THEREFORE COMBAT FOR THEM TO THE LAST.

IT was with much surprise that the verger heard the simple truth from this poor fellow ; but no sooner was he convinced that O'Neill was innocent as to this affair, than he recurred to his other ground of suspicion, the loss of his dog.

The Irish haymaker now stepped forward, and with a peculiar twist of the hips and shoulders, which those only who have seen it can picture to themselves, said, "Plase your honour's honour, I have a little word to say too about the dog."

"Say it, then," said Mr. Marshal.

"Plase your honour, if I might expect to be forgiven, and let off for pulling down the jontleman's stack, I might be able to tell him what I know about the dog."

"If you can tell me anything about my dog," said the tanner, "I will freely forgive you for pulling down the rick ; especially as you have built it up again. Speak the truth now : did not O'Neill make away with the dog?"

"Not at all at all, plase your honour," replied the haymaker : "and the truth of the matter is, I know nothing of the dog, good or bad ; but I know something of his collar, if your name, plase your honour, is Hill, as I take it to be?"

"My name is Hill ; proceed," said the tanner, with great eagerness. "You know something about the collar of my dog Jowler."

"Plase your honour, this much I know, any way, that it is now, or was the night before last, at the pawnbroker's there, below in town ; for, plase your honour, I was sent late at night (that night that Mr. O'Neill, long life to him ! was arrested), to the pawnbroker's for a Jew, by Mrs. O'Neill, poor cratur !—she was in great trouble that same time."

"Very likely," interrupted Mr. Hill ; "but go on to the collar ; what of the collar?"

"She sent me,—I'll tell you the story, plase your honour, *out of the face*. She sent me to the pawnbroker's for the Jew ; and it being so late at night, the shop was shut, and it was with all the trouble in life that I got into the house any way ; and when I got in, there was none but a slip of a boy up ; and he set down the light that he had in his hand, and ran up the stairs to awaken his master ; and whilst he was gone, I just made bold to look round at what sort of a place I was in, and at the old clothes, and rags, and scraps ; and there was a sort of a frieze trusty."

"A trusty !" said Mr. Hill ; "what is that, pray?"

"A big coat, sure, plase your honour : there was a frieze big coat lying in a corner, which I had my eye upon, to trate myself to ; I having, as I then thought, money in my little purse enough for it. Well, I won't trouble your honour's honour with telling of you how I lost my purse in the field, as I found after ; but about the big coat, as I was saying, I just lifted it off the ground, to see would it fit me ; and as I swung it

round, something, plase your honour, hit me a great knock on the shins : it was in the pocket of the coat, whatever it was, I knew ; so I looks into the pocket to see what was it, plase your honour, and out I pulls a hammer and a dog-collar : it was a wonder, both together, they did not break my shins entirely ; but it's no matter for my shins now : so before the boy came down, I just out of idleness spelt out to myself the name that was upon the collar ; there were two names, plase your honour ; and out of the first there were so many letters hammered out I could make nothing of it at all at all ; but the other name was plain enough to read any way, and it was Hill, plase your honour's honour, as sure as life—Hill, now."

This story was related in tones and with gestures which were so new and strange to English ears and eyes, that even the solemnity of our verger gave way to laughter. Mr. Marshal sent a summons for the pawnbroker, that he might learn from him how he came by the dog-collar. The pawnbroker, when he found from Mr. Marshal that he could by no other means save himself from being committed to prison for receiving stolen goods knowing them to be stolen, confessed that the collar had been sold to him by Bampfylde the Second, King of the Gipsies.

A warrant was immediately dispatched for his Majesty ; and Mr. Hill was a good deal alarmed by the fear of its being known in Hereford that he was on the point of swearing examinations against an innocent man upon the evidence of a dog-stealer and a gipsy.

Bampfylde the Second made no sublime appearance when he was brought before Mr. Marshal, nor could all his astrology avail him upon this occasion. The evidence of the pawnbroker was so positive as to the fact of his having sold to him the dog-collar, that there was no resource left for Bampfylde but an appeal to Mr. Hill's mercy. He fell on his knees, and confessed that it was he who stole the dog, which used to bark at him at night so furiously that he could not commit certain petty depredations, by which, as much as by telling fortunes, he made his livelihood.

"And so," said Mr. Marshal, with a sternness of manner which till now he had never shown, "to screen yourself, you accused an innocent man ; and by your vile arts would have driven him from Hereford, and have set two families for ever at variance, to conceal that you had stolen a dog."

The King of the Gipsies was, without further ceremony, committed to the house of correction. We should not omit to mention that, on searching his hut, the Irish haymaker's purse was found, which some of his Majesty's train had emptied. The whole set of gipsies decamped upon the news of the apprehension of their monarch.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD HUMOUR ARE THE BEST PEACEMAKERS.

MR. HILL stood in profound silence, leaning upon his walking-stick, whilst the committal was making out for Bampfylde the Second.

The fear of ridicule was struggling with the natural positiveness of his temper : he was dreadfully afraid that the story of his being taken in by the King of the Gipsies would get abroad, and at the same time he was unwilling to give up his prejudice against the Irish glover.

"But, Mr. Mayor," cried he, after a long silence, "the hole under the foundation of our cathedral has never been accounted for : that is, was, and ever will be, an ugly mystery to me ; and I never can have a good opinion of this Irishman till it is cleared up ; nor can I think the cathedral in safety."

"What!" said Mr. Marshal, with an arch smile, "I suppose the verses of the oracle still work upon your imagination, Mr. Hill. They are excellent of their kind—I must have them by heart, in order that, when I am asked the reason why Mr. Hill has taken an aversion to an Irish glover, I may be able to repeat them :

" 'Now, take my word,
Wise man of Hereford,
None in safety may be,
Till the bad man doth flee.' "

"You'll oblige me, Mr. Mayor," said the verger, "if you would never repeat those verses, sir, nor mention in any company the affair of the King of the Gipsies."

"I will oblige you," replied Mr. Marshal, "if you will oblige me. Will you tell me honestly, whether, now that you find this Mr. O'Neill is neither a dog-killer nor a puller-down of bark-ricks, you feel that you could forgive him for being an Irishman, if the mystery, as you call it, of the hole under the cathedral is cleared up?"

"But that is not cleared up, I say, sir," cried Mr. Hill, striking his walking-stick forcibly upon the ground with both his hands. "As to the matter of his being an Irishman, I have nothing to say to it : I am not saying anything about that, for I know that we are all born where it pleases God, and an Irishman may be as good as another. I know that much, Mr. Marshal ; and I am not one of those illiberal-minded, ignorant people that cannot abide a man that was not born in England. Ireland is now in his Majesty's dominions, I know very well, Mr. Mayor ; and I have no manner of doubt, as I said before, that an Irishman born may be as good almost as an Englishman born."

"I am glad," said Mr. Marshal, "to hear you speak almost as reasonably as an Englishman born, and as every man ought to speak ; and I am convinced that you have too much English hospitality to persecute an inoffensive stranger, who comes amongst us trusting to our justice and good-nature."

"I would not persecute a stranger, God forbid, Mr. Mayor," replied the verger, "if he was, as you say, inoffensive."

"And if he was not only inoffensive, but ready to do every service in his power to those who are in want of his assistance, we should not return evil for good, should we?"

"That would be uncharitable, to be sure, and, moreover, a scandal," said the verger.

"Then," said Mr. Marshal, "will you walk with me as far as the Widow Smith's, the poor woman whose house was burned last winter?"

This haymaker, who lodged near her, can show us the way to her present abode."

During his examination of Paddy M'Cormack, who would tell his whole history, as he called it, *out of the face*, Mr. Marshal heard several instances of the humanity and goodness of O'Neill, which Paddy related to excuse himself for that warmth of attachment to his cause that had been manifested so injudiciously by pulling down the rick of bark in revenge for the arrest. Amongst other things, Paddy mentioned his countryman's goodness to the Widow Smith; Mr. Marshal was determined, therefore, to see whether he had in this instance spoken the truth; and he took Mr. Hill with him, in hopes of being able to show him the favourable side of O'Neill's character.

Things turned out just as Mr. Marshal expected. The poor widow and her family, in the most simple and affecting manner, described the distress from which they had been relieved by the good gentleman and lady. The lady was Phoebe Hill, and the praises that were bestowed upon Phoebe were delightful to her father's ear, whose angry passions had now all subsided.

The benevolent Mr. Marshal seized the moment when he saw Mr. Hill's heart was touched, and exclaimed, "I must be acquainted with this Mr. O'Neill. I am sure we people of Hereford ought to show some hospitality to a stranger who has so much humanity. Mr. Hill, will you dine with him to-morrow at my house?"

Mr. Hill was just going to accept of this invitation, when the recollection of all he had said to his club, about the hole under the cathedral, came across him, and drawing Mr. Marshal aside, he whispered, "But, sir, sir, that affair of the hole under the cathedral has not been cleared up yet."

At this instant the Widow Smith exclaimed, "Oh! here comes my little Mary," one of her children who came running in: "this is the little girl, sir, to whom the lady has been so good. Make your curtsy, child. Where have you been all this while?"

"Mammy," said the child, "I've been showing the lady my rat."

"Lord bless her! Gentlemen, the child has been wanting me this many a day to go and see this tame rat of hers, but I could never get time, never; and I wondered, too, at the child's liking such a creature. Tell the gentlemen, dear, about your rat. All I know is, that let her have but never such a tiny bit of bread for breakfast or supper, she saves a little of that little for this rat of hers; she and her brothers have found it out somewhere by the cathedral."

"It comes out of a hole under the wall of the cathedral," said one of the elder boys; "and we have diverted ourselves watching it, and sometimes we have put victuals for it, and so it has grown in a manner tame like."

Mr. Hill and Mr. Marshal looked at one another during this speech, and the dread of ridicule again seized on Mr. Hill, when he apprehended that, after all he had said, the mountain might at last bring forth—a rat. Mr. Marshal, who instantly saw what passed in the verger's mind, relieved him from this fear by refraining even from a smile on this occasion. He only said to the child, in a grave manner, "I am afraid, my

dear, we shall be obliged to spoil your diversion. Mr. Verger, here, cannot suffer rat-holes in the cathedral ; but to make you amends for the loss of your favourite, I will give you a very pretty little dog, if you have a mind."

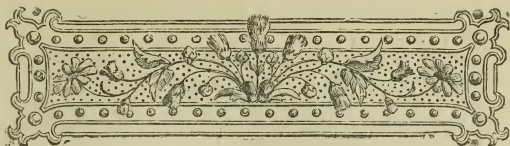
The child was well pleased with this promise, and at Mr. Marshal's desire she then went along with him and Mr. Hill to the cathedral, and they placed themselves at a little distance from that hole which had created so much disturbance. The child soon brought the dreadful enemy to light ; and Mr. Hill, with a faint laugh, said, " I'm glad it's no worse ; but there were many in our club who were of my opinion ; and if they had not suspected O'Neill, too, I am sure I should never have given you so much trouble, Mr. Mayor, as I have done this morning. But I hope, as the club know nothing about that vagabond, that King of the Gipsies, you will not let any one know anything about the prophecy and all that ? I am sure I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble, Mr. Mayor."

Mr. Marshal assured him that he did not regret the time which he had spent in endeavouring to clear up all these mysteries and suspicions, and Mr. Hill gladly accepted his invitation to meet O'Neill at his house the next day. No sooner had Mr. Marshal brought one of the parties to reason and good humour, than he went to prepare the other for a reconciliation. O'Neill and his mother were both people of warm but forgiving tempers ; the arrest was fresh in their minds ; but when Mr. Marshal represented to them the whole affair, and the verger's prejudices, in a humorous light, they joined in the good-natured laugh, and O'Neill declared that for his part he was ready to forgive and to forget everything, if he could but see Miss Phoebe in the Limerick gloves.

Phoebe appeared the next day at Mr. Marshal's in the Limerick gloves, and no perfume ever was so delightful to her lover as the smell of the rose-leaves in which they had been kept.

Mr. Marshal had the benevolent pleasure of reconciling the two families. The tanner and the glover of Hereford became, from bitter enemies, useful friends to each other, and they were convinced by experience that nothing could be more for their mutual advantage than to live in union.





OUT OF DEBT OUT OF DANGER.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONTESTS OF VANITY ARE THE DEATH OF COMMON SENSE.

Leonard Ludgate was the only son and heir of a London haberdasher, who had made some money by constant attention to his shop. "Out of debt out of danger," was the father's old-fashioned saying. The son's more liberal maxim was, "Spend to-day and spare to-morrow." Whilst he was under his father's eye it was not in his power to live up to his principles, and he longed for the time when he should be relieved from his post behind the counter, a situation which he deemed highly unworthy of a youth of his parts and spirit. To imprison his elegant person behind a counter in Cranbourne Alley was, to be sure, in a cruel father's power, but this tyranny could not extend to his mind; and whilst he was weighing minnikin pins or measuring out penny ribbon, his soul, leaving all these meaner things, was expatiating in Bond Street or Hyde Park. Whilst his fingers mechanically adjusted the scales or carelessly slipped the yard, his imagination was galloping a fine bay with Tom Lewis, or driving Miss Belle Perkins in a gig.

Now, Tom Lewis was a dashing young citizen, whom old Ludgate could not endure, and Miss Belle Perkins a would-be fine lady, whom he advised his son never to think of for a wife. But the happy moment at length arrived when our hero could safely show how much he despised both the advice and the character of his father—when he could quit his nook behind the counter, throw aside the yard, assume the whip, and affect the fine gentleman; in short, the happy moment came when his father died.

Leonard now shone forth in all the glory which the united powers of tailor, hatter, and hosier could spread around his person. Miss Belle Perkins, who had hitherto looked down upon our hero as a reptile of Cranbourne Alley, beheld his metamorphosis with surprise and admiration. And she, who had formerly been heard to say "she would not touch him with a pair of tongs," now unreluctantly gave him her envied hand at a ball at Bagnigge Wells. Report further adds, that at tea Miss Belle whispered, loud enough to be heard, that since his queer father's death, Leonard Ludgate had turned out quite a genteeler sort of person than could have been expected.

"Upon this hint he spake." His fair one, after assuming all proper and becoming airs upon the occasion, suffered herself to be prevailed upon to call, with her mother and a friend, at Mr. Ludgate's house in Cranbourne Alley, to see whether it could be possibly inhabited by a lady of her taste and consequence.

As Leonard handed her out of her hackney coach, she exclaimed, "Bless us! and be we to go through the shop, before we can get to the more creditabler apartments?"

"I am going to cut a passage off the shop, which I've long had in contemplation," replied our hero, "only I can't get light into it cleverly."

"Oh! a lamp in the style of a *chandaleer* will do vastly well by night, which is the time one wants one's house to put the best foot foremost, for company; and by day we can make a shift, somehow or other, I daresay. Anything's better than *trapesing* through a shop, which is a thing I've never been used to, and cannot reconcile myself to by any means."

Leonard immediately acceded to this scheme of the dark passage by day and the *chandaleer* by night, and he hurried his fair one through the odious shop to the *more creditabler* apartments. She was handed above, about, and underneath. She found every particle of the house wanted modernizing immensely, and was altogether smaller than she could ever have conceived beforehand. Our hero, ambitious at once to show his gallantry, spirit, and taste, incessantly protested he would adopt every improvement Miss Belle Perkins could suggest, and he declared that the identical same ideas had occurred to him a hundred and a hundred times during his poor father's lifetime; but he could never make the old gentleman enter into anything of the sort, his notions of life being utterly limited, to say no worse. "He had one old saw, for ever grating in my ears, as an answer to everything that bore the stamp of gentility or carried with it an air of spirit.—Hey, Allen?" continued our hero, looking over his shoulder at a young man who was casting up accounts, "Hey, Allen? you remember the old saw?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "if you mean, 'Out of debt out of danger.' I hope I shall never forget it."

"I hope so too: as you have your fortune to make, it is very proper for you; but for one that has a fortune ready made to spend, I am free to confess I think my principle worth a million of it; and my maxim is, 'Spend to-day and spare to-morrow.'—Hey, ladies?" concluded Leonard, appealing, with an air secure of approbation, to his fair mistress and her young companion.

"Why, that suits my notions, I must own candidly," said Belle; "but here's one beside me, or behind me—where are you, Lucy?" pursued the young lady, addressing herself to her humble companion: "here's one who is more of your shopman's way of thinking than yours, I fancy. 'Out of debt out of danger' is just a sober saying to your mind, an't it, Lucy?" Lucy did not deny the charge. "Well, child," said Miss Perkins, "it's very proper for you that have no fortune of your own to spend."

"It is indeed," said Lucy, with modest firmness; "for, as I have none of my own, if it were my maxim to spend to-day and spare to-morrow,

I should be obliged to spend other people's money, which I never will do as long as I can maintain myself independently."

"How proud we are!" cried Miss Perkins, sarcastically. Leonard assented to the sarcasm by his looks; but Allen declared that he liked proper pride, and seemed to think that Lucy's was of this species.

An argument might have ensued, if a collation, as Mr. Ludgate called it, had not appeared at this critical moment. Of what it consisted, and how genteelly and gallantly our hero did the honours of his collation, we forbear to relate; but one material circumstance we must not omit, as on this, perhaps, more than even on his gentility and gallantry, depended the fortune of the day. In rummaging over a desk to find a corkscrew, young Ludgate took occasion to open and shake a pocket-book, from which fell a shower of bank-notes. What effect they produced upon his fair one and on her mother can be best judged of by the event. Miss Belle Perkins, after this domiciliary visit, consented to go with our hero on Sunday to Kensington Gardens, Monday to Sadler's Wells, Tuesday on the water, Wednesday to the play, Thursday to a ball, Friday to Vauxhall, and on Saturday to the altar!

Some people thought the young lady and gentleman rather precipitate; but these were persons who, as the bride justly observed, did not understand anything in nature of a love match. Those who have more liberal notions and a more extensive knowledge of the human heart, can readily comprehend how a lady may think a man so odious at one minute that she could not touch him with a pair of tongs, and so charming the next that she would die a thousand deaths for him, and him alone. Immediately after the ceremony was performed, Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate went down in the hoy to Margate, to spend their honeymoon in style. Their honeymoon, alas! could not be prolonged beyond the usual bounds. Even the joys of Margate could not be eternal, and the day came too soon when our happy pair were obliged to think of returning home. Home! With what different sensations different people pronounce and hear that word pronounced! Mrs. Leonard Ludgate's home in Cranbourne Alley appeared to her, as she scrupled not to declare, an intolerable low place after Margate. The stipulated alterations, her husband observed, had been made in the house, but none of them had been executed to her satisfaction. The expedient of the dark passage was not found to succeed: a thorough wind, from the front and back doors, ran along it, when either or both were left open to admit light; and this wicked wind, not content with running along the passage, forced its way up and down-stairs, made the kitchen chimney smoke, and rendered even the *more creditabler* apartments scarcely habitable. Chimney doctors were in vain consulted: the favourite dark passage was at length abandoned, and the lady, to her utter discomfiture, was obliged to pass through the shop.

To make herself amends for this mortification, she insisted upon throwing down the partition between the dining-room and her own bed-chamber, that she might have one decent apartment at least fit for a rout. It was to no purpose that her friend Lucy, who was called in to assist in making up furniture, represented that this scheme of throwing bed-chamber and dining-room into one would be attended with some inconveniences—for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate

would be obliged, in consequence of this improvement, to sleep in half of the maid's garret, or to sit up all night. This objection was overruled by Mrs. Ludgate, whose genius, fertile in expedients, made everything easy by the introduction of a press bed, in the dining-room, in the shape of a sofa. The newly-enlarged apartment, she observed, would thus answer the double purposes of show and utility, and, as soon as the supper and card-tables should be removed, the press bed might be let down. She asserted that the first people in London manage in this way. Leonard could not contradict his lady, because she had a ready method of silencing him, by asking how he could possibly know anything of life who had lived all his days, except Sundays, in Cranbourne Alley. Then, if any of his father's old notions of economy by chance twinged his conscience, Belle very judiciously asked how he ever came to think of her for a wife. "Since you have got a genteel wife," said she, "it becomes you to live up to her notions, and to treat her as she and her friends have a right to expect. Before I married you, sir, none of the Perkinses were in trade themselves, either directly or indirectly; and many's the slights and reproaches I've met with from my own relations and former acquaintances, since my marriage, on account of the Ludgates being all tradesfolks; to which I always answer that my Leonard is going to wash his hands of trade himself, and to make over all concern in the haberdashery line and shop to the young man below stairs, who is much better suited to such things."

By such speeches as these, alternately piquing and soothing the vanity of her Leonard, our accomplished wife worked him to her purposes. She had a rout once a week, and her room was so crowded that there was scarcely a possibility of breathing. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she one morning declared, with a burst of tears, she was the most miserable woman in the world. And why?—because her friend Mrs. Pimlico, Miss Coxewater that was, had a house in Weymouth Street, whilst she was forced to keep on being buried in Cranbourne Alley. Mr. Ludgate was moved by his wife's tears and by his own ambition, and took a house in Weymouth Street. But, before they had been there six weeks, the fair was again found all bathed in tears. And why? "Because," said Belle, "because, Mr. Ludgate, the furniture of this house is as old as Methusalem's; and my friend Mrs. Pimlico said yesterday that it was a shame to be seen; and so to be sure it is, compared with her own, which is spick and span new. Yet why should she pretend to look down upon me in point of furniture or anything? Who was she before she was married? Little Kitty Coxewater, as we always called her at the dancing-school; and nobody ever thought of comparing her, in point of gentility, with Belle Perkins. Why, she is as ugly as sin! though she is my friend, I must acknowledge *that*; and if she had all the clothes in the world, she would never know how to put any of them on: that's one comfort. And, as everybody says, to be sure she never would have got a husband but for her money. And, after all, what sort of a husband has she got? A perfumer, indeed! a man with a face like one of his own wash-balls, all manner of colours. I declare I would rather have gone without to the end of my days than have married Mr. Pimlico."

"I cannot blame you there, my dear," said Mr. Ludgate; "for to be sure Mr. Pimlico, much as he thinks of himself and his country house, has as little the air of—the air of fashion as can be well conceived."

Leonard Ludgate made an emphatic pause in this speech, and surveyed himself in a looking-glass with much complacency, whilst he pronounced the word *fashion*. He indeed approved so much of his wife's taste and discernment in preferring him to Mr. Pimlico, that he could not at this moment help inclining to follow her judgment respecting the furniture. He acceded to her proposition, that the Ludgates ought to appear at least no shabbier than the Pimlicos. The conclusion was inevitable: Leonard, according to his favourite maxim of "Spend to-day and spare to-morrow," agreed that they might new-furnish the house this year, and pay for it the next. This was immediately done; and the same principle was extended through all their household affairs, as far as the tradesmen concerned would admit of its being carried into practice.

By this means Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were not for some time sensible of the difficulties they were preparing for themselves. They went on vieing with the Pimlicos, and with all their new acquaintances and new neighbours, who were many of them much richer than themselves; and of this vain competition there was no end. Those who estimate happiness, not by the real comforts or luxuries which they enjoy, but by comparison between themselves and their neighbours, must be subject to continual mortification and discontent. Far from being happier than they were formerly, Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were much more miserable after their removal to Weymouth Street. Was it not better to be the first person in Cranbourne Alley than the last in Weymouth Street? New wants and wishes continually arose in their new situation. They must live like other people. Everybody—that is, everybody in Weymouth Street—did so and so, and therefore they must do the same. They must go to such a place, or they must have such a thing, not because it was in itself necessary or desirable, but because everybody—that is, everybody of their acquaintance—did or had the same. Even to be upon a footing with their new neighbours was a matter of some difficulty, and then merely to be upon an equality, merely to be admitted and suffered at parties, is awkward and humiliating. Noble ambition prompted them continually to aim at distinction. The desire to attain *Il poco più* (the little more) stimulates to excellence or betrays to ruin, according to the objects of our ambition. No artist ever took more pains to surpass Raphael or Correggio than was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate to outshine Mr. and Mrs. Pimlico. And still what they had done seemed nothing: what they were to do occupied all their thoughts. No timid economical fears could stop or even startle them in the road to ruin. Faithful to his maxim, our hero denied himself nothing. If for a moment the idea that anything was too expensive suggested itself, his wife banished care by observing, "We need not pay for it now. What signifies it, since we need not think of paying for it till next year?" She had abundance of arguments of similar solidity adapted to all occasions. Sometimes the thing in question was such a trifle it could not ruin anybody. "'Tis but a guinea! 'Tis but a few shillings!" Some-

times it was a sort of thing that could not ruin anybody, because "'Tis but for once and away!" 'Tis *but* is a most dangerous thing! How many guineas may be spent upon 'Tis *but* in the course of one year in such a city as London!

CHAPTER II.

THE HOPE OF THE SPENDTHRIFT IS IN PROCRASTINATION.

BARGAINS—excellent bargains!—were also with our heroine admirable pleas for expense. "We positively must buy this, my dear, for it would be a sin to let such a bargain slip through one's fingers. Mrs. Pimlico paid twice as much for what is not half as good, 'T would be quite a shame to one's good sense to miss such a bargain!" Mrs. Ludgate was one of those ladies who think it is more reasonable to buy a thing because it is a bargain than because they want it; she further argued, "If we don't want it, we *may* want it;" and this was a satisfactory plea.

Under the head bargains we must not forget *cheap days*. Messrs. Run and Raffle advertised a sale of old shop goods, with the catching words, *cheap days*! Everybody crowded to throw away their money on cheap days, and amongst the rest Mrs. Ludgate. One circumstance was rather disagreeable in these cheap days: ready money was required, and this did not suit those who lived by the favourite maxim of the family. Yet there was a reason that counterbalanced their objection in Mrs. Ludgate's mind: "Mrs. Pimlico was going to Messrs. Run and Raffle's, and what would she think if I wasn't to be there? She would think, to be sure, that we were as poor as Job." So, to demonstrate that she had ready money to throw away, Mrs. Ludgate must go to the cheap days.

"Belle," said her husband, "ready money's a serious thing."

"Yes, Leonard; but when nothing else will be taken, you know, one can't do without it."

"But if one has not it, I tell you, one *must* do without," said Leonard, peevishly.

"Lud, Mr. Ludgate! if you have not it about you, can't you send to Cranbourne Alley to Mr. Allen for some for me? 'Tis but a few guineas I want, and 't would be a shame to miss such bargains as are to be had for nothing at Run and Raffle's. And these cheap days are extraordinary things. It can't ruin anybody to spend a guinea or two once and away, like other people."

At the conclusion of her eloquent speech, Mrs. Ludgate rang the bell, and without waiting for any assent from her husband but silence, bade the footboy run to *the shop*, and desire Allen to send her ten guineas immediately. Mr. Ludgate looked sullen, whistled, and then posted himself at the parlour window to watch for the ambassador's return. "I wonder," continued Mrs. Ludgate, "I wonder, Leonard, that you let Allen leave you so bare of cash of late! It is very disagreeable to be always sending out of the house this way for odd guineas. Allen, I think, uses you very ill; but I am sure I would not let him cheat me if I was you. Pray, when you gave up the business

of the shop to him, was not you to have half the profits for your goodwill and name, and all that?"

"Yes."

"And little enough! But why don't you look after Allen, then, and make him pay us what he owes us?"

"I'll see about it to-morrow, child."

"About how much do you think is owing to us?" pursued Mrs. Ludgate.

"I can't tell, ma'am."

"I wish, then, you'd settle accounts to-morrow, that I might have some ready money."

The lady seemed to take it for granted that her having ready money would be the necessary and immediate consequence of settling accounts with Allen. Her husband could have put her right in this particular, and could have informed her that not a farthing was due to him—that, on the contrary, he had taken up money in advance, on the next half-year's expected profits; but Mr. Ludgate was ashamed to let his wife know the real state of his affairs. Indeed, he was afraid to look them in the face himself. "Here's the boy coming back!" cried he, after watching for some time in silence at the window.

Leonard went to the street door to meet him, and Belle followed close, crying, "Well! I hope Allen has sent me the money?"

"I don't know," said the breathless boy. "I have a letter for my master here, that was written ready, by good luck, afore I got there."

Leonard snatched the letter, and his wife waited to see whether the money was inclosed.

"The rascal has sent me no money, I see, but a letter, and an account as long as my arm."

"No money!" cried Belle. "That's using us very oddly and ill indeed, and I wonder you submit to such conduct. I declare I won't bear it! Go back, I say, Jack; go, run this minute, and tell Allen he must come up himself; for *I, Mrs. Ludgate*, want to speak with him."

"No, my dear, no, nonsense! don't go, Jack. What signifies your sending to speak with Allen? What can you do? How can you settle accounts with him? What should women know of business? I wish women would never meddle with things they don't understand."

"Women can understand well enough when they want money," cried the sharp lady; "and the short and the long of it is, Mr. Ludgate, that I will see and settle accounts with Allen myself, and bring him to reason, if you won't, and this minute, too."

"Bless me! Upon my faith, Allen's better than we thought: here's bank-notes within the account," said Mr. Ludgate.

"Ay, I thought he could not be so very impertinent as to refuse, when I sent to him myself. But this is only one five-pound note: I sent for ten. Where is the other?"

"I want the other myself," said her husband.

The tone was so peremptory that she dared not tempt him further; and away she went to Messrs. Run and Raffle's, where she had the pleasure of buying a bargain of things that were of no manner of use to her, and for which she paid twice as much as they were worth. These cheap days proved dear days to many.

Whilst Mrs. Ludgate spent the morning at Messrs. Run and Raffle's, her husband was with Tom Lewis, lounging up and down Bond Street. Tom Lewis, being just one step above him in gentility, was invited to parties where Ludgate could not gain admittance, was bowed to by people who never bowed to Leonard Ludgate, could tell to whom this livery or this carriage belonged, knew who everybody was, and could point out my Lord This, and my Lady That, in the park or at the play. All these things made him a personage of prodigious consequence in the eyes of our hero, who looked upon him as the mirror of fashion. Tom knew how to take advantage of this admiration, and borrowed many a guinea from him in their morning walks. In return, he introduced Mr. Ludgate to some of his friends and to his club.

New occasions, or rather new necessities, for expense occurred every day, in consequence of his connection with Lewis. Whilst he aimed at being thought a young man of spirit, he could not avoid doing as other people did. He could not think of economy—that would be shabby! On his fortune rested his claims to respect from his present associates, and therefore it was his constant aim to raise their opinion of his riches. For some time extravagance was not immediately checked by the want of money, because he put off the evil day of payment. At last, when bills poured in upon him, and the frequent call of tradesmen began to be troublesome, he got rid of the present difficulty by referring them to Allen. "Go to Allen; he must settle with you: he does all my business."

Allen sent him account after account, stating the sums he paid by his order. Ludgate thrust the unread accounts into his escritoir, and thought no more of the matter. Allen called upon him, to beg he would come to some settlement, as he was getting more and more, every day, into his debt. Leonard desired to have an account, stated in full, and promised to look over it on Monday; but Monday came, and then it was put off till Tuesday; and so on, day after day.

The more reason he had to know that his affairs were deranged, the more carefully he concealed all knowledge of them from his wife. Her ignorance of the truth not only led her daily into fresh extravagance, but was, at last, the cause of bringing things to a premature explanation. After spending the morning at Messrs. Run and Raffle's, she returned home with a hackney coach full of bargains. As she came into the parlour, loaded with things that she did not want, she was surprised by the sight of an old friend, whom she had lately entirely treated as a stranger. It was Lucy, who had in former days been her favourite companion. But Lucy had chosen to work, to support herself independently, rather than be a burden to her friends; and Mrs. Ludgate could not take notice of a person who had degraded herself so far as to become a workwoman at an upholsterer's. She had consequently never seen Lucy since this event took place, except when she went to Mr. Beech, the upholsterer's, to order her new furniture. She then was in company with Mrs. Pimlico; and when she saw Lucy at work in a back parlour, with two or three other young women, she pretended not to know her. Lucy could scarcely believe that this was done on purpose, and at all events she was not mortified by the insult. She was now come to speak to Mrs. Ludgate about the upholsterer's bill.

"Ha ! Lucy, is it you ?" said Mrs. Ludgate, as soon as she entered. "I've never seen you in Weymouth Street before ! How comes it you never called—if it was only to see our new house ? I'm sure I should always be very happy to have you here—when we've nobody with us ; and I'm quite sorry *as* I can't ask you to stay and take a bit of mutton with us to-day, because I'm engaged to dine in Bond Street, with Mrs. Pimlico's cousin, pretty Mrs. Paget, the bride whom you've heard talk of, no doubt. So you'll excuse me if I run away from you, to make myself a little decent, for it's horrid late !"

After running off this speech with an air and a volubility worthy of her betters, she set before Lucy some of her bargains, and was then retreating to make herself decent ; but Lucy stopped her by saying, "My dear Mrs. Ludgate, I am sorry to detain you, but Mr. Beech, the upholsterer, knowing I have been acquainted with you, has sent me to speak to you about his bill. He is in immediate want of money, because he is fitting out one of his sons for the East Indies."

"Well ! but his son's nothing to me. I shan't think of paying the bill yet, I can assure him ; and you may take it back and tell him so."

"But," said Lucy, "if I take back such an answer, I am afraid Mr. Beech will send the bill to Mr. Ludgate ; and that was what you particularly desired should not be done."

"Why, no ; that's what I can't say I should particularly wish just at present," said Mrs. Ludgate, lowering her tone, "because, to tell you a bit of a secret, Lucy, I've run up rather an unconscionable bill, this year, with my milliner and mantua-maker ; and I would not have all *them* bills come upon him all in a lump, and on a sudden, as it were ; especially as I laid out more on the furniture than he counts. So, my dear Lucy, I'll tell you what you must do : you must use your influence with Beech to make him wait a little longer. I'm sure he may wait well enough ; and he shall be paid next month."

Lucy declared that her influence, on the present occasion, would be of no avail ; but she had the good-nature to add, "If you are sure the bill can be paid next month, I will leave my two years' salary in Mr. Beech's hands till then ; and this will perhaps satisfy him, if he can get bills from other people paid, to make up the money for his son. He said thirty guineas from you on account would do for the present ; and that sum is due to me."

"Then, my dearest Lucy, for Heaven's sake, do leave it in his hands ! You were a good creature to think of it ; but you always were a good creature."

"Your mother used to be kind to me when I was a child, and I am sure I ought not to forget it," said Lucy, the tears starting into her eyes ; "and you were once kind to me ; I do not forget that," continued Lucy, wiping the tears from her cheeks. "But do not let me detain you : you are in a hurry to dress, to go to Mrs. Pimlico's."

"No—pray—I am not in a hurry now," said Mrs. Ludgate, who had the grace to blush at this instant. "But, if you must go, do take this hat along with you. I assure you, it's quite *the rage* ; I got it this morning at Run and Raffle's, and Mrs. Pimlico and Mrs. Paget have got the same."

Lucy declined accepting the hat, notwithstanding this strong and, as Mrs. Ludgate would have thought it, irresistible recommendation.

"Now, you must have it : it will become you a thousand times better than that you have on," cried Mrs. Ludgate, insisting the more the more Lucy withdrew ; "and besides, you must wear it for my sake. You won't?—Then I take it very ill of you that you are so positive ; for I assure you, whatever you may think, I wish to be as kind to you now as ever. Only, you know, one can't always, when one lives in another style, be at home as often as one wishes."

Lucy relieved her *ci-devant* friend from the necessity of making any more awkward apologies, by moving quickly towards the door.

"Then you won't forget," continued Mrs. Ludgate, following her into the passage, "you won't forget the job you are to do for me with Beech?"

"Certainly I shall not. I will do what I have promised ; but I hope you will be punctual about the payment next month," said Lucy, "because I believe I shall be in want of my money at that time. It is best to tell you exactly the truth."

"Certainly! certainly! you shall have your money before you want it, long and long ; and my only reason for borrowing it from you at all is that I don't like to trouble Mr. Ludgate till he has settled accounts with Allen, who keeps all our money from us in a strange way, and, in my opinion, uses Leonard exceedingly ill and unfairly."

"Allen!" cried Lucy, stopping short. "Oh, Belle! how can you say so? how can you think so? But you know nothing of him, else you could not suspect him of using any one ill or unfairly, much less your husband, the son of his old friend."

"Bless me! how she runs on! and how she colours! I am sure I didn't know I was upon such tender ground! I did not know Allen was such a prodigious favourite."

"I only do him justice in saying that I am certain he could not do an unfair or unhandsome action."

"I know nothing of the matter, I protest, only this—that short accounts, they say, make long friends ; and I hope I shan't affront anybody by saying it would be very convenient if he could be got to settle with Mr. Ludgate, who, I am sure, is too much the gentleman to ask anything from him but his own ; which, indeed, if it was not for me, he'd be too genteel to mention. But, as I said before, short accounts make long friends ; and as you are so much Allen's friend, you can hint that to him."

"I shall not hint, but say it to him as plainly as possible," replied Lucy ; "and you may be certain that he will come to settle accounts with Mr. Ludgate before night."

"I am sure I shall be mighty glad of it, and so will Mr. Ludgate," said Belle. And thus they parted.

Mrs. Ludgate, with triumph, announced to her husband, upon his return home, that she had brought affairs to a crisis with Allen, and that he would come to settle his accounts this evening. The surprise and consternation which appeared in Mr. Ludgate's countenance convinced the lady that her interference was highly disagreeable.

CHAPTER III.

THE THOUGHTLESS ARE ASTONISHED AT THE MISFORTUNES THEIR OWN CONDUCT
INSURES.

ALLEN came punctually in the evening to settle his accounts. When he and Leonard were by themselves, he could not help expressing some astonishment, mixed with indignation, at the hints which had been thrown out by Mrs. Ludgate.

"Why, she knows nothing of the matter," said Ludgate. "I've no notion of talking of such things to one's wife : it would only make her uneasy ; and we shall be able to go on, some way or other. So let us have another bottle of wine, and talk no more of business for this night."

Allen would by no means consent to put off the settlement of accounts, after what had passed. "Short accounts," said he, "as Mrs. Ludgate observed, make long friends."

It appeared, when the statement of affairs was completed, that Allen had advanced above three hundred pounds for Leonard ; and bills to a large amount still remained unpaid.

Now, it happened that Jack the footboy contrived to go in and out of the room several times whilst Mr. Ludgate and Allen were talking ; and he, finding it more for his interest to serve his master's tradesmen than his master, sent immediate notice to all whom it might concern that Mr. Ludgate's affairs were in a bad way, and that now or never must be the word with his creditors. The next morning bills came showering in upon Leonard whilst he was at breakfast, and amongst them sundry bills of Mrs. Ludgate's. They could not possibly have come at a more inauspicious moment. People bespeak goods with one species of enthusiasm, and look over their bills with another. We should rather have said, people spend with one enthusiasm, and pay with another ; but this observation would not apply to our present purpose, for Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate had never yet experienced the pleasure, or the pain, of paying their debts ; they had hitherto been faithful to their maxim of "Spend to-day and spare to-morrow."

They agreed well in the beginning of their career of extravagance ; but the very similarity of their tastes and habits proved ultimately the cause of the most violent quarrels. As they both were expensive, selfish, and self-willed, neither would, from regard to the other, forbear. Comparisons between their different degrees of extravagance commenced, and, once begun, they never ended. It was impossible to settle to the satisfaction of either party which of them was most to blame. Recrimination and reproaches were hourly and daily repeated ; and the lady usually ended by bursting into tears, and the gentleman by taking his hat and walking out of the house.

In the meantime the bills must be paid. Mr. Ludgate was obliged to sell the whole of his interest in the shop in Cranbourne Alley, and the ready money he received from Allen was to clear him from all difficulties. Allen came to pay him this sum. "Do not think me impertinent, Mr. Ludgate," said he, taking him kindly by the hand, "but I cannot for the soul of me help fearing for you. What *will* you do when

this money is gone? and go it must, at the rate you live, in a very short time."

"You are very good, sir, replied Leonard, coldly, "to interest yourself so much in my concerns; but I shall live at what rate I please. Every man is the best judge of his own affairs."

After this repulse Allen could interfere no further. But when two months had elapsed from the date of Mrs. Ludgate's promised payment of the upholsterer's bill, Lucy resolved to call again upon Mrs. Ludgate. Lucy had now a particular occasion for the money: she was going to be married to Allen, and she wished to put into her husband's hands the little fortune which she had hardly earned by her own industry. From the time that Allen heard her conversation when Belle came to view the house in Cranbourne Alley, he had been of opinion that she would make an excellent wife; and the circumstances which sunk Lucy below Mrs. Ludgate's notice raised her in the esteem and affection of this prudent and sensible young man. He did not despise—he admired her for going into a creditable business to make herself independent, instead of living as an humble companion with Mrs. Ludgate, of whose conduct and character she could not approve.

When Lucy called again upon Mrs. Ludgate, to remind her of her promise, she was received with evident confusion. She was employed in directing Mr. Green, a builder, to throw out a bow in her dining-room, and to add a balcony to the windows; for Mrs. Pimlico had a bow and a balcony; and how could Mrs. Ludgate live without them?

"Surely, my dear Mrs. Ludgate," said Lucy, drawing her aside, so that the man who was measuring the windows could not hear what was said—"surely you will think of paying Mr. Beech's bill, as you promised, before you go into any new expense?"

"Hush! hush! don't speak so loud. Leonard is in the next room, and I would not have him hear anything of Beech's bill, just when the man's here about the balcony, for anything in the world!"

Lucy, though she was good-natured, was not so weak as to yield to airs and capricious extravagance; and Mrs. Ludgate at last, though with a bad grace, paid her the money, which she had intended to lay out in a very different manner. But no sooner had she paid this debt than she considered how she could prevail upon Mr. Green to throw out the bow and finish the balcony, without paying him for certain alterations he had made in the house in Cranbourne Alley, for which he had never yet received one farthing. It was rather a difficult business, for Mr. Green was a sturdy man, and used to regular payments. He resisted all persuasion, and Mrs. Ludgate was forced again to have recourse to Lucy.

"Do, my dear girl," said she, "lend me only twenty guineas for this positive man; else, you see, I cannot have my balcony."

This did not appear to Lucy the greatest of all misfortunes. "But is it not much more disagreeable to be always in debt and danger than to live in a room without a balcony?" said Lucy.

"Why, it is disagreeable certainly to be in debt, because of being dunned continually; but the reason I'm so anxious about the balcony is that Mrs. Pimlico has one, and that's the only thing in which her

house is better than mine. Look just over the way: do you see Mrs. Pimlico's beautiful balcony?"

Mrs. Ludgate, who had thrust her head far out of the window, pulling Lucy along with her, now suddenly drew back, exclaiming, "Lud! if here is not that odious woman. I hope Jack won't let her in." She shut the window hastily, ran to the top of the stairs, and called out, "Jack! I say, Jack! don't let nurse in for your life."

"Not if she has the child with her, ma'am?" said Jack.

"No, no, I say!"

"Then that's a sin and a shame," muttered Jack, "to shut the door upon your own child."

Mrs. Ludgate did not hear this reflection, because she had gone back to the man who was waiting for directions about the balcony; but Lucy heard it distinctly.

"Ma'am, nurse *would* come in, for she says she saw you at the window; and here she is, coming up the stairs," cried the footboy.

The nurse came in, with Mrs. Ludgate's child in her arms.

"Indeed, madam," said she "the truth of the matter is, I can't and won't be denied my own any longer; and it is not for my own sake I speak up so bold, but for the dear babe that I have here in my arms, that can't speak for itself, but only smile in your face and stretch out its arms to you. I, that am only its nurse, can't bear it; but I have little ones of my own, and can't see them want. I can't do for them all: if I'm not paid my lawful due, how can I? And is it not fit I should think of my own flesh and blood first? So I must give up this one. I must!—I must!" cried the nurse, kissing the child repeatedly; "I must leave her to her mother."

The poor woman laid the child down on the sofa, then turned her back upon it, and hiding her face in her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break. Lucy was touched with compassion; the mother stood abashed: shame struggled for a few instants with pride; pride got the victory. "The woman's out of her wits, I believe," cried Mrs. Ludgate. "Mr. Green, if you'll please to call again to-morrow, we'll talk about the balcony. Lucy, give me the child, and don't you fall a-crying without knowing why and wherefore. Nurse, I'm surprised at you! Did not I tell you I'd send you your money next week?"

"Oh, yes, madam; but you have said so this many a week; and things are come to such a pass now, that husband says I shall not bring back the child without the money."

"What can I do?" said Mrs. Ludgate.

Lucy immediately took her purse out of her pocket, and whispered, "I will lend you whatever you want to pay the nurse, upon condition that you will give up the scheme of the balcony."

Mrs. Ludgate submitted to this condition; but she was not half so much obliged to Lucy for doing her this real service as she would have been if her friend had assisted her in gratifying her vanity and extravagance. Lucy saw what passed in Mrs. Ludgate's mind, and nothing but the sense of the obligations she lay under to Belle's mother could have prevented her from breaking off all connection with her.

But Mrs. Ludgate was now much inclined to court Lucy's acquaint-

ance, as her approaching marriage with Mr. Allen, who was in good circumstances, made her appear quite a different person. Mrs. Allen would be able, and she hoped willing, to assist her from time to time with money. With this view, Belle showed Lucy a degree of attention and civility which she had disdained to bestow upon her friend whilst she was in an inferior situation. It was in vain, however, that this would-be fine lady endeavoured to draw the prudent Lucy out of her own sphere of life: though Lucy was extremely pretty, she had no desire to be admired; she was perfectly satisfied and happy at home, and she and her husband lived according to old Ludgate's excellent maxim, "Out of debt out of danger."

We shall not weary our readers with the history of all the petty difficulties into which Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate's foolish extravagance led them. The life of the *shabby genteel* is most miserable! Servants' wages unpaid, duns continually besieging the door, perpetual excuses, falsehoods to be invented, melancholy at home, and forced gaiety abroad! Who would live such a life? Yet all this Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate endured, for the sake of outshining Mr. and Mrs. Pimlico.

It happened that one night, at a party, Mrs. Ludgate caught a violent cold, and her face became inflamed and disfigured by red spots. Having to go to a ball in a few days, she was very impatient to get rid of the eruption; and in this exigency she applied to Mr. Pimlico, the perfumer, who had often supplied her with cosmetics, and who now recommended a beautifying lotion. This quickly cleared her complexion; but she soon felt the effects of her imprudence: she was taken dangerously ill, and the physician who was consulted attributed her disease entirely to the preparation she had applied to her face. Whilst she was ill, an execution was brought against Mr. Ludgate's goods. Threatened with a jail, and incapable of taking any vigorous measures to avoid distress, he went to consult his friend Tom Lewis. How this Mr. Lewis lived was a matter of astonishment to all his acquaintance: he had neither estate, business, nor any obvious means of supporting the expense in which he indulged.

"What a happy dog you are, Lewis!" said our hero: "how is it that you live better than I do?"

"You might live as well as I, if you were inclined," said Lewis.

Our hero was all curiosity; and Lewis extracted from him an oath of secrecy.—A long pause ensued.

"Have you the courage," said Lewis, "to extricate yourself from all your difficulties at once?"

"To be sure I have; since I must either go to jail this night, or raise two hundred guineas for these cursed fellows!"

"You shall have it in half an hour," said Lewis, "if you will follow my advice."

"Tell me at once what I am to do, and I will do it," cried Leonard. "I will do anything to save myself from disgrace and from a jail."

Lewis, who now perceived that his friend was worked up to the pitch he wanted, revealed the whole mystery. He was connected with a set of gentlemen, ingenious in the arts of forgery, from whom he purchased counterfeit bank-notes at a very cheap rate. The difficulty and risk of

passing them was extreme ; therefore the confederates were anxious to throw this part of the business off their hands. Struck with horror at the idea of becoming an accomplice in such a scheme of villany, Leonard stood pale and silent, incapable of even thinking distinctly. Lewis was sorry that he had opened his mind so fully. "Remember your oath of secrecy !" said he.

"I do," replied Ludgate.

"And remember that you must become one of us before night, or go to jail."

Ludgate said he would take an hour to consider of the business, and here they parted ; Lewis promising to call at his house before evening, to learn his final decision.

"And am I come to this?" thought the wretched man. "Would to Heaven I had followed my poor father's maxim ! but it is now too late."

Mr. Ludgate, when he arrived at home, shut himself up in his own room, and continued walking backwards and forwards, for nearly an hour, in a state of mind more dreadful than can be described. Whilst he was in this situation some one knocked at the door. He thought it was Lewis, and trembled from head to foot. It was only a servant with a parcel of bills, which several tradesmen, hearing that an execution was in the house, had hastened to present for payment. Among them were those of Mr. Beech, the upholsterer, and Mrs. Ludgate's milliner and mantua-maker, which, having been let to run on for above two years and a half, now amounted to a sum that astonished and shocked Mr. Ludgate. He could not remonstrate with his wife, or even vent his anger in reproaches, for she was lying senseless in her bed.

Before he had recovered from this shock, and whilst the tradesmen who brought the bills were still waiting for their money, Lewis and one of his companions arrived. Lewis came to the point immediately. He produced bank-notes sufficient to discharge all his debts, and proposed to lend him this money, on condition that he would enter into the confederacy, as he had proposed. "All that we ask of you is to pass a certain number of notes for us every week. You will find this to your advantage, for we will allow you considerable percentage, besides freeing you from your present embarrassments."

The sight of the bank-notes, the pressure of immediate distress, and the hopes of being able to support the style of life in which he had of late appeared, all conspired to tempt Ludgate. When he had, early in life, vaunted to his young companions that he despised his father's old maxim, while he repeated his own, they applauded his spirit. They were not present at this instant, to pity the wretched state into which that spirit had betrayed him.

But our hero had yet much greater misery to endure. It is true his debts were now paid, and he was able to support an external appearance of affluence ; but not one day, not one night, could he pass without suffering the horrors of a guilty conscience, and all the terrors which haunt the man who sees himself in hourly danger of detection. He determined to keep his secret cautiously from his wife ; he was glad that she was confined to her bed at this time, lest her prying curiosity should discover what was going forward. The species of affec-

tion which he had once felt for her had not survived the first six months of their marriage, and their late disputes had rendered this husband and wife absolutely odious to each other. Each believed, and indeed pretty plainly asserted, that they could live more handsomely asunder ; but, alas ! they were united for better and for worse.

Mrs. Ludgate's illness terminated in another eruption on her face. She was extremely mortified by the loss of her beauty ; especially as Mrs. Pimlico frequently contrasted her face with that of Mrs. Paget, who was now acknowledged to be the handsomest woman of Mrs. Pimlico's acquaintance. She endeavoured to make herself of consequence by fresh expense. Mr. Ludgate, to account for the sudden payment of his debts and the affluence in which he now appeared to live, spread a report of his having had a considerable legacy left to him by a relation who had died in a distant part of England. The truth of the report was not questioned, and for some time Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were the envy of their acquaintance. How little the world, as it is called, can judge by external appearances of the happiness of those who excite admiration or envy !

"What lucky people the Ludgates are !" cried Mrs. Pimlico. The exclamation was echoed by a crowded card-party, assembled at her house. "But then," continued Mrs. Pimlico, "it is a pity poor Belle is so disfigured by that eruption, or whatever it is, in her face. I remember the time when she was as pretty a woman as you could see : nay, would you believe it ? she had once as fine a complexion as young Mrs. Paget !"

These observations circulated quickly, and did not escape Mrs. Ludgate's ear. Her vanity was deeply wounded, and her health appeared to her but a secondary consideration in comparison with the chance of recovering her lost complexion. Mr. Pimlico, who was an eloquent perfumer, persuaded her that her former illness had nothing to do with the beautifying lotion she had purchased at his shop ; and to support his assertions, he quoted examples of innumerable ladies, of high rank and fashion, who were in the constant habit of using this admirable preparation.

The vain and foolish woman, notwithstanding the warnings which she had received from the physician who attended her during her illness, listened to the oratory of the perfumer, and bought half a dozen bottles of another kind of beautifying lotion. The eruption vanished from her face after she had used the cosmetic ; and as she did not feel any immediate bad effects upon her health, she persisted in the practice for some months. The consequence was at last dreadful : she was found one morning speechless in her bed, with one side of her face distorted and motionless. During the night she had been seized with a paralytic stroke. In a few days she recovered her speech ; but her face continued totally disfigured.

This was the severest punishment that could have been inflicted on a woman of her feelings. She was now ashamed to show herself abroad, and incapable of being contented at home. She had not the friendship of a husband, or the affection of children, to afford her consolation and support. Her eldest child was a boy of about five years old, her

youngest four. They were as fretful and troublesome as children usually are whose education has been totally neglected ; and the quarrels between them and Jack the footboy were endless, for Jack was alternately their tutor and their playfellow.

Besides the disorder created in this family by mischievous children, the servants were daily plagues. Nothing was ever done by them well or regularly ; and though the master and mistress scolded without mercy, and perpetually threatened to turn Jack or Sukey away, yet no reformation in their manners was produced ; for Jack and Sukey's wages were not paid, and they felt that they had the power in their own hands ; so that they were rather the tyrants than the servants of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF VICE IS SHAME AND MISERY.

MRS. LUDGATE'S temper, which never was sweet, was soured to such a degree by these accumulated evils, that she was insufferable. Her husband kept out of the way as much as possible : he dined and supped at his club or at the tavern, and during the evenings and mornings he was visible at home but for a few minutes. Yet, though his time was passed entirely away from his wife, his children, and his home, he was not happy. His life was a life of perpetual fraud and fear. He was bound by his engagements with Lewis to pass for the confederates a certain number of forged notes every day. This was a perilous task ! His utmost exertions and ingenuity were continually necessary to escape detection ; and after all, he was barely able to wrest from the hard hands of his *friends* a sufficient profit upon his labour to maintain himself. How often did he look back with regret to the days when he stood behind the counter in his father's shop ! Then he had in Allen a real friend ; but now he had only in Lewis a profligate and unfeeling associate. Lewis cared for no one but himself, and he was as avaricious as he was extravagant—greedy of what belonged to others, prodigal of his own.

One night Leonard went to the house where the confederates met, to settle with them for the last parcel of notes that he had passed. Lewis insisted upon being paid for his services before Ludgate should touch a farthing. Words ran high between them. Lewis, having the most influence with his associates, carried his point ; and Leonard, who was in want of ready money, could supply himself only by engaging to pass double the usual quantity of forged notes during the ensuing month. Upon this condition he obtained the supply for which he solicited. On his return home, he locked up the forged notes as usual in his *escritoire*.

It happened, the very next morning, Mrs. La Mode, the milliner, called upon Mrs. Ludgate. The ruling passion still prevailed, notwithstanding the miserable state to which this lady was reduced. Even palsy could not deaden her personal vanity : her love of dress survived the total loss of her beauty ; she became accustomed to the sight of her distorted features, and was still very anxious to wear what was most genteel and becoming. Mrs. La Mode had not a more constant visitor.

"How are you, Mrs. Ludgate, this morning?" said she. "But I need not ask, for you look surprising well. I just called to tell you a bit of a secret, that I have told to nobody else; but you, being such a friend and a favourite, have a right to know it. You must know, I am going next week to bring out a new spring hat; and I have made one of my girls bring it up, to consult with you before anybody else, having a great opinion of your taste and judgment; though it is a thing must not be mentioned, because it would ruin me with Mrs. Pimlico, who made me swear that she should have the first sight."

Flattered by having the first sight of the spring hat, Mrs. Ludgate was prepossessed in its favour, and when she tried it on, she thought it made her look ten years younger. In short, it was impossible not to take one of the hats, though it cost three guineas, and was not worth ten shillings.

"Positively, ma'am, you must *patronize* my spring hat," said the milliner.

Mrs. Ludgate was decided by the word *patronize*: she took the hat, and desired that it should be set down in her bill; but Mrs. La Mode was extremely concerned that she had made a rule, nay, a vow, not to take anything but ready money for the spring hats, and she could not break her vow, even for her favourite Mrs. Ludgate. This was at least a prudent resolution in the milliner, who had lately received notice from Mr. Ludgate not to give his wife any goods upon credit, for that he was determined to refuse payment of her bills. The wife, who was now in a weak state of health, was not able, as formerly, to fight her battles with her husband upon equal terms. To cunning, the refuge of weakness, she had recourse; and she considered that, though she could no longer out-scold, she could still outwit her adversary. She could not have the pleasure and honour of patronizing the spring hat, without ready money to pay for it. Her husband, she knew, had always bank-notes in his escritoir, and she argued with herself that it was better to act without his consent than against it. She went and tried, with certain keys of her own, to open Leonard's desk; and open it came. She seized from a parcel of bank-notes as many as she wanted, and paid Mrs. La Mode with three of them for the spring hat. When her husband came home the next day, he did not observe that he had lost any of the notes; and as he went out of the house again, without once coming into the parlour where his wife was sitting, she excused herself to her conscience for not telling him of the freedom she had taken, by thinking it would do as well to tell him of it to-morrow. "A few notes, out of such a parcel as he has in the desk locked up from me, can't signify; and he'll only bluster and bully when I do tell him of it; so let him find it out when he pleases."

The scheme of acting without her husband's consent in all cases where she was morally certain that if she asked she could not obtain it, Mrs. Ludgate had often pursued with much success. A few days after she had bought the spring hat, she invited Mrs. Pimlico, Mrs. Paget, and all her genteel friends, to tea and cards. Her husband, she knew, would be out of her way at his club or at the tavern. Mrs. Pimlico, and Mrs. Paget, and all their genteel friends, did Mrs. Ludgate

the honour to wait upon her on the appointed evening; and she had the satisfaction to appear upon this occasion in the new spring hat, while her friend Mrs. Pimlico whispered to young Mrs. Paget, "She patronize the new spring hat! What a fool Mrs. La Mode makes of her! A death's head in a wreath of roses! How frightfully ridiculous!"

Unconscious that she was an object of ridicule to the whole company, Mrs. Ludgate sat down to cards in unusually good spirits, firmly believing Mrs. La Mode's comfortable assertion that "the spring hat made her look ten years younger." She was in the midst of a panegyric on Mrs. La Mode's taste, when Jack the footboy came behind her chair, and whispered that three men were below, who desired to speak to her immediately. "Men! Gentlemen do you mean?" said Mrs. Ludgate.

"No, ma'am, not gentlemen."

"Then send them away about their business, dunce," said the lady. "Some tradesfolks, I suppose: tell them I am engaged with company."

"But, ma'am, they will not leave the house without seeing you or Mr. Ludgate."

"Let them wait, then, till Mr. Ludgate comes in. I have nothing to say to them. What's their business, pray?"

"It is something about a note, ma'am, that you gave to Mrs. La Mode the other day."

"What about it?" said Mrs. Ludgate, putting down her cards.

"They say it is a bad note."

"Well, I'll change it; bid them send it up."

"They won't part with it, ma'am: they would not let it out of their hands even to let me look at it for an instant."

"What a riot about a pound note!" said Mrs. Ludgate, rising from the card-table. "I'll speak to the fellows myself."

She had recourse again to her husband's desk, and, armed with a whole handful of fresh bank-notes, she went to the strangers. They told her they did not want and would not receive any note in exchange for that which they produced; but that, as it was a forgery, they must insist upon knowing from whom she had it. There was an air of mystery and authority about the strangers which alarmed Mrs. Ludgate, and, without attempting any evasion, she said that she took the note from her husband's desk, and that she could not tell from whom he received it. The strangers declared that they must wait till Mr. Ludgate returned home. She offered to give them a guinea to drink if they would go away quietly; but this they refused. Jack the footboy whispered that they had pistols, and that he believed they were Bow Street officers. They went into the back parlour to wait for Mr. Ludgate, and the lady, in extreme perturbation, returned to her company and cards. In vain she attempted to resume her conversation about the spring hat, and to conceal the agitation of her spirits: it was observed by all her friends, and especially by Mrs. Pimlico, whose curiosity was strongly excited to know the cause of her alarm. Mrs. Ludgate looked frequently at her watch, and even yawned without ceremony more than once, to manifest her desire that the company should depart; but no hint availed: the card-players resolutely kept their seats, and even the smell of extinguished candles had no effect upon their callous senses.

The time appeared insupportably long to the wretched mistress of the house, and the contrast between her fantastic head-dress and her agonizing countenance every minute became more striking.

Twelve o'clock struck. "It is growing very late," said Mrs. Ludgate.

"But we must have another rubber," said Mrs. Pimlico.

She began to deal: a knock was heard at the door. "There's Mr. Ludgate, I do suppose," said Mrs. Pimlico, continuing her deal. Mrs. Ludgate left her cards, and went out of the room without speaking. She stopped at the head of the staircase, for she heard a scuffle and loud voices below. Presently all was silent, and she ventured down, when she heard the parlour door shut. The footman met her in the passage. "What is the matter?" said she.

"I don't know; but I must be paid my wages," said he, "or must pay myself."

He passed on rudely. She half opened the parlour door and looked in: her husband was lying back on the sofa, seemingly stupefied by despair; one of the Bow Street officers was chafing his temples, another was rummaging his desk, and the third was closely examining certain notes which he had just taken from the prisoner's pockets.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Ludgate, advancing. Her husband lifted up his eyes, saw her, started up, and stamping furiously, exclaimed, "Cursed, cursed woman! you have brought me to the gallows, and all for this trumpery!" cried he, snatching her gaudy hat from her head and trampling it under his feet. "For this! for this! you vain, you ugly creature, you have brought your husband to the gallows!"

One of the Bow Street officers caught hold of his uplifted arm, which trembled with rage. His wife sank to the ground; a second paralytic stroke deprived her of the power of speech. As they were carrying her upstairs, Mrs. Pimlico and the rest of the company came out of the dining-room, some of them with cards in their hands, all eagerly asking what was the matter. When they learned that the Bow Street officers were in the house, and that Mr. Ludgate was taken into custody for uttering forged bank-notes, there was a general uproar. Some declared it was shocking! Others protested that it was no more than might have been expected! The Ludgates lived so much above their circumstances! Then he was such a coxcomb, and she such a poor vain creature! Better for people to do like their neighbours—to make no show and live honestly!

In the midst of these effusions of long-suppressed envy some few of the company attempted a slight word or two of apology for their host and hostess, and the most humane went up to the wretched woman's bed-chamber to offer assistance and advice. But the greater number were occupied in tucking up their white gowns, finding their clogs, or calling for hackney coaches. In less than a quarter of an hour the house was cleared of all Mrs. Ludgate's *friends*. And it is to please such friends that whole families ruin themselves by unsuitable expense!

Lucy and Allen were not, however, of this class of friends. A confused report of what had passed the preceding night was spread the

next morning in Cranbourne Alley by a young lady who had been at Mrs. Ludgate's rout. The moment the news reached Allen's shop, he and Lucy resolved to go immediately to offer their assistance to the unfortunate family. When they got to Weymouth Street they gave only a single knock at the door, that they might not create any alarm. They were kept waiting a considerable time, and at last the door was opened by a slipshod cook-maid, who seemed to be just up, though it was near eleven o'clock. She showed them into the parlour, which was quite dark; and whilst she was opening the shutters, she told them that, what with the Bow Street officers and her mistress's fits, the house had been up all night. Her master, she added, was carried off to prison, she believed. Lucy asked who was with Mrs. Ludgate, and whether she could go up to her room.

"There's nobody with her, ma'am, but nurse, that called by chance early this morning to see the children, and had the good-nature to stay to help, and has been sitting in mistress's room whilst I went to my bed. I'll step up and see if you can go in, ma'am."

They waited for some time in the parlour, where everything looked desolate and in disorder. The ashes covered the hearth; the poker lay upon the table near Mr. Ludgate's desk, the lock of which had been broken open; a brass flat candlestick, covered with tallow, was upon the window-seat, and beside it a broken cruet of vinegar; a cravat and red silk handkerchief, which had been taken from Mr. Ludgate's neck when he swooned, lay under the table. Lucy and her husband looked at one another for some moments without speaking. At last Allen said, "We had better lock up this press, where there are silver spoons and china; for there is nobody now left to take care of anything, and creditors will be here soon to seize all they can." Lucy said that she would go up into the dining-room, and take an inventory of the furniture. In the dining-room she found Jack the footboy collecting shillings from beneath the candlesticks on the card-tables. The two little children were sitting on the floor, the girl playing with a pack of cards, the boy drinking the dregs of a decanter of white wine.

"Poor children!—poor creatures!" said Lucy, "is there nobody to take care of you?"

"No, nobody but Jack," said the boy, "and he's going away. Papa's gone I don't know where, and mamma's not up yet; so we have had no breakfast."

The cook-maid came in to say that Mrs. Ludgate was awake and sensible now, and would be glad to see Mrs. Allen, if she'd be so good as to walk up. Lucy told the children, who clung to her, that she would take them home with her and give them some breakfast, and then hastened upstairs. She was not one of those ladies of affected or useless sensibility, who cannot, even when they may afford assistance, bear the sight of misery or suffering. She found her wretched friend humbled indeed to the lowest state of imbecile despair. Her speech had returned; but she spoke with difficulty, and scarcely so as to be intelligible. The good-natured nurse supported her in the bed, saying repeatedly, "Keep a good heart, madam—keep a good heart. Don't let your spirits sink so low as this, and all may be well yet."

"Oh, Lucy! Lucy! what will become of me now? What a change is here! and nobody to help or advise me!—nobody upon earth! I am forsaken by all the world!"

"Not forsaken by me," said Lucy, in a soothing voice.

"What noise is that below?" cried Mrs. Ludgate.

Lucy went downstairs to inquire, and found that, as Allen had foretold, the creditors had come to seize all they could find. Allen undertook to remain with them, and to bring them to some settlement; whilst Lucy had her unfortunate friend and the two children removed immediately to her own house.

As to Mr. Ludgate, there was no hope for him: the proofs of his guilt were manifest and incontrovertible. The forged note, which his wife had taken from his desk and given to the milliner, was one which had not gone through certain mysterious preparations—it was a bungling forgery. The plate would doubtless have been retouched, had not this bill been prematurely circulated by Mrs. Ludgate: thus her vanity led to a discovery of her husband's guilt. All the associates in Lewis's iniquitous confederacy suffered the just punishment of their crimes. Many applications were made to obtain a pardon for Leonard Ludgate; but the executive power preserved that salutary firmness which has not, upon any similar occasion, ever been relaxed.*

Lucy and Allen, those real friends who would not encourage Mrs. Ludgate in extravagance, now, in the hour of adversity and repentance, treated her with the utmost tenderness and generosity. They were economical, and therefore could afford to be generous. All the wants of this destitute widow were supplied from the profits of their industry: they nursed her with humanity, bore with the peevishness of disease, and did all in their power to soothe the anguish of unavailing remorse.

Nothing could be saved from the wreck of Mr. Ludgate's fortune for the widow; but Allen, in looking over old Ludgate's books, had found and recovered some old debts, which Leonard, after his father's death, thought not worth looking after. The sum amounted to about three hundred and twenty pounds. As the whole concern had been made over to him, he could lawfully have appropriated this money to his own use; but he reserved it for his friend's children. He put it out to interest; and in the meantime he and Lucy not only clothed and fed, but educated these orphans, with their own children, in habits of economy and industry. The orphans repaid, by their affection and gratitude, the care that was bestowed upon them; and when they grew up, they retrieved the credit of their family, by living according to their grandfather's useful maxim—"Out of debt out of danger."

* At the time this tale was written, death was the punishment of forgery. The law has long been changed: forgers are now punished by penal servitude for long periods of time.



THE LOTTERY.

CHAPTER I.

ACCIDENT OFTEN BEFRIENDS US IN TEMPTATION.



NEAR Derby, on the way towards Darley Grove, there is a cottage, which formerly belonged to one Maurice Robinson. The jessamine which now covers the porch was planted by Ellen his wife, who was an industrious, prudent young woman, liked by all her neighbours, because she was ready to assist and serve them, and the delight of her husband's heart; for she was sweet tempered, affectionate, constantly clean and neat, and made his house so cheerful that he was always in haste to come home to her after his day's work. He was one of the manufacturers employed in the cotton works at Derby, and he was remarkable for his good conduct and regular attendance at his work.

Things went on very well in every respect till a relation of his, Mrs. Dolly Robinson, came to live with him. Mrs. Dolly had been laundry-maid in a great family, where she learned to love gossiping and tea-drinkings, and where she acquired some taste for shawls and cherry-brandy. She thought that she did her young relations a great favour by coming to take up her abode with them, because, as she observed, they were young and inexperienced, and she, knowing a great deal of the world, was able and willing to advise them; and besides, she had had a legacy of some hundred pounds left to her, and she had saved some little matters whilst in service, which might make it worth her relations' while to take her advice with proper respect, and to make her comfortable for the rest of her days.

Ellen treated her with all due deference, and endeavoured to make her as comfortable as possible; but Mrs. Dolly could not be comfortable unless, besides drinking a large spoonful of brandy in every dish of tea, she could make each person in the house do just what she pleased. She began by being dissatisfied because she could not persuade Ellen that brandy was wholesome in tea for the nerves; next she was highly affronted because Ellen did not admire her shawl; and, above all, she was grievously offended because Ellen endeavoured to prevent her from spoiling little George.

George was at this time between five and six years old, and his mother took a great deal of pains to bring him up well. She endeavoured to

teach him to be honest, to speak the truth, to do whatever she and his father bid him, and to dislike being idle. Mrs. Dolly, on the contrary, coaxed and flattered him, without caring whether he was obedient or disobedient, honest or dishonest. She was continually telling him that he was the finest little fellow in the world, and that she would do great things for him some time or another. What these things were to be, the boy seemed neither to know nor care, and except at the moments when she was stuffing gingerbread into his mouth, he seemed never to desire to be near her. He preferred being with William Deane, his father's friend, who was a very ingenious man, and whom he liked to see at work. William gave him a slate and slate pencil, and taught him how to make figures and to cast up sums; and he made a little wheelbarrow for him, of which George was very fond; so that George called him in play, "*King Deane*." All these things tended to make Mrs. Dolly dislike William Deane, whom she considered as her rival in power.

One day, when it was George's birthday, Mrs. Dolly invited a party, as she called it, to drink tea with her; and at tea-time she was entertaining the neighbours with stories of what she had seen in the great world. Amongst others, she had a favourite story of a butler in the family where she had lived, who bought a ticket in the lottery when he was drunk, which ticket came up a ten-thousand-pound prize when he was sober; and the butler turned gentleman and kept his coach directly.

One evening Maurice Robinson and William came home after their day's work just in time to hear the end of this story; and Mrs. Dolly concluded it by turning to Maurice, and assuring him that he must put into the lottery and try his luck, for why should not he be as lucky as another? "Here," said she, "a man is working and drudging all the days of his life to get a decent coat to put on, and a bit of bread to put into his child's mouth, and after all, maybe, he can't do it; though all the while, for five guineas, or a guinea, or half a guinea even, if he has but the spirit to lay out his money properly, he has the chance of making a fortune without any trouble. Surely a man should try his luck, if not for his own, at least for his children's sake," continued Mrs. Dolly, drawing little George towards her, and hugging him in her arms. "Who knows what might turn up? Make your papa buy a ticket in the lottery, love, there's my darling! and I'll be bound he'll have good luck. Tell him I'll be bound we shall have a ten-thousand-pound prize at least, and all for a few guineas. I'm sure none but a miser would grudge the money, if he had it to give." As Mrs. Dolly finished her speech, she looked at William Deane, whose countenance did not seem to please her. Maurice was whistling, and Ellen knitting as fast as possible. Little George was counting William Deane's buttons. "Pray, Mr. Deane," cried Mrs. Dolly, turning full upon him, "what may your advice and opinion be? since nothing's to be done here without your leave and word of command, forsooth! Now, as you know so much, and have seen so much of the world, would you be pleased to tell this good company, and myself into the bargain, what harm it can do anybody but a miser to lay out a small sum to get a good chance of a round thousand, or five thousand, or ten thousand, or twenty thousand pounds, without more ado?" As she pronounced the words five thousand, ten thousand,

twenty thousand pounds, in a triumphant voice, all the company, except Ellen and William, seemed to feel the force of her oratory.

William coolly answered that he was no miser, but that he thought money might be better laid out than in the lottery, for that there was more chance of a man's getting nothing for his money than of his getting a prize; that when a man worked for fair wages every day, he was sure of getting something for his pains, and with honest industry and saving might get rich enough in time, and have to thank himself for it, which would be a pleasant thing; but that if a man, as he had known many, set his heart upon the turning of the lottery-wheel, he would leave off putting his hand to anything the whole year round, and so grow idle, and maybe drunken; "and then," said William, "at the year's end, if he have a blank, what is he to do for his rent, or for his wife and children, who have nothing to depend upon but him and his industry?"

Here Maurice sighed, and so did Ellen, whilst William went on, and told many a true story of honest servants and tradesmen whom he had known, who had ruined themselves by gaming and lotteries.

"But," said Maurice, who now broke silence, "putting into the lottery, William, is not gaming, like dice, or cards, or such things. Putting into the lottery is not gaming, as I take it."

"As I take it, though," replied William, "it is gaming. For what is gaming but trusting one's money, or somewhat, to luck and haphazard? and is there not as much haphazard in the turning of the wheel as in the coming up of the dice or the dealing of the cards?"

"True enough; but somebody must get a prize," argued Maurice.

"And somebody must win at dice or cards," said William, "but a many more must lose; and a many more, I take it, must lose by the lottery than by any other game, else how would they that keep the lottery gain by it as they do? Put a case. If you and I, Maurice, were this minute to play at dice, we stake our money down on the table here, and one or t'other takes all up; but in the lottery it is another affair, for the whole of what is put in does never come out."

This statement of the case made some impression upon Maurice, who was no fool; but Mrs. Dolly's desire that he should buy a lottery-ticket was not to be conquered by reason—it grew stronger and stronger the more she was opposed. She was silent and cross during the remainder of the evening, and the next morning at breakfast she was so low that even her accustomed dose of brandy in her tea had no effect.

Now, Maurice, besides his confused hopes that Mrs. Dolly would leave something handsome to him or his family, thought himself obliged to her for having given a helping hand to his father when he was in distress, and therefore he wished to bear with her humours, and to make her happy in his house. He knew that the lottery-ticket was uppermost in her mind, and the moment he touched upon that subject she brightened up. She told him she had had a dream—and she had great faith in dreams—and she had dreamed three times over that he had bought No. 339 in the lottery, and that it had come up a ten-thousand-pound prize!

"Well, Ellen," said Maurice, "I've half a mind to try my luck; and it can do us no harm, for I'll only put off buying the cow this year."

"Nay," said Mrs. Dolly, "why so? Maybe you don't know what I know, that Ellen's as rich as a Jew? She has a cunning little cupboard in the wall yonder that I see her putting money into every day of her life, and none goes out."

Ellen immediately went and drew back a small sliding oak door in the wainscot, and took out a glove, in which some money was wrapped. She put it all together into her husband's hand, saying, with a good-humoured smile, "There is my year's spinning, Maurice; I only thought to have made more of it before I gave it you. Do what you please with it."

Maurice was so much moved by his wife's kindness that he at the moment determined to give up the lottery scheme, of which he knew she did not approve; but, though a good-natured, well-meaning man, he was of an irresolute character, and even when he saw what was best to be done had not the courage to persist. As he was coming home from work, a few days after Ellen had given him the money, he saw, in one of the streets of Derby, a house with large windows finely illuminated, and read the words,—

"LOTTERY OFFICE OF FORTUNATUS, GOULD, AND CO. At this office was sold the fortunate ticket which came up on Monday last a twenty-thousand-pound prize. Ready money paid for prizes immediately on demand.

"THE £15,000, £10,000, £5,000, STILL IN THE WHEEL.

"None but the brave deserve a prize."

Whilst Maurice was gazing at this, and other similar advertisements, which were exhibited in various bright colours in this tempting window, his desire to try his fortune in the lottery returned; and he was just going into the office to purchase a ticket, when luckily he found that he had not his leathern purse in his pocket. He walked on, and presently brushed by some one: it was William Deane, who was looking very eagerly over some old books at a bookseller's stall.

"I wish I had but money enough to treat myself with some of these," said William; "but I cannot, they cost such a deal, having all these prints in them."

"We can lend you—no, we can't neither," cried Maurice, stopping himself short, for he recollected that he could not both lend his friend money to buy the books and buy a lottery-ticket. He was in great doubt which he should do, and walked on with William in silence. "So then," cried he at last, "you would not advise me to put into the lottery?"

"Nay," said William, laughing, "it is not for me to advise you about it now, for I know you are considering whether you had best put into the lottery or lend me the money to buy these books. Now, I hope you don't think I was looking to my own interest in what I said the other day, for I assure you I had no thoughts of meeting with these books at that time, and did not know that you had any money to spare."

"Say no more about it," replied Maurice. "Don't I know you are an honest fellow, and would lend me the money if I wanted it? You shall have it as soon as ever we get home. Only mind and stand by me stoutly if Mrs. Dolly begins any more about the lottery."

CHAPTER II.

WILD WISHES AND DANGEROUS SUCCESS.

MRS. DOLLY did not fail to renew her attacks ; and she was both provoked and astonished when she found that the contents of the leathern purse were put into the hands of William Deane. "Books, indeed ! To buy books, forsooth ! What business had such a one as he with books ?" She had seen a deal of life, she said, and never saw any good come of bookish bodies ; and she was sorry to see that her own darling George was taking to the bookish line, and that his mother encouraged him in it. She would lay her best shawl, she said, to a gauze handkerchief, that William Deane would, sooner or later, beggar himself and all that belonged to him by his books and his gimcracks. "And if George were my son," continued she, raising her voice, "I'd soon cure him of prying and poring into that man's picture-books, and following him up and down with wheels and mechanic machines, which will never come to any good, nor ever make a gentleman of him, as a ticket in a lottery might and would."

All mouths were open at once to defend William. Maurice declared he was the most industrious man in the parish ; that his books never kept him from his work, but always kept him from the ale-house and bad company ; and that, as to his gimcracks and machines, he never laid out a farthing upon them but what he got by working on holidays and odd times, when other folks were idling or tippling. His master, who understood the like of those things, said, before all the workmen at the mills, that William Deane's machines were very clever, and might come to bring in a deal of money for him and his.

"Why," continued Maurice, "there was Mr. Arkwright, the man that first set a-going all our cotton frames here, was no better than William Deane, and yet came at last to make a power of money. It stands to reason, anyhow, that William Deane is hurting nobody, nor himself either ; and, moreover, he may divert himself his own way, without being taken to task by man, woman, or child. As to children, he's very good to my child—there's one loves him," pointing to George, "and I'm glad of it ; for I should be ashamed, so I should, that my flesh and blood should be any ways disregardful or ungracious to those that be kind and good to them."

Mrs. Dolly, swelling with anger, repeated in a scornful voice, "Disregardful, ungracious ! I wonder folks can talk so to me ! But this is all the gratitude one meets with in this world for all one does. Well, well ! I'm an old woman, and shall soon be out of people's way, and then they will be sorry they did not use me better ; and then they'll bethink them that it is not so easy to gain a friend as to lose a friend ; and then——"

Here Mrs. Dolly's voice was stopped by her sobs, and Maurice, who was a very good-natured man, and much disposed to gratitude, said he begged her pardon a thousand times, if he had done anything to offend her, and declared his only wish was to please and satisfy her, if she would but tell him how.

She continued sobbing, without making any answer, for some time ; but at last she cried, " My ad—my ad—my advice is never taken in anything ! "

Maurice declared he was ready to take her advice, if that was the only way to make her easy in her mind. " I know what you mean now," added he : " you are still harping upon the lottery-ticket. Well, I'll buy a ticket this day week, after I've sold the cow I bought at the fair. Will you have done sobbing now, Cousin Dolly ? "

" Indeed, Cousin Maurice, it is only for your own sake I speak," said she, wiping her eyes. " You know you was always a favourite of mine from your childhood up ; I nursed you, and had you on my knee, and foretold often and often you would make a fortune, so I did. And will you buy the ticket I dreamed about, eh ? "

Maurice assured her that, if it was to be had, he would. The cow was accordingly sold the following week, and the ticket in the lottery was bought. It was not, however, the number about which Mrs. Dolly had dreamed, for that was already purchased by some other person. The ticket Maurice bought was No. 80 ; and after he had got it, his Cousin Dolly continually deplored that it was not the very number of which she dreamed. It would have been better not to have taken her advice at all than to have taken it when it was too late.

Maurice was an easy-tempered man and loved quiet, and when he found he was reproached for something or other whenever he came into his own house, he began to dislike the thought of going home after his day's work, and loitered at public houses sometimes, but more frequently at the lottery office. As the lottery was now drawing, his whole thoughts were fixed upon his ticket, and he neglected his work at the manufactory. " What signify a few shillings wages more or less ? " said he to himself. " If my ticket should come up a prize, it makes a rich man of me at once. "

His ticket at last was drawn—a prize of five thousand pounds ! He was almost out of his senses with joy ! He ran home to tell the news. " A prize ! a prize, Dolly ! " cried he, as soon as he had breath to speak.

" That comes of taking my advice ! " said Dolly.

" A five-thousand-pound prize, my dear Ellen ! " cried he, and down he kicked her spinning-wheel.

" I wish we may be as happy with it as we have been without it, Maurice," said Ellen, and calmly lifted her spinning-wheel up again.

" No more spinning-wheels ! " cried Maurice, " no more spinning ! no more work ! We have nothing to do now but to be as happy as the day is long. Wife, I say, put by that wheel. "

" You're a lady now, and ought to look and behave like a lady," added Mrs. Dolly, stretching up her head, " and not stand moped in that way over an old spinning-wheel. "

" I don't know how to look and behave like a lady," said Ellen, and sighed ; " but I hope Maurice won't love me the less for that. "

Mrs. Dolly was for some time wholly taken up with the pleasure of laying out money, and " preparing," as she said, " to look like somebody. She had many acquaintances at Paddington," she said ; " and she knew of a very snug house there, where they could all live very genteel. "

She was impatient to go thither for two reasons—that she might make a figure in the eyes of these acquaintances, and that she might get Maurice and little George away from William Deane, who was now become more than ever the object of her aversion and contempt, for he actually advised his friend not to think of living in idleness, though he had five thousand pounds. William, moreover, recommended it to him to put his money out at interest, or to dispose of a good part of it in stocking a farm or in fitting out a shop. Ellen, being a farmer's daughter, knew well the management of a dairy, and, when a girl, had also assisted in a haberdasher's shop which was kept in Derby by her uncle; "So she was able and willing," she said, "to assist her husband in whichever of these ways of life he should take to."

Maurice, irresolute, and desirous of pleasing all parties, at last said, "It would be as well, seeing they were now rich enough not to mind such a journey, just to go to Paddington and look about 'em; and if so be they could not settle there in comfort, why, still they might see a bit of London town, and take their pleasure for a month or so, and he hoped William Deane would come along with them, and it should not be a farthing out of his pocket."

Little George said everything he could think of to persuade his *King Deane* to go with them, and almost pulled him to the coach door when they were setting off; but William could not leave his master and his business. The child clung with his legs and arms so fast to him that they were forced to drag him into the carriage.

"You'll find plenty of friends at Paddington, who'll give you a many pretty things. Dry your eyes, and see!—you're in a coach!" said Mrs. Dolly.

George dried his eyes directly, for he was ashamed of crying; but he answered, "I don't care for your pretty things. I shall not find my good dear King Deane anywhere;" and, leaning upon his mother's lap, he twirled round the wheel of a little cart, which William Deane had given him, and which he carried under his arm as his greatest treasure. Ellen was delighted to see signs of such a grateful and affectionate disposition in her son, and all her thoughts were bent upon him, whilst Mrs. Dolly chattered on about her acquaintance at Paddington, and her satisfaction at finding herself in a coach once again. Her satisfaction was not, however, of long continuance, for she grew so sick that she was obliged, or thought herself obliged, every quarter of an hour, to have recourse to her cordial-bottles. Her spirits were at last raised so much that she became extremely communicative, and she laid open to Maurice and Ellen all her plans of future pleasure and expense. "In the first place," said she, "I'm heartily glad now I've got you away from that cottage, that was not fit to live in, and from certain folks that shall be nameless, that would have one live all one's life like scrubs, like themselves. You must know that when we get to Paddington, the first thing I shall do shall be to buy us a handsome coach."

"A coach!" exclaimed Maurice and Ellen, with astonishment.

"A coach, to be sure," said Mrs. Dolly. "I say a coach."

"I say we shall all be ruined, then," said Maurice, "and laughed at into the bargain."

"La! you don't know what money is," said Mrs. Dolly. "Why, haven't you five thousand pounds, man? You don't know what can be done with five thousand pounds, Cousin Maurice."

"No, nor you neither, Cousin Dolly, or you'd never talk of setting up your coach."

"Why not, pray? I know what a coach costs as well as another. I know we can have a second-hand coach—and we need not tell nobody that it's second-hand—for about a hundred pounds. And what's a hundred pounds out of five thousand?"

"But, if we've a coach, we must have horses, must not we?" said Ellen, "and they'll cost a hundred more."

"Oh, we can have job horses, that will cost us little or nothing," said Mrs. Dolly.

"Say one hundred and fifty pounds a year," replied Maurice; "for I heard my master's coachman telling that the livery-keeper in London declared as how he made nothing by letting him have job horses for one hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"We are to have our own coach," said Dolly, "and that will be cheaper, you know."

"But the coach won't last for ever," said Ellen: "it must be mended, and that will cost something."

"It is time enough to think of that when the coach wants mending," said Mrs. Dolly, who, without giving herself the trouble of calculating, seemed to be convinced that everything might be done for five thousand pounds. "I must let you know a little secret," continued she. "I have written, that is, have got a friend to write, to have the house at Paddington taken for a year; for I know it's quite the thing for us, and we are only to give fifty pounds a year for it; and you know that one thousand pounds would pay that rent for twenty years to come."

"But then," said Ellen, "you will want to do a great many other things with that thousand pounds. There's the coach you mentioned; and you said we must keep a footboy, and must see a deal of company, and must not grudge to buy clothes, and that we could not follow any trade, nor have a farm, nor do anything to make money; so we must live upon what we have. Now, let us count, and see how we shall do it. You know, Maurice, that William Deane inquired about what we could get for our five thousand pounds, if we put it out to interest?"

"Ay; two hundred a year, he said."

"Well, we pay fifty pounds a year for the rent of the house, and a hundred a year we three and the boy must have to live upon, and there is but fifty pounds a year left."

Mrs. Dolly, with some reluctance, gave up the notion of the coach; and Ellen proposed that five hundred pounds should be laid out in furnishing a haberdasher's shop, and that the rest of their money should be put out to interest till it was wanted. "Maurice and I can take care of the shop very well, and we can live well enough upon what we make by it," said Ellen.

Mrs. Dolly opposed the idea of keeping a shop, and observed that they would not in that case be gentlefolks. Besides, she said, she was sure the people of the house she had taken would never let it be turned into a shop.

CHAPTER III.

STRUGGLES BETWEEN PROJECTS AND PRUDENCE.

WHAT Mrs. Dolly had said was indeed true. When they got to Paddington they found that the house was by no means fit for a shop; and as the bargain was made for a year, and they could not get it off their hands without considerable loss, Ellen was forced to put off her scheme of keeping a shop till another year. In the meantime she determined to learn how to keep accounts properly.

There was a small garden belonging to the house, in which George set to work; and though he could do little more than pull up the weeds, yet this kept him out of mischief and idleness; and she sent him to a day-school, where he could learn to read, write, and cast accounts. When he came home in the evenings, he used to show her his copy-book, and read his lesson, and say his spelling to her, whilst she was at work. His master said it was a pleasure to teach him, he was so eager to learn, and Ellen was glad that she had money enough to pay for having her boy well taught. Mrs. Dolly, all this time, was sitting and gossiping amongst her acquaintance in Paddington. These acquaintance were people whom she had seen when they visited the housekeeper in the great family where she was laundry-maid; and she was very proud to show them that she was now a finer person than even the housekeeper, who was formerly the object of her envy. She had tea-drinking parties, and sometimes dinner parties, two or three in a week, and hired a footboy, and laughed at Ellen for her low notions, and dissuaded Maurice from all industrious schemes; still saying to him, "Oh, you'll have time enough to think of going to work when you have spent all your money."

Maurice, who had been accustomed to be at work for several hours in the day, at first thought it would be a fine thing to walk about, as Mrs. Dolly said, like a gentleman, without having anything to do; but when he came to try it, he found himself more tired of this way of life than he had ever felt himself in the cotton mills at Derby. He gaped and gaped, and lounged about every morning, and looked a hundred times at his new watch, and put it to his ear to listen whether it was going, the time seemed to him to pass so slowly. Sometimes he sauntered through the town, came back again, and stood at his own door, looking at dogs fighting for a bone; at others he went into the kitchen, to learn what there was to be for dinner, and to watch the maid cooking or the boy cleaning knives. It was a great relief to him to go into the room where his wife was at work; but he never would have been able to get through a year in this way without the assistance of a pretty little black horse, for which he paid thirty guineas. During a month he was very happy in riding backwards and forwards on the Edgware Road; but presently the horse fell lame: it was discovered that he was spavined and broken-winded; and the jockey from whom Maurice had bought him was nowhere to be found. Maurice sold the horse for five guineas, and bought a fine bay for forty, which he was certain would turn out well, seeing he paid such a good price

for him ; but the bay scarcely proved better than the black. How he managed it we do not know, but it seems he was not so skilful in horses as in cotton-weaving, for at the end of the year he had no horse, and had lost fifty guineas by his bargains.

Another hundred guineas were gone, nobody in the family but himself knew how ; but he resolved to waste no more money, and began the new year well, by opening a haberdasher's shop in Paddington. The fitting up of this shop cost them five hundred pounds : it was tolerably stocked, and Ellen was so active, and so attentive to all customers, that she brought numbers to Maurice Robinson's new shop. They made full twelve per cent. upon all they sold, and in six months had turned three hundred pounds twice, and gained a profit of seventy-two pounds. Maurice, however, had got such a habit of lounging, during his year of idleness, that he could not relish steady attendance in the shop : he was often out, frequently came home late at night, and Ellen observed that he sometimes looked extremely melancholy ; but when she asked him whether he was ill, or what ailed him, he always turned away, answering, "Nothing—nothing ails me. Why do ye fancy anything ails me?"

Alas ! it was no fancy. Ellen saw, too plainly, that something was going wrong ; but as her husband persisted in silence, she could not tell how to assist or comfort him. Mrs. Dolly, in the meantime, was going on, spending her money in junketing. She was, besides, no longer satisfied with taking her spoonful of brandy in every dish of tea. She found herself uncomfortable, she said, unless she took every morning, fasting, a full glass of the good cordial, recommended to her by her friend Mrs. Joddrell, the apothecary's wife. Now, this good cordial, in plain English, was a strong dram. Ellen, in the gentlest manner she could, represented to Mrs. Dolly that she was hurting her health and was exposing herself by this increasing habit of drinking ; but she replied, with anger, that what she *took* was for the good of her health ; that everybody knew best what agreed with them ; that she should trust to her own feelings ; and that nobody need talk, when all she took came out of the apothecary's shop, and was paid for honestly with her own money. Besides what came out of the apothecary's shop, Mrs. Dolly found that it agreed with her constantly to drink a pot of porter at dinner, and another at supper ; and always when she had a cold—and she had often a cold—she drank large basinsful of white wine whey, "to throw off her cold," as she said.

Then by degrees she lost her appetite, and found she could eat nothing unless she had a glass of brandy at dinner. Small beer, she discovered, did not agree with her, so at luncheon-time she always had a tumbler full of brandy and water. This she carefully mixed herself, and put less and less water in every day, because brandy, she was convinced, was more wholesome for some constitutions than water, and brandy and peppermint, taken together, was an infallible remedy for all complaints, low spirits included.

CHAPTER IV.

AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE AND A SAGACIOUS MOTHER IS ONE OF HEAVEN'S GREATEST BLESSINGS.

MRS. DOLLY never found herself comfortable, moreover, unless she dined abroad two or three days in the week, at a public house near Paddington, where she said she was more at home than she was anywhere else. There was a bowling-green at this public house, and it was a place to which tea-drinking parties resorted. Now, Mrs. Dolly often wanted to take little George out with her to these parties, and said, "It is a pity and a shame to keep the poor thing always mewed up at home, without ever letting him have any pleasure. Would not you like to go with me, George, dear, in the one-horse chaise? and would not you be glad to have cakes, and tea, and all the good things that are to be had?"

"I should like to go in the one-horse chaise, to be sure, and to have cakes and tea; but I should not like to go with you, because mother does not choose it," answered George, in his usual plain way of speaking. Ellen, who had often seen Mrs. Dolly offer him wine and punch to drink, by way of a treat, was afraid he might gradually learn to love spirituous liquors, and that if he acquired a habit of drinking such when he was a boy, he would become a drunkard when he should grow up to be a man. George was now almost nine years old, and he could understand the reason why his mother desired that he would not drink spirituous liquors. She once pointed out to him a drunken man, who was reeling along the street and bawling ridiculous nonsense. He had quite lost his senses, and as he did not attend to the noise of a carriage coming fast behind him, he could not get out of the way time enough, and the coachman could not stop his horses; therefore the drunken man was thrown down, and the wheel of the carriage went over his leg and broke it in a shocking manner. George saw him carried towards his home, writhing and groaning with pain. "See what comes of drunkenness," said Ellen. She stopped the people who were carrying the hurt man past her door, and had him brought in and laid upon a bed, whilst a surgeon was sent for. George stood beside the bed in silence, and the words, "See what comes of drunkenness!" sounded in his ears.

Another time his mother pointed out to him a man with terribly swollen legs and a red face, blotched all over, lifted out of a fine coach by two footmen in fine liveries. The man leaned upon a gold-headed cane, after he was lifted from his carriage, and tried with his other hand to take off his hat to a lady who asked him how he did; but his hand shook so much, that when he had got his hat off, he could not put it rightly upon his head, and his footman put it on for him. The boys in the street laughed at him. "Poor man!" said Ellen. "That is Squire L——, who, as you heard the apothecary say, has drunk harder in his day than any man that ever he knew; and this is what he has brought himself to by drinking! All the physic in the apothecary's shop cannot make him well again. No, nor can his fine coach and fine footmen any more make him easy or happy, poor man!"

George exclaimed, "I wonder how people can be such fools as to be drunkards ! I will never be a drunkard, mother ; and now I know the reason why you desired me not to drink the wine, when Mrs. Dolly used to say to me, 'Down with it, George, dear ; it will do ye no harm !'"

These circumstances made such an impression upon George, that there was no further occasion to watch him. He always pushed away the glass when Mrs. Dolly filled it for him.

One day his mother said to him, "Now I can trust you to take care of yourself, George, I shall not watch you. Mrs. Dolly is going to a bowling-green tea-party this evening, and has asked you to go with her, and I have told her you shall."

George accordingly went with Mrs. Dolly to the bowling-green. The company drank tea out of doors, in summer-houses. After tea Mrs. Dolly bade George go and look at the bowling-green, and George was very well entertained with seeing the people playing at bowls ; but when it grew late in the evening, and when the company began to go away, George looked about for Mrs. Dolly. She was not in the summer-house where they had drunk tea, nor was she anywhere upon the terrace round the bowling-green ; he therefore went to the public house in search of her, and at last found her standing at the bar with the landlady. Her face was very red, and she had a large glass of brandy in her hand, into which the landlady was pouring some drops, which she said were excellent for the stomach.

Mrs. Dolly started so when she saw George, that she threw down half her glass of brandy. "Bless us, child ! I thought you were safe at the bowling-green," said she.

"I saw everybody going away," answered George, "so I thought it was time to look for you, and to go home."

"But before you go, my dear little gentleman," said the landlady, "you must eat one of these tarts for my sake." As she spoke she gave George a little tart ; "and here," added she, "you must drink my health, too, in something good. Don't be afraid, love : it's nothing that will hurt you ; it is very sweet and nice."

"It is wine or spirits of some sort or other, I know by the smell," said George ; "and I will not drink it, thank you, ma'am."

"The boy's a fool !" said Mrs. Dolly ; "but it's his mother's fault. She won't let him taste anything stronger than water. But now your mother's not by, you know," said Mrs. Dolly, winking at the landlady, "now your mother's not by——"

"Yes, and nobody will tell of you," added the landlady ; "so do what you like. Drink it down, love."

"No !" cried George, pushing away the glass which Mrs. Dolly held to his lips : "no ! no ! no ! I say. I will not do anything now my mother's not by that I would not do if she was here in this room."

"Well, hush ! hush ! and don't bawl so loud, though," said Mrs. Dolly, who saw what George did not see—a gentleman who was standing at the door of a parlour opposite to them, and who could hear everything that was saying at the bar.

"I say," continued George, in a loud voice, "mother told me she could trust me to take care of myself ; and so I will take care of my-

self ; and I am not a fool, no more is mother, I know, for she told me the reasons why it is not good to drink spirituous——”

Mrs. Dolly pushed him away, without giving him time to finish his sentence, bidding him go and see whether the gig was ready, for it was time to be going home.

As George was standing in the yard, looking at the mechanism of the one-horse chaise, and observing how the horse was put to, somebody tapped him upon the shoulder, and looking up, he saw a gentleman with a very good-natured countenance, who smiled upon him, and asked him whether he was the little boy who had just been talking so loud in the bar.

“Yes, sir,” says George.

“You seem to be a good little boy,” added he, “and I liked what I heard you say very much. So you will not do anything when your mother is not by that you would not do if she was here ! Was not that what you said ?”

“Yes, sir, as well as I remember.”

“And who is your mother ?” continued the gentleman. “Where does she live ?” George told him his mother’s name, and where she lived ; and the gentleman said, “I will call at your mother’s house as I go home, and tell her what I heard you say ; and I will ask her to let you come to my house, where you will see a little boy of your own age, whom I should be very glad to have seen behave as well as you did just now.”

Mr. Belton, for that was the name of the gentleman who took notice of George, was a rich carpet manufacturer : he had a country house near Paddington ; and the acquaintance which was thus begun became a source of great happiness to George. Mr. Belton lent him several entertaining books and took him to see many curious things in London. Ellen was rejoiced to hear from him the praises of her son. All the pleasure of Ellen’s life had, for some months past, depended upon this boy ; for her husband was seldom at home, and the gloom that was spread over his countenance alarmed her whenever she saw him. As for Mrs. Dolly, she was no companion for Ellen. Her love of drinking had increased to such a degree that she could love nothing else ; and when she was not half intoxicated, she was in such low spirits that she sat (either on the side of her bed or in her arm-chair, wrapped in a shawl) sighing and crying, and see-sawing herself ; and sometimes she complained to Maurice that Ellen did not care whether she was dead or alive ; and at others, that George had always something or other to do, and never liked to sit in her room and keep her company. Besides all this, she got into a hundred petty quarrels with the neighbours, who had a knack of remembering what she said when she was drunk, and appealing to her for satisfaction when she was sober. Mrs. Dolly regularly expected that Ellen should, as she called it, stand her friend in these altercations, to which Ellen could not always in justice consent.

“Ah !” said Ellen to herself one night, as she was sitting up late waiting for her husband’s return home, “it is not the having five thousand pounds that makes people happy ! When Maurice loved to come home after his day’s work to our little cottage, and when our George

was his delight, as he is mine, then I was light of heart ; but now it is quite otherwise. However, there is no use in complaining, nor sitting down to think upon melancholy things." And Ellen started up, and went to work to mend one of her husband's waistcoats.

CHAPTER V.

CHANCE IS A TREACHEROUS COMPANION.

WHILST she was at this employment, she listened continually for the return of Maurice. The clock struck twelve, and one, and no husband came. She heard no noise in the street when she opened her window, for everybody but herself was in bed and asleep. At last she heard the sound of footsteps ; but it was so dark that she could not see who the person was who continued walking backwards and forwards just underneath the window.

"Is it you, Maurice? Are you there, Maurice?" said Ellen. The noise of the footsteps ceased, and Ellen again said, "Is it you, Maurice? Are you there?"

"Yes," answered Maurice ; "it is I. Why are not you abed and asleep at this time of night?"

"I am waiting for you," replied Ellen.

"You need not wait for me : I have the key of the house door in my pocket, and can let myself in whenever I choose it."

"And don't you choose it now?" said Ellen.

"No. Shut down the window."

Ellen shut the window, and went and sat down upon the side of her boy's bed. He was sleeping. Ellen, who could not sleep, took up her work again, and resolved to wait till her husband should come in. At last the key turned in the house door, and presently she heard her husband's steps coming softly towards the room where she was sitting. He opened the door gently, as if he expected to find her asleep, and was afraid of awakening her. He started when he saw her, and slouching his hat over his face, threw himself into a chair without speaking a single word. "Something terrible has happened to him, surely !" thought Ellen ; and her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold her needle when she tried to go on working.

"What are you doing there, Ellen?" said he, suddenly pushing back his hat.

"I'm only mending your waistcoat, love," said Ellen in a faltering voice.

"I am a wretch ! a fool ! a miserable wretch !" exclaimed Maurice, starting up and striking his forehead with violence as he walked up and down the room.

"What can be the matter?" said Ellen. "It is worse to me to see you in this way than to hear whatever misfortune has befallen you. Don't turn away from me, husband ! Who in the world loves you so well as I do?"

"Oh, Ellen !" said he, letting her take his hand, but still turning away, "you will hate me when you know what I have done."

"I cannot hate you, I believe," said Ellen.

"We have not sixpence left in the world!" continued Maurice, vehemently. "We must leave this house to-morrow. We must sell all we have. I must go to jail, Ellen. You must work all the rest of your days, harder than ever you did; and so must that poor boy who lies sleeping yonder. He little thinks that his father has made a beggar of him, and that whilst his mother was the best of mothers to him, his father was ruining him, her, and himself, with a pack of rascals at the gaming-table. Ellen, I have lost every shilling of our money!"

"Is that all?" said Ellen. "That's bad; but I'm glad that you have done nothing wicked. We can work hard and be happy again. Only promise me now, dear husband, that you will never game any more."

Maurice threw himself upon his knees, and swore that he never, to the last hour of his life, would go to any gaming-table again, or play at any game of chance. Ellen then said all she could to soothe and console him: she persuaded him to take some rest, of which he was much in need, for his looks were haggard, and he seemed quite exhausted. He declared that he had not had a night's good sleep for many months, since he had got into these difficulties by gaming. His mind had been kept in a continual flurry, and he seemed as if he had been living in a fever. "The worst of it was, Ellen," said he, "I could not bear to see you or the boy when I had been losing; so I went on, gaming deeper and deeper, in hopes of winning back what I had lost; and I now and then won, and they coaxed me and told me I was getting a run of luck, and it would be a sin to turn my back on good fortune. This way I was enticed to go on playing, till, when I betted higher and higher, my luck left me; or, as I shrewdly suspect, the rascals did not play fair, and they won stake after stake, till they made me half mad, and I risked all I had left upon one throw, and lost it! And when I found I had lost all, and thought of coming home to you and our boy, I was ready to hang myself. Oh, Ellen, if you knew all I have felt! I would not live over again the last two years for this room full of gold!"

Such are the miserable feelings, and such the life, of a gamester! Maurice slept for a few hours, or rather dozed, starting now and then, and talking of the cards and dice, and sometimes grinding his teeth and clenching his hand, till he awakened himself by the violence with which he struck the side of the bed.

"I have had a terrible dream, wife," said he, when he opened his eyes and saw Ellen sitting beside him on the bed. At first he did not recollect what had really happened; but as Ellen looked at him with sorrow and compassion in her countenance, he gradually remembered all the truth, and hiding his head under the bed-clothes, he said he wished he could sleep again, if it could be without dreaming such dreadful things. It was in vain that he tried to sleep; so he got up, resolving to try whether he could borrow twenty guineas from any of his friends, to pay the most pressing of his gaming companions. The first person he asked was Mrs. Dolly: she fell into a hysteric fit when she heard of his losses, and it was not till after she had swallowed a double dram of brandy that she was able to speak, and to tell him that she was the worst person in the world he could have applied to, for that she was in

the greatest distress herself, and all her dependence in this world was upon him.

Maurice stood in silent astonishment. "Why, cousin," said he, "I thought, and always believed, that you had a power of money! you know, when you came to live with us, you told me so."

"No matter what I told you," said Mrs. Dolly. "Folks can't live upon air. Yesterday the landlady of the public house at the bowling-green, whom I'm sure I looked upon as my friend—but there's no knowing one's friends—sent me in a bill as long as my arm; and the apothecary here has another against me, worse again; and the man at the livery-stables, for one-horse *chays*, and jobs that I'm sure I forget ever having, comes and charges me goodness knows what; and then the grocer for tea and sugar, which I have been giving to folks from whom I have got no thanks. And then I have an account with the linen-draper, of I don't know how much; but he has overcharged me, I know, scandalously, for my last three shawls. And then I have never paid for my set of tea china, and half of the cups are broke; and the silver spoons, and I can't tell what besides."

In short, Mrs. Dolly, who had never kept any account of what she spent, had no idea how far she was getting into a tradesman's debt till his bill was brought home; and was in great astonishment to find, when all her bills were sent in, that she had spent four hundred and fifty pounds upon her private expenses, drinking included, in the course of three years and eight months. She had nothing left to live upon but the interest of one hundred pounds, so that she was more likely to be a burden to Maurice than any assistance to him. He, however, was determined to go to a friend who had frequently offered to lend him any sum of money he might want, and who had often been his partner at the gaming-table.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOOD MAN IS THE TRUE FRIEND.

IN his absence, Ellen and George began to take a list of all the furniture in the house, that it might be ready for a sale; and Mrs. Dolly sat in her arm-chair, weeping and wailing.

"Oh! laud! laud! that I should live to see all this!" cried she. "Ah, lack-a-daisy! lack-a-daisy! lack-a-day! what will become of me? Oh, la! la! la! la!" Her lamentations were interrupted by a knock at the door. "Hark! a knock, a double knock at the door," cried Mrs. Dolly. "Who is it? Ah, lack-a-day! when people come to know what has happened, it will be long enough before we have any more visitors; long enough before we hear any more double knocks at the door. Oh, laud! laud! See who it is, George."

It was Mr. Belton, who was come to ask George to go with him and his little nephew to see some wild beasts at Exeter Change. He was much surprised at the sorrowful faces of George and Ellen, whom he had always been used to see so cheerful, and inquired what misfortune had befallen them. Mrs. Dolly thought she could tell the story best, and she therefore detailed the whole, with many piteous ejaculations;

but the silent resignation of Ellen's countenance had much more effect upon Mr. Belton. "George," said he, "must stay to finish the inventory he is writing for his mother."

Mr. Belton was inquiring more particularly into the amount of Maurice's debt, and the names of the persons to whom he had lost his money at the gaming-table, when the unfortunate man himself came home. "No hope, Ellen!" cried he. "No hope from any of those rascals that I thought my friends. No hope!"

He stopped short, seeing a stranger in the room, for Mr. Belton was a stranger to him. "My husband can tell you the names of all the people," said Ellen, "who have been the ruin of us."

Mr. Belton then wrote them down from Maurice's information, and learned from him that he had lost to these sharpers upwards of three thousand eight hundred pounds in the course of three years; that the last night he played he had staked the goods in his shop, valued at three hundred and fifty pounds, and lost them; that afterwards he staked the furniture of his house, valued at one hundred and sixty pounds, this also he lost; and thus he left the gaming-table without a farthing in the world.

"It is not my intention," said Mr. Belton, "to add to your present suffering, Mr. Robinson, by pointing out that it has arisen entirely from your own imprudence. Nor yet can I say that I feel much compassion for you; for I have always considered a gamester a most selfish being, who should be suffered to feel the terrible consequences of his own avaricious folly, as a warning to others."

"Oh, sir! oh, Mr. Belton!" cried Ellen, bursting now for the first time into tears, "do not speak so harshly to Maurice."

"To you I shall not speak harshly," said Mr. Belton, his voice and looks changing, "for I have the greatest compassion for such an excellent wife and mother; and I shall take care that neither you nor your son, whom you have taken such successful pains to educate, shall suffer by the folly and imprudence in which you had no share. As to the ready money which your husband has lost and paid to these sharpers, it is, I fear, irrecoverable; but the goods of your shop and the furniture in your house I will take care shall not be touched. I will go immediately to my attorney, and direct him to inquire into the truth of all I have been told, and to prosecute these villains for keeping a gaming-table and playing at unlawful games. Finish that inventory, George, which you are making out, and give it to me: I will have the furniture in your house, Ellen, valued by an appraiser, and will advance you money to the amount, on which you may continue to live in comfort and credit, trusting to your industry and integrity to repay me in small sums, as you find it convenient, out of the profits of your shop."

"Oh, sir!" cried Maurice, clasping his hands with a strong expression of joy, "thank you! thank you from the bottom of my soul. Save her from misery, save the boy, and let me suffer as I ought for my folly."

Mr. Belton, in spite of his contempt for gamesters, was touched by Maurice's repentance; but, keeping a steady countenance, replied in a firm tone, "Suffering for folly does nobody any good unless it makes them wiser in future."

CHAPTER VII.

VIRTUOUS EFFORTS AND HAPPY CONSEQUENCES.

MRS. DOLLY, who had been unaccountably awed to silence by Mr. Belton's manner of speaking and looking, broke forth the moment he had left the house. "Very genteel indeed! though he might have taken more notice of me. See what it is, George, to have the luck of meeting with good friends."

"See what it is to deserve good friends, George," said Ellen.

"You'll all remember, I hope," said Mrs. Dolly, raising her voice, "that it was I who was the first and foremost cause of all this, by taking George along with me to the tea-drinking at the bowling-green, where he first got acquainted with Mr. Belton."

"Mr. Belton would never have troubled his head about such a little boy as George," said Ellen, "if it had not been for—you know what I mean, Mrs. Dolly. All I wish to say is that George's own good behaviour was the cause of our getting acquainted with this good friend."

"And I am sure you were the cause, mother," said George, "of what you call my good behaviour."

Mrs. Dolly, somewhat vexed at this turn, changed the conversation, saying, "Well, 't is no matter how we made such a good acquaintance, let us make the most of him, and drink his health, as becomes us, after dinner. And now, I suppose, all will go on as usual: none of our acquaintance in Paddington need know anything of what has happened."

Ellen, who was very little solicitous to know what Mrs. Dolly's acquaintance in Paddington might think, observed that, so far from going on as usual, now they were living on borrowed money, it was fit they should retrench all their expenses, and give up the drawing-room and parlour of the house to lodgers.

"So, then, we are to live like shabby wretches for the rest of our days!" cried Mrs. Dolly.

"Better live like what we are, poor but industrious people," replied Ellen, "and then we shall never be forced to do anything shabby."

"Ay, Ellen, you are, as you always are, in the right," said Maurice; "and all I desire now in this world is to make up for the past, and to fall to work in some way or other, for idleness was what first led me to the gaming-table."

Mrs. Dolly opposed these good resolutions, and urged Maurice to send George to Mr. Belton, to beg him to lend them some more money. "Since he is in the humour to be generous, and since he has taken a fancy to us," said she, "why not take him at his word, and make punch whilst the water's hot?" But all that Mrs. Dolly said was lost upon Ellen, who declared that she would never be so mean as to encroach upon such a generous friend; and Maurice protested that nothing that man, woman, or devil could say should persuade him to live in idleness another year. He sent George the next morning to Mr. Belton, with a letter, requesting that he would procure employment for him, and stating what he thought himself fit for. Amongst other things, he mentioned that he could keep accounts. That he could write a good hand was evident from his letter. Mr. Belton at this time wanted a clerk in his

manufactory; and upon Maurice's repeating his promise never more to frequent the gaming-table, Mr. Belton, after a trial, engaged him as his clerk, at a salary of fifty pounds per annum.

Everything now went on well for some months. Maurice, on whom his wife's kindness had made a deep impression, became thoroughly intent upon his business, and anxious to make her some amends for his past follies. His heart was now at ease: he came home, after his day's work at the counting-house, with an open, cheerful countenance; and Ellen was perfectly happy. They sold all the furniture that was too fine for their present way of life to the new lodgers, who took the drawing-room and front parlour of their house, and lived on the profits of their shop, which, being well attended to, was never in want of customers.

One night, about ten o'clock, as little George was sitting reading the history of Sandford and Merton, in which he was much interested, he was roused by a loud knocking at the house door. He ran to open it; but how much was he shocked at the sight he beheld. It was Mrs. Dolly—her leg broken and her skull fractured! Ellen had her brought in and laid upon a bed, and a surgeon was immediately sent for. When Maurice inquired how this terrible accident befell Mrs. Dolly, the account he received was, that she was riding home from the bowling-green public house much intoxicated; that she insisted upon stopping to get a glass of peppermint and brandy for her stomach; that, seeing she had drunk too much already, everything possible was done to prevent her from taking any more, but she would not be advised—she said she knew best what agreed with her constitution; so she alighted, and took the brandy and peppermint; and when she was to get upon her horse again, not being in her right senses, she insisted upon climbing up by a gate that was on the road-side, instead of going, as she was advised, to a bank that was a little farther on. The gate was not steady; the horse being pushed, the gate moved, and she fell, broke her leg, and fractured her skull! She was a most shocking spectacle when she was brought home. At first she was in great agony, but afterwards fell into a sort of stupor, and lay speechless.

The surgeon arrived: he set her leg, and during this operation she came to her senses, but it was only the sensibility of pain. She was then trepanned; but all was to no purpose—she died that night; and of all the friends, as she called them, who used to partake in her tea-drinkings and merry-makings, not one said more, when they heard of her death, than "Ah, poor Mrs. Dolly! she was always fond of a comfortable glass; 't was a pity it was the death of her at last."

Several tradesmen to whom she died in debt were very loud in their complaints, and the landlady at the bowling-green did not spare her memory. She went so far as to say that *it was a shame that such a drunken creature should have a Christian burial!* What little clothes Mrs. Dolly left at her death were given up to her creditors. She had owed Maurice ten guineas ever since the first month of their coming to Paddington, and when she was on her death-bed, during one of the intervals that she was in her senses, she beckoned to Maurice, and told him, in a voice scarcely intelligible, he would find in her left-hand pocket what, she hoped, would pay him the ten guineas he had lent to her. However, upon searching this pocket, no money was to be found, except

sixpence in halfpence, nor was there anything of value about her. They turned the pocket inside out, and shook it; they opened every paper that came out of it, but these were all old bills. Ellen at last examined a new shawl, which had been thrust into this pocket, and which was all crumpled up: she observed that one of the corners was doubled down and pinned, and upon taking out the yellow crooked pin, she discovered, under the corner of the shawl, a bit of paper, much soiled with snuff and stained with liquor. "How it smells of brandy!" said Ellen, as she opened it. "What is it, Maurice?"

"It is not a bank-note. It is a lottery-ticket, I do believe!" cried Maurice. "Ay, that it is! She put into the lottery without letting us know anything of the matter. Well, as she said, perhaps this may pay me my ten guineas, and overpay me, who knows? We were lucky with our last ticket, and why should we not be as lucky with this, or luckier? Eh, Ellen? We might have ten thousand pounds, or twenty thousand pounds, this time, instead of five—why not? Eh, Ellen?" But Maurice, observing that Ellen looked grave, and was not much charmed with the lottery-ticket, suddenly changed his tone, and said, "Now, don't you, Ellen, go to think that my head will run on nothing but this here lottery-ticket. It will make no difference on earth in me; I shall mind my business just as well as if there was no such thing, I promise you. If it come up a prize, well and good; and if it come up a blank, why, well and good too. So do you keep the ticket, and I shall never think more about it, Ellen. Only, before you put it by, just let me look at the number.—What makes you smile?"

"I smiled only because I think I know you better than you know yourself. But, perhaps, that should not make me smile," said Ellen, and she gave a deep sigh.

"Now, wife, why will you sigh? I can't bear to hear you sigh," said Maurice, angrily. "I tell you I know myself, and have a right to know myself, I say, a great deal better than you do; and so none of your sighs, wife."

Ellen rejoiced to see that his pride worked upon him in this manner, and mildly told him she was very glad to find he thought so much about her sighs.

"Why," said Maurice, "you are not one of those wives that are always taunting and scolding their husbands; and that's the reason, I take it, why a look or a word from you goes so far with me." He paused for a few moments, keeping his eyes fixed upon the lottery-ticket; then, snatching it up, he continued: "This lottery-ticket may tempt me to game again; for, as William Deane said, putting into the lottery is gaming, and the worst sort of gaming. So, Ellen, I'll show you that, though I was a fool once, I'll never be a fool again: all your goodness was not thrown away upon me. I'll go and sell this lottery-ticket immediately, at the office, for whatever it is worth; and you'll give me a kiss when I come home again, I know, Ellen."

Maurice, pleased with his own resolution, went directly to the lottery office to sell his ticket. He was obliged to wait some time, for the place was crowded with persons who came to inquire after tickets which they had insured. Many of these ignorant, imprudent poor people had

hazarded guinea after guinea, till they found themselves overwhelmed with debt, and their liberty, character, and existence depending on the turning of the wheel. What anxious faces did Maurice behold ! How many he heard, as they went out of the office, curse their folly for having put into the lottery ! He pressed forward to sell his ticket. How rejoiced he was when he had parted with this dangerous temptation, and when he had received seventeen guineas in hand, instead of anxious hopes ! How different were his feelings at this instant from those of many that were near him ! He stood to contemplate the scene. Here he saw a poor maid-servant, with scarcely clothes to cover her, who was stretching her thin neck across the counter, and asking the clerk, in a voice of agony, whether *her* ticket, No. 45, was come up yet.

"Number forty-five?" answered the clerk, with the most careless air imaginable. "Yes," turning over the leaves of his book—"Number forty-five, you say? Yes, it was drawn yesterday—a blank."

The wretched woman clasped her hands, and burst into tears, exclaiming, "Then I'm undone !"

Nobody seemed to have time to attend to her. A man-servant, in livery, pushed her away, saying, "You have your answer, and have no more business here, stopping the way. Pray, sir, is Number three hundred and thirty-six, the ticket I've insured so high, come up to-day?"

"Yes, sir—blank." At the word "blank," the disappointed footman poured forth a volley of oaths, declaring that he should be in jail before night ; to all which the lottery-office-keeper only answered, "I can't help it, sir—I can't help it : it is not my fault. Nobody is forced to put in the lottery, sir. Nobody's obliged to insure, sir. It was your own choice, sir. Don't blame me."

Meanwhile, a person behind the footman, repeating the words he had himself used, cried, "You have your answer, sir ; don't stop the way."

Maurice was particularly struck with the agitated countenance of one man, who seemed as if the suspense of his mind had entirely bereaved him of all recollection. When he was pressed forward by the crowd, and found himself opposite to the clerk, he was asked twice, "What's your business, sir?" before he could speak, and then could only utter the words—"Number seven."

"Still in the wheel," was the answer. "Our messenger is not yet returned from Guildhall, with news of what has been drawn this last hour. If you will call again at three, we can answer you." The man seemed to feel this as a reprieve ; but, as he was retiring, there came one with a slip of paper in his hand. This was the messenger from Guildhall, who handed the paper to the clerk. He read aloud, "Number seven. Were not you inquiring for Number seven, sir?"

"Yes," said the pale trembling man.

"Number seven is just come up, sir—blank."

At the fatal word "blank," the man fell flat upon his face in a swoon. Those near him lifted him out into the street for air.

"Here, sir, you are going without your change, after waiting for it so long," said the clerk to Maurice, who, touched with compassion for the man who had just fallen, was following those who were carrying him out. When he got into the street, Maurice saw the poor creature sitting

on a stone, supported by a hackney coachman, who held some vinegar to his nose, at the same time asking if he did not want a coach.

"A coach! oh, no," said the man, as he opened his eyes; "I have not a farthing of money in the world."

The hackney coachman swore that was a sad case, and ran across the street to offer his services where they could be paid for. "A coach, if you want one, sir. Heavy rain coming on," said he, looking at the silver which he saw through the half-closed fingers of Maurice's hand.

"Yes, I want a coach," said Maurice, and bade the coachman draw up to the stone where the poor man who had swooned was sitting. Maurice was really a good-natured fellow, and he had peculiar pity for the anguish this man seemed to feel, because he recollected what he had suffered himself when he had been ruined at the gaming-table.

"You are not able to walk; here is a coach; I will go your way, and set you down, sir," said Maurice.

The unfortunate man accepted this offer. As they went along, he sighed bitterly, and once said, with great vehemence, "Curse these lotteries! Curse these lotteries!" Maurice now rejoiced more than ever at having conquered his propensity for gaming, and at having sold his ticket. When they came opposite to a hosier's shop in Oxford Street, the stranger thanked him, and desired to be set down. "This is my home," said he, "or this was my home, I ought to say," pointing to his shop as he let down the coach-glass. "A sad warning example I am! But I am troubling you, sir, with what no way concerns you. I thank you, sir, for your civility," added he, turning away from Maurice to hide the tears which stood in his eyes; "good day to you."

He then prepared to get out of the coach; but, whilst the coachman was letting down the step, a gentleman came out of the hosier's shop to the door, and cried, "Mr. Fulham, I am glad you are come at last. I have been waiting for you this half-hour, and was just going away." Maurice pulled aside the flap of the hosier's coat as he was getting out, that he might peep at the gentleman who spoke; the voice was so like Deane's that he was quite astonished. "It is! It is William Deane!" cried Maurice, jumping out of the coach, and shaking hands with his friend.

William Deane, though now higher in the world than Robinson, was heartily glad to see him again, and to renew their old intimacy. "Mr. Fulham," said he, turning to the hosier, "excuse me to-day; I'll come and settle accounts with you to-morrow."

On their way to Paddington Maurice related to his friend all that had passed since they parted; how his good luck in the lottery tempted him to try his fortune at the gaming-table; how he was cheated by sharpers, and reduced to the brink of utter ruin; how kind Ellen was towards him in this distress; how he was relieved by Mr. Belton, who was induced to assist him from regard to Ellen and little George; how Mrs. Dolly drank herself into ill health, which would soon have killed her, if she had not in a drunken fit shortened the business by fracturing her skull; and, lastly, how she left him a lottery-ticket, which he had just sold, lest it should be the cause of fresh imprudence. "You see," added Maurice, "I do not forget all you said to me about lotteries. Better take good advice late than never. But now tell me your history."

"No," replied William Deane; "that I shall keep till we are all at dinner—Ellen and you, I and my friend George, who I hope has not forgotten me." He was soon convinced that George had not forgotten him by the joy he showed at seeing him again.

At dinner William Deane informed them that he was become a rich man, by having made an improvement in the machinery of the cotton mills, which, after a great deal of perseverance, he had brought to succeed in practice. "When I say that I am a rich man," continued he, "I mean richer than ever I expected to be. I have a share in the cotton mill, and am worth about two thousand pounds."

"Ay," said Maurice, "you have trusted to your own good sense and industry, and not to gaming and lotteries."

"I am heartily rejoiced you have nothing more to do with them," said William Deane; "but all this time you forget that I am your debtor. You lent me five guineas at a season when I had nothing. The books I bought with your money helped me to knowledge, without which I should never have got forward. Now, I have a scheme for my little friend George, that will, I hope, turn out to your liking. You say he is an intelligent, honest, industrious lad, and that he understands bookkeeping and writes a good hand; I am sure he is much obliged to you for giving him a good education."

"To his mother there he is obliged for it all," said Maurice.

"Without it," continued William Deane, "I might wish him very well, but I could do little or nothing for him. But, as I was going to tell you, that unfortunate man whom you brought to his own door in a hackney coach to-day, Maurice, is a hosier who had as good a business as most in the city, but he has ruined himself entirely by gaming; he is considerably in our debt for cotton, and I am to settle accounts with him to-morrow, when he is to give up all his concerns into my hands, in behalf of his brother, who has commissioned me to manage the business and dissolve the partnership, as he cannot hazard himself, even out of friendship for a brother, with one that has taken to gaming. Now, my friend the elder Fulham is a steady man, and is in want of a good lad for an apprentice. With your leave, I will speak to him, and get him to take George, and as to the fee, I will take care and settle that for you. I am glad I have found you all out at last. No thanks, pray. Recollect, I am only paying my old debts."

As William Deane desired to have no thanks, we shall omit the recital of those which he received, both in words and looks. We have only to inform our readers further that George was bound apprentice to the hosier, and he behaved as well as might be expected from his excellent education; that Maurice continued, in Mr. Belton's service, to conduct himself so as to secure the confidence and esteem of his master, and that he grew fonder and fonder of home and of Ellen, who enjoyed the delightful reflection that she had effected the happiness of her husband and her son. May equal happiness attend every such good wife and mother. And may every man who, like Maurice, is tempted to be a gamester, reflect that a good character and domestic happiness, which cannot be won in any lottery, are worth more than the five-thousand, or even the ten-thousand-pound prize, let any Mrs. Dolly in Christendom say what she will to the contrary.



ROSANNA.

CHAPTER I.

INDUSTRY AND ORDER ARE THE BEGINNING OF PROSPERITY.



HERE are two sorts of content : one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence ; the first is a virtue, the second a vice. Examples of both may be found in abundance in Ireland. There you may sometimes see a man, in sound health, submitting day after day to evils which a few hours' labour would remedy ; and you are provoked to hear him say, "It will do well enough for me. Didn't it do for my father before me ? I can make a shift with things for my time : anyhow, I'm content."

This kind of content is indeed the bane of industry. But instances of a different sort may be found in many of the Irish peasantry. Amongst them we may behold men struggling with adversity, with all the strongest powers of mind and body, and supporting irremediable evils with a degree of cheerful fortitude which must excite at once our pity and admiration.

In a pleasant village in the province of Leinster there lives a family of the name of Gray. Whether or no they are any way related to old Robin Gray, history does not determine ; but it is very possible that they are, because they came, it is said, originally from the north of Scotland, and one of the sons is actually called Robin. Leaving this point, however, in the obscurity which involves the early history of the most ancient and illustrious families, we proceed to less disputable and perhaps more useful facts. It is well known—that is, by all his neighbours—that Farmer Gray began life with no very encouraging prospects. He was the youngest of a large family, and the portion of his father's property that fell to his share was but just sufficient to maintain his wife and three children. At his father's death he was obliged to go into a poor mud-walled cabin, facing the door of which there was a green pool of stagnant water ; and before the window, of one pane, a dung-hill, that, reaching to the thatch of the roof, shut out the light and filled the house with the most noisome smell. The ground sloped towards the house door, so that, in rainy weather, when the pond was full, the kitchen was overflowed ; and at all times the floor was so damp and soft, that the print of the nails of brogues was left in it wherever the wearer set down his foot. To be sure these nail-marks could scarcely

be seen, except just near the door, or where the light of the fire immediately shone, because elsewhere the smoke was so thick that the pig might have been within a foot of you without your seeing him. The former inhabitants of this mansion had, it seems, been content without a chimney, and, indeed, almost without a roof; the couples and pur-lins of the roof, having once given way, had never been repaired, and swagged down by the weight of the thatch, so that the ends threatened the wigs of the unwary. The prospect without doors was scarcely more encouraging to our hero than the scene within. The farm consisted of about forty acres; and the fences of the grazing land were so bad that the neighbours' cattle took possession of it frequently by day, and always by night. The tillage-ground had been so ill managed by his predecessor, that the land was what is called quite out of heart.

If Farmer Gray had also been out of heart, he and his family might at this hour have been beggars. His situation was thought desperate by many of his neighbours, and a few days after his father's decease many came to condole with him. Amongst the rest was Easy Simon, or, as some called him, Soft Simon, on account of his unresisting disposition, and contented, or, as we should rather name it, reckless, temper. He was a sort of a half or a half-quarter gentleman, had a small patrimony of a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a year, a place in the Excise worth fifty more, and a mill, which might have been worth another hundred annually, had it not been suffered to stand still for many a year.

"Wheugh! wheugh! What a bustle we are in! and what a world of trouble is here!" cried Simon, when he came to Gray's house, and found him on the ladder taking off the decayed thatch, whilst one of his sons, a lad of about fourteen, was hard at work filling a cart from the dunghill which blockaded the window. His youngest son, a boy of twelve, with a face and neck red with heat, was making a drain to carry off the water from the green pond; and Rose, the sister, a girl of ten years old, was collecting the ducks, which her mother was going to carry to her landlord's to sell. "Wheugh! wheugh! wheugh! Why, what a world of bustle and trouble is here! Troth, Jemmy Gray, you're in a bad way sure enough! Poor cratur! poor cratur!"

"No man," replied Gray, "deserves to be called poor that has his health and the use of his limbs. Besides," continued he, "have not I a good wife and good children? and, with those blessings, has not a man sufficient reason to be content?"

"Ay, to be sure: that's the only way to get through this world," said Simon. "Whatever comes, just to take it easy, and be content. Content and a warm chimney-corner is all-in-all, according to my notion."

"Yes, Simon," said Gray, laughing; "but your kind of content would never do for me. Content that sits down in the chimney-corner, and does nothing but smoke his pipe, will soon have the house about his ears; and then what will become of Content?"

"Time enough to think of that when it comes," said Simon: "fretting never propped a house yet; and if it did, I would rather see it fall than fret."

"But could not you prop the house," said Gray, "without fretting?"

"Is it by putting my shoulders to it?" said Simon. "My shoulders have never been used to hard work, and don't like it any way. As long as I can eat, drink, and sleep, and have a coat to my back, what matter for the rest? Let the world go as it will, I'm content. Shoo! shoo! the button is off the neck of this great-coat of mine, and how will I keep it on? A pin sure will do as well as a button, and better. Mrs. Gray, or Miss Rose, I'll thank you kindly for a pin."

He stuck the pin in the place of the button, to fasten the great-coat round his throat, and walked off: it pricked his chin about a dozen times before the day was over; but he forgot the next day, and the next, and the next, to have the button sewed on. He was content to make shift, as he called it, with the pin. This is precisely the species of content which leads to beggary.

Not such the temper of our friend Gray. Not an inconvenience that he could remedy, by industry or ingenuity, was he content to endure; but necessary evils he bore with unshaken patience and fortitude. His house was soon new roofed and new thatched; the dunghill was removed, and spread over that part of his land which most wanted manure; the putrescent water of the standing pool was drained off, and fertilized a meadow; and the kitchen was never again overflowed in rainy weather, because the labour of half a day made a narrow trench which carried off the water. The prints of the shoe-nails were no longer visible in the floor, for the two boys trod dry mill-seeds into the clay, and beat the floor well, till they rendered it quite hard and even. The rooms also were cleared of smoke, for Gray built a chimney; and the kitchen window, which had formerly been stuffed up when the wind blew too hard with an old or new hat, was glazed. There was now light in the house. Light!—the great friend of cleanliness and order. The pig could now no longer walk in and out, unseen and unproved; he ceased to be an inmate of the kitchen.

The kitchen was indeed so altered from what it had been during the reign of the last master, that he did not know it again. It was not in the least like a pig-stye. The walls were whitewashed, and shelves were put up, on which clean wooden and pewter utensils were ranged. There were no heaps of forlorn rubbish in the corners of the room—not even an old basket or a blanket, or a cloak or a great-coat thrown down, just for a minute, out of the girl's way. No: Rose was a girl who always put everything in its place, and she found it almost as easy to hang a coat or a cloak upon a peg as to throw it down on the floor. She thought it as convenient to put the basket and turf-kish out of her way, when her brothers had brought in the potatoes and fuel, as to let them lie in the middle of the kitchen, to be stumbled over by herself and her mother, or to be gnawed and clawed by cat and dog. These may seem trifles unworthy the notice of the historian; but trifles such as these contribute much to the comfort of a poor family, and therefore deserve a place in their simple annals.

It was matter of surprise and censure to some of Farmer Gray's neighbours, that he began by laying out what could not be less than ten pounds (a great sum for him!) on his house and garden at the first setting out, when, to be sure, the land would have paid him better if the

money had been laid out there. And why could not he make a shift to live on in the old cabin for awhile, as others had done before his time well enough? A poor man should be *contented* with a poor house. Where was the use, said they, of laying out the good ready penny in a way that would bring nothing in? Farmer Gray calculated that he could not have laid out his money to better advantage; for by these ten pounds he had probably saved his wife, his children, and himself from a putrid fever or from the rheumatism. The former inhabitants of this house, who had been content to live with the dunghill close to the window, and the green pool overflowing the kitchen, and the sharp wind blowing in through the broken panes, had, in the course of a few years, lost their health. The father of the family had been crippled by the rheumatism, two children died of the fever, and the mother had such an inflammation in her eyes that she could not see to work, spin, or do anything. Now, the whole that was lost by the family sickness, the doctor's bill, and the burying of the two children, altogether came in three years to nearly three times ten pounds. Therefore Mr. Gray was, if we only consider money, a very prudent man. What could he or anybody do without health? Money is not the first thing to be thought of in this world; for there are many things that money cannot buy, and health is one of them. "Health can make money, but money cannot make health," said our wise farmer. "And then, for the value of a few shillings, say pounds, we have light to see what we are doing, and shelves, and a press to hold our clothes in. Why, now, this will be all so much saved to us, by-and-bye; for the clothes will last the longer, and the things about us will not go to rack; and when I and the boys can come home after our day's work to a house like this, we may be content."

Having thus insured, as far as it was in his power, health, cleanliness, and comfort in his house, our hero and his sons turned their attention to the farm. They set about to repair all the fences; for the boys, though they were young, were able to help their father in the farm: they were willing to work, and happy to work with him. John, the eldest lad, could set potatoes, and Robin was able to hold the plough; so that Gray did not hire any servant-boy to help him, nor did Mrs. Gray hire a maid. "Rose and I," she said, "can manage very well to look after the two cows, and milk them, and make the butter, and get something too by our spinning. We must do without servants, and may be happy and content to serve ourselves."

"Times will grow better; that is, we shall make them better every year: we must have the roughest first," said Gray.

The first year, to be sure, it was rough enough; and do what they could, they could not do more than make the rent of the farm, which rent amounted to forty pounds. The landlord was a Mr. Hopkins, an agent to a gentleman who resided in England. Mr. Hopkins insisted upon having the rent paid up to the day, and so it was. Gray contented himself by thinking that this was perhaps for the best. "When the rent is once paid," said he, "it cannot be called for again, and I am in no man's power; that's a great comfort. To be sure, if the half-year's rent was left in my hands for a few months, it might have been of service; but it is better not to be under an obligation to such a man as Mr. Hop-

kins, who would make us pay for it, in some shape or other, when we least expected it."

Mr. Hopkins was what is called in Ireland a middleman—one that takes land from great proprietors, to let it again at an advanced and often an exorbitant price to the poor. Gray had his land at a fair rent, because it was not from Mr. Hopkins that his father had taken the lease, but from the gentleman to whom this man was agent. Mr. Hopkins designed to buy the land which Gray farmed, and he therefore wished to make it appear as unprofitable as possible to his landlord, who, living in England, knew but little of his own estate. "If these Grays don't pay the rent," said he to his *driver*, "pound their cattle, and sell at the end of eight days. If they break and run away, I shall have the land clear, and may make a compliment of it to tenants and friends of my own, after it comes into my hands." He was rather disappointed when the rent was paid to the day. "But," said he, "it won't be so next year: the man is laying out his money on the ground, on draining and fencing, and that won't pay suddenly. We'll leave the rent in his hands for a year or so, and bring down an ejectment upon him if he once gets into our power, as he surely will; then, all that he has done to the house will be so much in my way. What a fool he was to lay out his money so!"

CHAPTER II.

GOOD EXAMPLE IS THE BEST OF ADVISERS.

IT happened, however, that the money which Gray had laid out in making his house comfortable and neat was of the greatest advantage to him, at a time and in a way which he least expected. His cottage was within sight of the high road, that led to a town from which it was about a mile distant. A regiment of English arrived, to be quartered in the town, and the wives of some of the soldiers came a few hours after their husbands. One of these women, a serjeant's wife, was taken suddenly in labour before they reached the town; and the soldier who conducted the baggage-cart in which she was, drew up to the first amongst a row of miserable cabins, that were by the road-side, to ask the people if they would give her lodging; but the sick woman was shocked at the sight of the smoke and dirt of this cabin, and begged to be carried on to the neat white-washed cottage that she saw at a little distance. This was Gray's house. His wife received the stranger with the greatest kindness and hospitality; she was able to offer her a neat bed, and a room that was perfectly dry and clean. The serjeant's wife was brought to bed soon after her arrival, and remained with Mrs. Gray till she recovered her strength. She was grateful for the kindness that was shown to her by Mrs. Gray, and so was her husband the serjeant. He came one evening to the cottage, and in his blunt English fashion said, "Mr. Gray, you know that I, or my wife, which is the same thing, have cause to be obliged to you, or to your wife, which comes also to the same thing. Now, one good turn deserves another. Our colonel has ordered me, I being quartermaster, to sell off by auction some of the cast horses belonging to the regiment. Now, I have

bought in the best for a trifle, and have brought him here with me, to beg you'll accept of him by way of some sort of a return for the civilities you and your wife—that being, as I said, the same thing—showed me and mine."

Gray replied, he was obliged to him for this offer of the horse, but that he could not think of accepting it; that he was very glad his wife had been able to show any kindness or hospitality to a stranger; but that as they did not keep a public house, they could not take anything in the way of payment.

The serjeant was more and more pleased by Farmer Gray's generosity. "Well," said he, "I heard before I came to Ireland that the Irish were the most hospitable people on the face of the earth; and so I find it come true, and I shall always say so, wheresoever I'm quartered hereafter. And now do pray answer me, is there any the least thing I can ever do to oblige you? for, if the truth must be told of me, I don't like to lie under an obligation, any more than another, where I can help it."

"To show you that I do not want to lay you under one," said Gray, "I'll tell you how you can do as much for me, and ten times as much, as I have done for you, and this without hurting yourself or any of your employers a penny."

"Say how, and it shall be done."

"By letting me have the dung of the barracks, which will make my land and me rich, without making you poorer; for I'll give you the fair price, whatever it is. I don't ask you to wrong your employers of a farthing."

The serjeant promised this should be done, and rejoiced that he had found some means of serving his friend.

Gray covered ten acres with the manure brought from the barrack; and the next year these acres were in excellent heart. This was sufficient for the grazing of ten cows: he had three, and he bought seven more; and with what remained of his hundred pounds, after paying for the cows, he built a shed and a cow-house. His wife and daughter Rose, who was now about fourteen, were excellent managers of the dairy. They made, by butter and buttermilk, about four pounds each cow within the year. The butter they salted and took to market at the neighbouring town; the buttermilk they sold to the country people, who, according to the custom of the neighbourhood, came to the house for it. Besides this, they reared five calves, which, at a year old, they sold for fifteen guineas and a half. The dairy did not, however, employ all the time of this industrious mother and daughter: they had time for spinning, and by this cleared six guineas. They also made some little matter by poultry; but that was only during the first year. Afterwards, Mr. Hopkins sent notice that they must pay all the *duty fowl*, and *duty geese*, and *turkeys*, charged in the lease, or compound with him by paying two guineas a year. This gentleman had many methods of squeezing money out of poor tenants, and he was not inclined to spare the Grays, whose farm he now more than ever wished to possess, because its value had been considerably increased by the judicious industry of the farmer and his sons.

Young as they were, both Farmer Gray's sons had a share in these improvements. The eldest had drained a small field, which used to be called the rushy field, from its having been quite covered with rushes. Now there was not a rush to be found upon it, and his father gave him the profits of the field, and said that it should be called by his name. Robin, the youngest son, had by his father's advice tried a little experiment, which many of his neighbours ridiculed at first, and admired at last. The spring which used to supply the duck-pond that often flooded the house was at the head of a meadow that sloped with a fall sufficient to let the water run off. Robin flooded the meadow at the proper season of the year, and it produced afterwards a crop such as had never been seen there before. His father called this meadow Robin's Meadow, and gave him the value of the hay that was made upon it.

"Now, my dear boys," said this good father, "you have made a few guineas for yourselves, and here are a few more for you—all that I can spare: let us see what you can do with this money. I shall take a pride in seeing you get forward by your own industry and cleverness. I don't want you to slave for me all your best days; but shall always be ready, as a father should be, to give you a helping hand."

The sons said scarcely a word in answer to this, for their hearts were full; but that night, when they were by themselves, one said to the other, "Brother, did you see Jack Reel's letter to his father? They say he has sent home ten guineas to him: is there any truth in it, think you?"

"Yes; I saw the letter; and a kinder never was written from son to father. The ten guineas I saw paid into the old man's hand; and at that same minute I wished it was I that was doing the same by my own father."

"That was just what I was thinking of, when I asked you if you saw the letter. Why, Jack Reel had nothing when he went abroad with the army to Egypt, last year. Well, I never had a liking myself to follow the drum; but it's almost enough to tempt one to it. If I thought I could send home ten pounds to my father, I would 'list to-morrow."

"That would not be well done of you, Robin," said John; "for my father would rather have *you*, a great deal, than the ten pounds, I am sure; to say nothing of my poor mother, and Rose, and myself, who would be sorry enough to hear of your being knocked on the head, as is the fate, sooner or later, of them that follow the army. Besides, I don't relish the trade of blood. I would rather be of any other trade, for my part. I would rather be any of the trades that hurt nobody, and do good to many, along with myself, as father said t'other day. Then, what a man makes so, he makes with a safe conscience, and he can enjoy it."

"You are right, John, and I was wrong to talk of 'listing," said Robin; "but it was only Jack Reel's letter, and the ten guineas sent to his father, that put it into my head. As you say, any trade is better than the trade of blood. I may make as much for my father by staying at home and minding my business. So now good night: I'll go to sleep, and we can talk more about it all to-morrow."

The next morning, as these two youths were setting potatoes for the family, and considering to what they should turn their hands when the

potatoes were all set, they were interrupted by a little *gossoon*, who came running up as hard as he could, crying, "Murder! murder! Simon O'Dougherty wants you. For the love of God, cross the bog in all haste, to help pull out his horse, that has tumbled into the old tan-pit, there beyond, in the night."

The two brothers immediately followed the boy, carrying with them a rope and a halter, as they guessed that *Soft Simon* would not have either. They found him wringing his hands beside the tan-pit, in which his horse lay smothering. A little ragged boy was tugging at the horse's head with a short bit of hay-rope. "Oh, murder! murder! What will I do for a halter? Sure, the horse will be lost for want of a halter; and where in the wide world will I look for one?" cried Simon, without stirring one inch from the spot. "Oh, the blessing of Heaven be with you, lads," continued he, turning at the sight of the Grays: "you've brought us a halter. But see! it's just over with the poor beast. All the world put together will not get him alive out of that. I must put up with the loss, and be content. He cost me fifteen good guineas, and he could leap better than any horse in the county. Oh, what a pity on him! what a pity! But take it easy; that's all we have for it! Poor cratur! poor cratur!"

Without listening to Simon's lamentations, the active lads, by the help of Simon and the two boys, pulled the horse out of the pit. The poor animal was nearly exhausted by struggling; but after some time he stretched himself, and by degrees recovered sufficiently to stand. One of his legs, however, was so much hurt that he could scarcely walk, and Simon said he would surely go lame for life.

"Who, now, would ever have thought of his straying into such an ugly place of all others?" continued he. "I know, for my share, the spot is so overgrown with grass and rubbish of one kind or other, and it's so long since any of the tanning business was going on here, in my Uncle O'Haggarty's time, that I quite forgot there were such things as tan-pits, or any manner of pits, in my possession, and I wish these had been far enough off before my own little famous Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had strayed into them, laming himself for life, like a blockhead; for the case was this: I came home late last night, not as sober as a judge, and, finding no one up but the girl, I gave her the horse to put in the stable, and she forgot the door after her, which wants a lock, and there being but a scanty feed of oats, owing to the boy's negligence, and no halter to secure the beast, my poor Sir Hyacinth strayed out here, as ill luck would have it, into the tan-pit. Bad luck to my Uncle O'Haggarty that had the tan-yard here at all! He might have lived as became him, without dirtying his hands with the tanning of dirty hides."

"I was just going," said John Gray, "to comfort you, Simon, for the laming of your horse, by observing, that if you had your tan-yard in order again, you could soon make up the price of another horse."

"Ohoo! I would not be bothered with anything of the kind. There's the mill of Rosanna there, beyond, that was the plague of my life till it stopped, and I was glad to have fairly done with it. Those that come after me may set it a-going again, and welcome. I have enough just to serve my time, and am content any way."

"But if you could get a fair rent for the tan-yard, would you let it?" said John.

"To that I should make no objection in life, provided I had no trouble with it," replied Simon.

"And if you could get somebody to keep the mill of Rosanna going, without giving you any trouble, you would not object to that, would you?" said Robin.

"Not I, to be sure," replied Simon, laughing. "Whatever God sends, be it more or less, I am content. But I would not have you think me a fool, for all I talk so easy about the matter: I know very well what I might have got for the mill some years ago, when first it stopped, if I would have let it to the man that proposed for it; but, though he was as substantial a tenant as you could see, yet he affronted me once at the last election, by calling a freeholder of mine over the coals, and therefore I was proud of an opportunity to show him I did not forget. So I refused to let him the mill on any terms, and I made him a speech for his pride to digest at the same time. 'Mr. Hopkins,' said I, 'the lands of Rosanna have been in my family these two hundred years and upwards, and though, now-a-days, many men think that everything is to be done for money, and though you, Mr. Hopkins, have made as much money as most men could in the same time—of all which I don't envy you—yet I must make bold to tell you that the lands of Rosanna, or any part or parcel thereof, is what you'll never have whilst I'm alive, Mr. Hopkins, for love or money.' The spirit of the O'Doughertys was up within me; and, though all the world calls me Easy Simon, I have my own share of proper spirit. These mushroom money-makers, that start up from the very dirt under one's feet, I can't for my part swallow them. Now, I should be happy to give you a lease of the mill of Rosanna, after refusing Hopkins, for you and your father before you, lads, have been always very civil to me. My tan-pits and all I'm ready to talk to you about, and thank you for pulling my horse out for me this morning. Will you walk up and look at the mill? I would attend you myself, but must go to the farrier about Sir Hyacinth's leg, instead of standing talking here any longer. Good morning to you kindly. The girl will give you the key of the mill, and show you everything, the same as myself."

Simon gathered his great-coat about him, and walked away to the farrier; whilst the two brothers rejoiced that they should see the mill without hearing him talk the whole time. Simon, having nothing to do all day long but to talk, was a most indefatigable gossip. When the lands of Rosanna were in question, or when his pride was touched, he was terribly fluent.

CHAPTER III.

VIRTUOUS CHILDREN ARE THE GREATEST HONOUR OF A HOUSE.

UPON examining the mill, which was a common oat-mill, John Gray found that the upper millstone was lodged upon the lower, and that this was all which prevented the mill from going. No other part of it was damaged or out of repair. As to the tan-yard, it was in great disorder; but it was most conveniently situated, was abundantly sup-

plied with water on one side, and had an oak copse at the back, so that tan^d could readily be procured. It is true that the bark of these oak-trees, which had been planted by his careful Uncle O'Haggarty, had been much damaged since Simon came into possession, for he had, with his customary negligence, suffered cattle to get amongst them. He had also, to supply himself with ready money, occasionally cut down a great deal of the best timber before it arrived at its full growth ; and at this time the Grays found every tree of tolerable size marked for destruction with the initials of Simon O'Dougherty's name.

Before they said anything more about the mill or the tan-yard to Simon, these prudent brothers consulted their father. He advised them to begin cautiously, by offering to manage the mill and the tan-yard during the ensuing year for Simon for a certain share in the profits, and then, if they should find the business likely to succeed, they might take a lease of the whole. Simon willingly made this agreement ; and there was no danger in dealing with him, because, though careless and indolent, he was honest, and would keep his engagements. It was settled that John and Robin should have the power, at the end of the year, either to hold or give up all concern in the mill and tan-yard, and in the meantime they were to manage the business for Simon, and to have such a share in the profits as would pay them reasonably for their time and labour. They succeeded beyond their expectations in the management of the mill and tan-yard during their year of probation ; and Simon, at the end of that time, was extremely glad to give them a long lease of the premises, upon their paying him down, by way of fine, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. This sum their father, who had good credit, and who could give excellent security upon his farm, which was now in a flourishing condition, raised for them, and they determined to repay him the money by regular yearly portions out of their profits.

Success did not render these young men presumptuous or negligent : they went on steadily with their business, and were contented to live frugally and work hard for some years. Many of the sons of neighbouring tradesmen and farmers, who were able perhaps to buy a horse or two, or three good coats in a year, and who set up for gentlemen, and spent their days in hunting, shooting, or cock-fighting, thought that the Grays were poor-spirited fellows for sticking so close to business. They prophesied that, even when these brothers should have made a fortune, they would not have the liberality to spend or enjoy it ; but this prediction was not verified. The Grays had not been brought up to place their happiness merely in the scraping together pounds, shillings, and pence—they valued money for money's worth, not for money's sake ; and amongst the pleasures it could purchase, they thought that of contributing to the happiness of their parents and friends the greatest. When they had paid their father the hundred and fifty pounds he had advanced, their next object was to build a neat cottage for him, near the wood and mill of Rosanna, on a beautiful spot upon which they had once heard him say that he should like to have a house.

We mentioned that Mr. Hopkins, the agent, had a view to this farm, and that he was desirous of getting rid of the Grays ; but this he found no easy matter to accomplish, because the rent was always punctually

paid. There was no pretence for *driving*, even for the duty-fowls: Mrs. Gray always had them ready at the proper time. Mr. Hopkins was further provoked by seeing the rich improvements which our farmer made every year on his land. His envy, which could be moved by the meanest objects of gain, was continually excited by his neighbour's successful industry. To-day he envied him his green meadows, and to-morrow the corks of butter packed on the car for Dublin. Farmer Gray's ten cows, which regularly passed by Mr. Hopkins's window morning and evening, were a sight that often spoiled his breakfast and supper; but that which grieved this envious man the most was the barrack manure. He would stand at his window, and with a heavy heart count the car-loads that went by to Gray's farm. Once he made an attempt to ruin Gray's friend the serjeant, by accusing him secretly of being bribed to sell the barrack manure to Gray for less than he had been offered for it by others. But the officer to whom Mr. Hopkins made his complaint was fortunately a man who did not like secret informations. He publicly inquired into the truth of the matter, and the serjeant's honesty and Mr. Hopkins's meanness were clearly proved and contrasted. The consequence of this malicious interference was beneficial to Gray, for the officer told the story to the colonel of the regiment which was next quartered in the town, and he to the officer who succeeded him, so that year after year Mr. Hopkins applied in vain for the barrack manure; Farmer Gray had always the preference, and the hatred of Mr. Hopkins knew no bounds—that is, no bounds but the letter of the law, of which he was ever mindful, because lawsuits are expensive.

At length, however, he devised a legal mode of *annoying* his enemy. Some land belonging to Mr. Hopkins lay between Gray's farm and the only bog in the neighbourhood. Now, he would not permit Mr. Gray, or anybody belonging to him, to draw turf upon his bog-road, and he absolutely forbade his own wretched tenants to sell turf to the object of his envy. By these means he flattered himself he should literally starve the enemy out of house and home.

Things were in this situation when John and Robin Gray determined to build a house for their father at Rosanna. They made no secret to him of their intentions, for they did not want to surprise but to please him, and to do everything in the manner that would be most convenient to him and their mother. Their sister Rose was in all their counsels, and for the last three years it had been one of her chief delights to go, after her day's work was over, to the mill at Rosanna, to see how her brothers were going on. How happy are those families where there is no envy or jealousy, but in which each individual takes an interest in the prosperity of the whole! Farmer Gray was heartily pleased with the gratitude and generosity of his boys, as he still continued to call them, though, by-the-bye, John was now three-and-twenty, and his brother only two years younger.

"My dear boys," said he, "nothing could be more agreeable to me and your mother than to have a snug cottage near you both, on the very spot which you say I fixed upon two years ago. This cabin that we now live in, after all I have tried to do to prop it up, and notwith-



"A prettier cottage—indeed, so pretty a one—was never before seen in this country."—p. 471

standing all Rose does to keep it neat and clean withinside, is but a crazy sort of a place. We are able now to have a better house, and I shall be glad to be out of the reach of Mr. Hopkins's persecution. Therefore let us set about and build the new house. You shall contribute your share, my boys, but only a share; mind, I say, only a share. And I hope next year to contribute my share towards building a house for each of you. It is time you should think of marrying and settling. It is no bad thing to have a house ready for a bride. We shall have quite a little colony of our own at Rosanna. Who knows but I may live to see my grandchildren—ay, and my great-grandchildren—settled there all round me, industrious and contented?"

Goodwill is almost as expeditious and effectual as Aladdin's lamp. The new cottage for Farmer Gray was built at Rosanna, and he took possession of it the ensuing spring. They next made a garden, and furnished it with all sorts of useful vegetables and some pretty flowers. Rose had great pleasure in taking care of this garden. Her brothers also laid out a small green lawn before the door, and planted the boundaries with whitethorn, crab-trees, lilacs, and laburnums. The lawn sloped down to the water-side, and the mill and copse behind it were seen from the parlour windows. A prettier cottage—indeed, so pretty a one—was never before seen in this county.

But what was better far than the pretty cottage, or the neat garden, or the green lawn, or the whitethorn, the crab-trees, the lilacs, and the laburnums, was the content that smiled amongst them.

Many who have hundreds and thousands are miserable, because they still desire more, or rather because they know not what they would have. For instance, Mr. Hopkins—the rich Mr. Hopkins, who had scraped together in about fifteen years above twenty thousand, some said thirty thousand, pounds—had never been happy for a single day, either whilst he was making this fortune or when he had made it, for he was of an avaricious, discontented temper. The more he had, the more he desired. He could not bear the prosperity of his neighbours, and if his envy made him industrious, yet at the same time it rendered him miserable. Though he was what the world calls a remarkably fortunate man, yet the feelings of his own mind prevented him from enjoying his success. He had no wife, no children, to share his wealth. He would not marry, because a wife is expensive, and children are worse than taxes. His whole soul was absorbed in the love of gain. He denied himself, not only the comforts, but the common necessities of life. He was alone in the world. He was conscious that no human being loved him. He read his history in the eyes of all his neighbours.

It was known that he had risen upon the ruin of others, and the higher he had risen the more conspicuous became the faults of his character. Whenever any man grew negligent of his affairs, or by misfortune was reduced to distress, Hopkins was at hand to take advantage of his necessities. His first approaches were always made under the semblance of friendship, but his victims soon repented their imprudent confidence when they felt themselves in his power. Unrestrained by a sense of honour or the feelings of humanity, he felt no scruple in pursuing his interest to the very verge of what the law would call fraud.

Even his own relations complained that he duped them without scruple, and none but strangers to his character, or persons compelled by necessity, would have any dealings with this man. Of what advantage to him, or to any one else, were the thousands he had accumulated?

It may be said that such beings are necessary in society—that their industry is productive, and that therefore they ought to be preferred to the idle, unproductive members of the community; but wealth and happiness are not the same things. Perhaps at some future period enlightened politicians may think the happiness of nations more important than their wealth. In this point of view they would consider all the members of society who are productive of happiness as neither useless nor despicable; and, on the contrary, they would condemn and discourage those who merely accumulate money without enjoying or dispensing happiness. But some centuries must probably elapse before such a philosophic race of politicians can arise. In the meantime let us go on with our story.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOOLISH AND THE WEAK ARE THE PREY OF THE WICKED.

MR. HOPKINS was enraged when he found that his expected victim had escaped his snares. He saw the pretty cottage rise, and the mill of Rosanna work, in despite of his malevolence. He long brooded over his malice in silence. As he stood one day on the top of a high mount on his own estate, from which he had a view of the surrounding country, his eyes fixed upon the little Paradise in the possession of his enemies—he always called those his enemies to whom he was inimical: this is no uncommon mistake in the language of the passions.

“The Rosanna mill shall be stopped before this day twelvemonth, or my name is not Hopkins,” said he to himself. “I have sworn vengeance against those Grays, and I will humble them to the dust before I have done with them. I shall never sleep in peace till I have driven those people from the country.”

It was, however, no easy matter to drive from the country such inoffensive inhabitants. The first thing Mr. Hopkins resolved on was to purchase, from Simon O'Dougherty, the field adjoining to that in which the mill stood. The brook flowed through this field; and Mr. Hopkins saw, with malicious satisfaction, that he could at a small expense turn the course of the stream and cut off the water from the mill. Poor Simon by this time had reduced himself to a situation in which his pride was compelled to yield to pecuniary considerations. Within the three last years his circumstances had been materially changed. Whilst he was a bachelor his income had been sufficient to maintain him in idleness; Soft Simon, however, at last took it into his head to marry, or rather, a cunning damsel who had been his mistress for some years, took it into her head to make him marry. She was skilled in the arts both of wheedling and scolding. To resist these united powers was too much to be expected from a man of Simon's easy temper. He argued thus with himself: “She has cost me more as she is than if she had been my wife twice over; for she has no interest in looking after any-

thing belonging to me, but only just living on from day to day, and making the most for herself and her children. And the children, too, all in the same way, snatching what they can make sure of for themselves. Now, if I make her my lawful wife, as she desires, the property will be hers as well as mine, and it will be her interest to look after all. She is a stirring notable woman, and will save me a world of trouble, and make the best of everything for her children's sake; and they, being adopted by me, will make my interest their own, as she says; and, besides, this is the only way left me to have peace."

To avoid the cares and plagues of matrimony, and that worst of plagues, a wife's tongue, Simon first was induced to keep a housekeeper, and now, to silence his housekeeper, he made her his wife. She assured him that till she was his lawful lady she never should have peace or quietness, nor could she, in conscience, suffer him to have a moment's rest. Simon married her, to use his own phrase, out of hand; but the marriage was only the beginning of new troubles. The bride had hordes and clans of relations, who came pouring in from all quarters to pay their respect to Mistress O'Dougherty. Her good easy man could not shut his doors against any one: the O'Doughertys were, above a hundred, ay, two hundred years ago, famous for hospitality, and it was incumbent upon Simon O'Dougherty to keep up the honour of the family. Her four children were now to be maintained in idleness, for they, like their adopted father, had an insurmountable aversion to business. The public opinion of Simon suddenly changed. Those who were in any way related to the O'Doughertys, and who dreaded that he and these children should apply to them for pecuniary assistance, began the cry against him of—"What a shame it is that the man does not do something for himself and his family! How can those expect to be helped who won't help themselves? He is contented, indeed! Yes, and he must soon be contented to sell the lands that have been in the family so long, and then, by-and-bye, he must be content, if he does not bestir himself, to be carried to jail. It is a sin for any one to be content to eat the bread of idleness!"

These and similar reproaches were uttered often in our idle hero's presence. They would perhaps have excited him to some sort of exertion, if his friend Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had not, in consequence of certain electioneering services, and in consideration of his being one of the best sportsmen in the county, and of Simon's having named a horse after him, procured for him a place of about fifty pounds a year in the revenue. Upon the profits of this place Simon contrived to live in a shambling sort of way.

How long he might have shuffled on is a problem which must now for ever remain unsolved, for his indolence was not permitted to take its natural course. His ruin was accelerated by the secret operation of an active and malignant power. Mr. Hopkins, who had determined to get that field which joined to Gray's mill, and who well knew that the pride of the O'Doughertys would resist the idea of selling to him any part or parcel of the lands of Rosanna, devised a scheme to reduce Simon to immediate and inextricable distress.

Simon was, as it might have been foreseen, negligent in discharging

the duties of his office, which was that of a supervisor. He either did not know or connived at the practices of sundry illegal distillers in his neighbourhood. Malicious tongues did not scruple to say that he took money upon some occasions from the delinquents, but this he positively denied. Possibly his wife and sons knew more of this matter than he did. They sold certain scraps of paper, called protections, to several petty distillers, whose safest protection would have been Simon's indolence. One of these scraps of paper, to which there was O'Dougherty's signature, fell into the hands of Mr. Hopkins.

That nothing might be omitted to insure his disgrace, Hopkins sent a person on whom he could depend, to give Simon notice that there was an illegal still at such a house, naming the house for which the protection was granted. Soft Simon received the information with his customary carelessness, said it was too late to think of going to seize the still that evening, and declared he would have it seized the next day ; but the next day he put it off, and the day afterwards he forgot it, and the day after that he received a letter from the collector of excise, summoning him to answer to an information which had been laid against him for misconduct. In this emergency he resolved to have recourse to his friend Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, who, he thought, could make interest to screen him from justice. Sir Hyacinth gave him a letter to the collector, who happened to be in the country. Away he went with the letter. He was met on the road by a friend, who advised him to ride as hard after the collector as he could, to overtake him before he should reach Counsellor Quin's, where he was engaged to dine. Counsellor Quin was candidate for the county, in opposition to Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, and it was well understood that whomsoever the one favoured, the other hated. It behoved Simon, therefore, to overtake the collector before he should be within the enemy's gates. Simon whipped and spurred, and puffed and fretted, but all in vain, for he was mounted upon the horse which, as the reader may remember, fell into the tan-pit. The collector reached Counsellor Quin's long before Simon arrived, and when he presented Sir Hyacinth's letter, it was received in a manner that showed it came too late. Simon lost his place and his fifty pounds a year ; but what he found most trying to his temper were the reproaches of his wife, which were loud, bitter, and unceasing. He knew from experience that nothing could silence her but letting her "have all the plea ;" so he suffered her to rail till she was quite out of breath, and he very nearly asleep, and then said, "What you have been observing is all very just, no doubt ; but, since a thing past can't be recalled, and those that are upon the ground, as our proverb says, can go no lower, that's a great comfort, and so we may be content."

"Content, in troth ! Is it content to live upon potatoes and salt ? I that am your lawful wife ! And you, that are an O'Dougherty too, to let your lady be demeaned and looked down upon, as she will be now, even by them that are sprung up from nothing since yesterday. There's Mrs. Gray, over yonder at Rosanna, living on your own land ; look at her and look at me, and see what a difference there is !"

"Some difference there surely is," said Simon.

"Some difference there surely is !" repeated Mrs. O'Dougherty,

raising her voice to the shrillest note of objurgation, for she was provoked by a sigh that escaped Simon as he pronounced his reply, or rather his acceding sentence. Nothing, in some cases, provokes a female so much as agreeing with her. "And if there is some difference between me and Mrs. Gray, I should be glad to know whose fault that is?"

"So should I, Mrs. O'Dougherty."

"Then I'll tell you instantly whose fault it is, Mr. O'Dougherty; the fault is your own, Mr. O'Dougherty. No, the fault is mine, Mr. O'Dougherty, for marrying you, or consorting with you at all. If I had been matched to an active, industrious man, like Mr. Gray, I might have been as well in the world and better than Mrs. Gray, for I should become a fortune better than she, or any of her seed, breed, or generation, and it's a scandal in the face of the world, and all the world says so, it's a scandal to see them Grays flourishing and settling a colony there at Rosanna, at our expense."

"Not our expense, my dear, for you know we made nothing of either tan-yard or mill, and now they pay us thirty pounds a year, and that punctually too. What should we do without it, now we have lost the place in the revenue? I am sure I think we were very lucky to get such tenants as the Grays."

"In truth, I think no such thing, for if you had been blessed with the sense of a midge, you might have done all they have done yourself, and then what a different way your lawful wife and family would have been in! I am sure I wish it had pleased the saints above to have married me, when they were about it, to such a man as Farmer Gray or his sons."

"As for the sons," said Simon, "they are a little out of the way in point of age; but to Farmer Gray I see no objection in life; and if he sees none, and will change wives, I'm sure, Ally, I shall be content."

The sort of composure and dry humour with which Simon made this last speech overcame the small remains of Mrs. O'Dougherty's patience. She burst into a passion of tears; and from this hour—it being now past eleven o'clock at night—from this hour until six in the morning she never ceased weeping, wailing, and upbraiding. Simon rose from his sleepless bed, saying, "The saints above, as you call them, must take care of you now, Ally, anyhow, for I'm fairly tired out; so I must go a-hunting, or a-shooting, with my friend Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, to recruit my spirits."

The unfortunate Simon found to his mortification that his horse was so lame he could scarcely walk. Whilst he was considering where he could borrow a horse, just for the day's hunt, Mr. Hopkins rode into his yard, mounted on a fine hunter. Though naturally supercilious, this gentleman could stoop to conquer. He was well aware of Simon's dislike to him; but he also knew that Simon was in distress for money. Even the strongest passions of those who involve themselves in pecuniary difficulties must yield to the exigencies of the moment. Easy Simon's indolence had now reduced him to a situation in which his pride was obliged to bend to his interest. Mr. Hopkins had once been repulsed with haughtiness by the representative of the O'Dougherty

family when he offered to purchase some of the family estate; but his proposal was now better timed, and was made with all the address of which he was master. He began by begging Simon to give his opinion of the horse on which he was mounted, as he knew Mr. O'Dougherty was a particularly good judge of a hunter, and he would not buy it from Counsellor Quin's groom without having a skilful friend's advice. Then he asked whether it was true that Simon and the collector had quarrelled, exclaimed against the malice and officiousness of the informer, whoever he might be, and finished by observing that, if the loss of his place put Simon to any inconvenience, there was a ready way of supplying himself with money by the sale of any of the lands of Rosanna. The immediate want of a horse, and the comparison he made at this moment between the lame animal on which he was leaning and the fine hunter upon which Hopkins was mounted, had more effect upon Simon than all the rest. Before they parted, Mr. Hopkins concluded a bargain for the field on which he had set his heart: he obtained it for less than its value by three years' purchase. The hunter was part of the valuable consideration he gave to Simon.

The moment Hopkins was in possession of this field adjoining to Gray's mill, he set about to turn the mill-course. He was not to be deterred in this undertaking even by the apprehension of expense. He calculated that he should not ultimately be a loser by his present labours, for he resolved to flood his meadow with the water which he turned from the mill-course.

CHAPTER V.

FALSE WANTS ARE THE SOURCES OF POVERTY.

WE shall leave Hopkins to his operations, while matters of higher import claim our attention. One morning, as Rose was on the little lawn before the house door, gathering the first snowdrops of the year, a servant in a handsome livery rode up and asked if Mr. Gray or any of the family were at home. Her father and brothers were out in the fields at some distance, but she said she would run and call them. "There is no occasion, miss," said the servant, "for the business is only to leave these cards for the ladies of the family."

He put two cards into Rose's hand, and galloped off with the air of a man who had a vast deal of business of importance to transact. The cards contained an invitation to an election ball which Sir Hyacinth O'Brien was going to give to the secondary class of gentry in the county. Rose took the cards to her mother, and whilst they were reading them over for the second time, in came Farmer Gray to breakfast. "What have we here, child?" said he, taking up one of the cards. He looked at his wife and daughter with some anxiety for a moment, and then, as if he did not wish to restrain them, turned the conversation to another subject, and nothing was said of the ball till breakfast was over.

Mrs. Gray then bade Rose go and put her flowers in water; and as soon as she was out of the room she said, "My dear, I see you don't like that we should go to this ball, so I am glad I did not say what I thought of it to Rose before you came in; for you must know I had a

mother's foolish vanity about me, and the minute I saw the card I pictured to myself our Rose dressed like any of the best of the ladies, and looking handsomer than most of them, and everybody admiring her! But perhaps the girl, not having been bred to be a lady, is better as she is. And yet, now we are as well in the world as many that set up for and are reckoned gentlefolks, why should not our girl take this opportunity of rising a step in life?" Mrs. Gray spoke with some confusion and hesitation.

"My dear," replied Farmer Gray, in a gentle yet firm tone, "it is very natural that you, being the mother of such a girl as our Rose, should be proud of her, and eager to show her to the best advantages but the main point is to make her happy, not to do just what will please our own vanity for the minute. Now, I am not at all sure that raising her a step in life, even if we could do it by sending her to this ball, would be for her happiness. Are not we happy as we are—Come in, Rose, love, come in; I should be glad for you to hear what we are saying, and judge for yourself: you are old enough and wise enough, I'm sure. I was going to ask, are not we all happy in the way we live together now?"

"Yes! oh, yes! that we are, indeed," said both the wife and daughter.

"Then should not we be content, and not wish to alter our condition?"

"But to go to only one ball, papa, would not alter our condition, would it?" said Rose, timidly.

"If we begin once to set up for gentry, we shall not like to go back again to be what we are now; so, before we begin, we had best consider what we have to gain by the change. We have meat, drink, clothes, and fire: what more could we have if we were gentry? We have enough to do, and not too much. We are all well pleased with ourselves and with one another. We have health and good consciences. What more could we have, if we were to set up to be gentry? Or, rather, to put the question closer, could we in that case have all these comforts? No, I think not; for, in the first place, we should be straitened for want of money; because a world of baubles, that we don't feel the want of now, would become as necessary to us as our daily bread. We should be ashamed not to have all the things that gentlefolks have: though these don't signify a straw, nor half a straw, in point of any real pleasure they give, still they must be had. Then we should be ashamed of the work by which we must make money to pay for all these knick-nacs. John and Robin would blush up to the eyes, then, if they were to be caught by the genteel folks in their mill, heaving up sacks of flour, and covered all over with meal, or if they were to be found with their arms bare beyond the elbows in the tan-yard. And you, Rose, would hurry your spinning-wheel out of sight, and be afraid to be caught cooking my dinner. Yet there is no shame in any of these things, and now we are all proud of doing them."

"And long may we be so!" cried Mrs. Gray. "You are right, and I spoke like a foolish woman. Rose, my child, throw these cards into the fire. We are happy and contented; and if we change, we shall be discontented and unhappy, as so many of what they call our betters are. There! the cards are burned; now let us think no more about them."

"Rose, I hope, is not disappointed about this ball ; are you, my little Rose?" said her father, drawing her towards him, and seating her on his knee.

"There was one reason, papa," said Rose blushing, "there was one reason, and only one, why I wished to have gone to this ball."

"Well, let us hear it. You shall do as you please, I promise you beforehand. But tell us the reason. I believe you have found it somewhere at the bottom of that snowdrop, which you have been examining this last quarter of an hour. Come, let me have a peep," added he, laughing.

"The only reason, papa, is—*was*, I mean," said Rose—"But, look ! oh, I can't tell you now. See who is coming."

It was Sir Hyacinth O'Brien in his gig, and with him his English servant, Stafford, whose staid and sober demeanour was a perfect contrast to the dash and bustle of his master's appearance. This was an electioneering visit. Sir Hyacinth was canvassing the county—a business in which he took great delight, and in which he was said to excel. He possessed all the requisite qualifications, and was certainly excited by a sufficiently strong motive ; for he knew that, if he should lose his election, he should at the same time lose his liberty, as the privilege of a Member of Parliament was necessary to protect him from being arrested. He had a large estate, yet he was one of the poorest men in the county ; for, no matter what a person's fortune may be, if he spend more than his income, he must be poor. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien not only spent more than his income, but desired that his rent-roll should be thought to be at least double what it really was : of course he was obliged to live up to the fortune which he affected to possess, and this idle vanity early in life entangled him in difficulties, from which he had never sufficient strength of mind to extricate himself. He was ambitious to be the leading man in his county, studied all the arts of popularity, and found them extremely expensive, and stood a contested election. He succeeded ; but his success cost him several thousands. All was to be set to rights by his talents as a public speaker, and these were considerable : he had eloquence, wit, humour, and sufficient assurance to place them all in the fullest light. His speeches in Parliament were much admired, and the passion of ambition was now kindled in his mind. He determined to be a leading man in the senate ; and whilst he pursued this object with enthusiasm, his private affairs were entirely neglected. Ambition and economy never can agree. Sir Hyacinth, however, found it necessary to the happiness, that is to the splendour, of his existence, to supply, by some means or other, the want of what he called the paltry selfish counterfeit virtue—economy. Nothing less would do than the sacrifice of that which had been once, in his estimation, the most noble and generous of human virtues—patriotism. The sacrifice was painful, but he could not avoid making it, because, after living upon five thousand a year, he could not live upon five hundred. So from a flaming patriot he sank into a pensioned placeman. He then employed all his powers of wit and sophistry to ridicule the principles which he had abandoned. In short, he affected to glory in a species of political profligacy and laughed or sneered at public virtue,

as if it could only be the madness of enthusiasm or the meanness of hypocrisy. By the brilliancy of his conversation and the gaiety of his manners Sir Hyacinth sometimes succeeded in persuading others that he was in the right ; but, alas ! there was one person whom he could never deceive, and that was himself. He despised himself, and nothing could make him amend for the self-complacency that he had lost. Without self-approbation all the luxuries of life are tasteless.

Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, however, was for some years thought, by those who could see only the outward man, to be happy, and it was not till the derangement of his affairs became public that the world began at once to pity and blame him. He had a lucrative place ; but he was, or thought himself, obliged to live in a style suited to it, and he was not one shilling the richer for his place. He endeavoured to repair his shattered fortunes by marrying a rich heiress ; but the heiress was, or thought herself, obliged to live up to her fortune, and of course her husband was not one shilling the richer for his marriage. When Sir Hyacinth was occasionally distressed for money, his agent, who managed all affairs in his absence, borrowed money with as much expedition as possible ; and expedition in matters of business must, as everybody knows, be paid for exorbitantly. There are men who, upon such terms, will be as expeditious in lending money as extravagance and ambition united can desire. Mr. Hopkins was one of these, and he was the money-lender who supplied the baronet's real and imaginary wants. Sir Hyacinth did not know the extreme disorder of his own affairs till a sudden dissolution of Parliament obliged him to prepare for the expense of a new election. When he went to the country, he was at once beset with duns and constituents, who claimed from him favours and promises. Miserable is the man who courts popularity, if he be not rich enough to purchase what he covets.

Our baronet endeavoured to laugh off with a good grace his apostacy from the popular party ; and whilst he could laugh at the head of a plentiful table, he could not fail to find many who would laugh with him ; but there was a strong party formed against him in the county. Two other candidates were his competitors. One of them was Counsellor Quin, a man of vulgar manners and mean abilities, but yet one who could drink and cajole electors full as well as Sir Hyacinth, with all his wit and elegance. The other candidate, Mr. Molyneux, was still more formidable, not as an electioneerer, but as a man of talents and unimpeached integrity, which had been successfully exerted in the service of his country. He was no demagogue, but the friend of justice and of the poor, whom he would not suffer to be oppressed by the hand of power or persecuted by the malice of party spirit. A large number of grateful independent constituents united to support this gentleman. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had reason to tremble for his fate : it was to him a desperate game. He canvassed the county with the most keen activity, and took care to engage in his interest all those *underlings* who delight in galloping round the country to electioneer, and who think themselves paid by the momentary consequence they enjoy and the bustle they create. Amongst these busybodies was Simon O'Dougherty. Indolent in all his own concerns, he was remarkably active in managing the

affairs of others. His home being now insufferable to him, he was glad to stroll about the country ; and to him Sir Hyacinth O'Brien left all the dirty work of the canvass. Soft Simon had reduced himself to the lowest class of *stalkos*, or *walking gentlemen*, as they are termed—men who have nothing to do, and no fortune to support them, but who style themselves Esquire, and who, to use their own mode of expression, are jealous of that title, and of their claims to family antiquity. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien knew how at once to flatter Simon's pride and to lure him on by promises. Soft Simon believed that the baronet, if he gained his election, would procure him a place in the Customs equivalent to that of which he had been lately deprived. Upon the faith of this promise, Simon worked harder for his patron than he ever was known to do upon any previous occasion ; and he was not deficient in that essential characteristic of an electioneerer—boasting. He carried this habit sometimes rather too far ; for he not only boasted so as to bully the opposite party, but so as to deceive his friends. Over his bottle he often persuaded his patron that he could command voters with whom he had no manner of influence. For instance, he told Sir Hyacinth O'Brien that he was certain all the Grays would vote for him ; and it was in consequence of this assurance that the cards of invitation to the ball had been sent to Rose and her mother, and that the baronet was now come in person to pay his respects at Rosanna.

We have kept him waiting an unconscionable time at the cottage door, and we must now show him in.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HONEST ARE EASILY DECEIVED.

THE beauty of Rose was the first thing that struck him upon his entrance. The impression was so sudden and so lively that for a few minutes the election and all that belonged to it vanished from his memory. The politeness of a county candidate made him appear, in other houses, charmed with father, mother, son, and daughter ; but in this cottage there was no occasion for dissimulation : he was really pleased with each individual of the family. The natural feelings of his heart were touched. The ambitious man forgot all his schemes and all his cares in the contemplation of this humble picture of happiness and content, and the baronet conversed a full quarter of an hour with Farmer Gray before he relapsed into himself.

"How much happier," thought he, "are these people than I am, or than I ever have been ! They are contented in obscurity ; I was discontented, even in the full blaze of celebrity. But my fate is fixed. I embarked on the sea of politics as thoughtlessly as if it were only on a party of pleasure ; now I am chained to the oar, and a galley-slave cannot be more wretched."

Perhaps the beauty of Rose had some share in exciting Sir Hyacinth's sudden taste for rural felicity. It is certain he at first expressed more disappointment at hearing that she would not go to the ball than at being told that her father and brothers could not vote for him. Farmer Gray, who was as independent in his principles as in his circumstances,

honestly answered the baronet that he thought Mr. Molyneux the fittest man to represent the county, and it was for him he should therefore vote. Sir Hyacinth tried all his powers of persuasion in vain, and he left the cottage mortified and melancholy.

He met Simon O'Dougherty when he had driven a few miles from the door, and, in a tone of much pique and displeasure, reproached him for having deceived him into a belief that the Grays were his friends. Simon was rather embarrassed; but the genius of gossiping had luckily just supplied him with a hint by which he could extricate himself from this difficulty.

"The fault is all your own, if I may make so free as to tell you so, Sir Hyacinth O'Brien," said he, "as capital an electioneer as you are, I'll engage I'll find one that shall outdo you here. Send me and Stafford back again this minute to Rosanna, and we'll bring you the three votes as dead as crows in an hour's time, or my name is not O'Dougherty, now."

"I protest, Mr. O'Dougherty, I do not understand you."

"Then let me whisper half a word in your ear, Sir Hyacinth, and I'll make you sensible I'm right." Simon winked most significantly, and looked wondrous wise; then, stretching himself half off his horse into the gig to gain Sir Hyacinth's ear, he whispered that he knew, from the best authority, Stafford was in love with Gray's pretty daughter Rose, and that Rose had no dislike to him; that she was all to her father and brothers, and of course could and would secure their votes, if properly spoke to.

This intelligence did not immediately produce the pleasing change of countenance which might have been expected. Sir Hyacinth coldly replied he could not spare Stafford at present, and drove on. The genius of gossiping, according to her usual custom, had exaggerated considerably in her report. Stafford was attached to Rose, but had never yet told her so; and as to Rose, we might perhaps have known all her mind if Sir Hyacinth's gig had not appeared just as she was seated on her father's knee, and going to tell him her reason for wishing to go to the ball.

Stafford acted in the capacity of house-steward to the baronet, and had the management of all his master's unmanageable servants. He had brought with him from England ideas of order and punctuality which were somewhat new and extremely troublesome to the domestics at Hyacinth Hall; consequently he was much disliked by them—and not only by them, but by most of the country people in the neighbourhood, who imagined he had a strong predilection in favour of everything that was English and an undisguised contempt for all that was Irish. They, however, perceived that this prejudice against the Irish admitted of exceptions. The family of the Grays, Stafford acknowledged, were almost as orderly, punctual, industrious, and agreeable, as if they had been born in England. This was matter of so much surprise to him, that he could not forbear going at every leisure hour to the mill or the cottage of Rosanna, to convince himself that such things could actually be in Ireland. He bought all the flour for the hall at Rosanna mill, and Rose supplied the housekeeper constantly with poultry, so that his

master's business continually obliged Stafford to repeat his visits; and every time he went to Gray's cottage, he thought it more and more like an English farmhouse, and imagined Rose every day looked more like an Englishwoman than anything else. "What a pity she was not born on the other side of the water, for then his mother and friends in Warwickshire could never have made any objection to her; but she being an Irishwoman, they would for certain never fancy her. He had oftentimes heard them as good as say that it would break their hearts if he was to marry and settle among the bogs and the wild Irish."

This recollection of his friends' prejudices at first deterred Stafford from thinking of marrying Rose; but it sometimes happens that reflection upon the prejudices of others shows us the folly of our own, and so it was in the present instance. Stafford wrote frequently to his friends in Warwickshire, to assure them that they had quite wrong notions of Ireland; that all Ireland was not a bog; that there were several well-grown trees in the parts he had visited; that there were some as pretty villages as you could wish to see anywhere, only that they called them towns; that the men, though some of them still wear brogues, were more hospitable to strangers than the English; and that the women, when not smoke-dried, were some of the handsomest he had seen, especially one Rose or Rosamond Gray, who was also the best and most agreeable girl he had ever known, though it was almost a sin to say so much of one who was not an Englishwoman born.

Much more in the same strain Stafford wrote to his mother, who, in reply to these letters, "besought him to consider well what he was about before he suffered himself to begin falling desperately in love with this Rose or Rosamond Gray, or any Irishwoman whatsoever, who, having been bred in a mud-walled cabin, could never be expected to turn out in the long run equal to a true-born Englishwoman, bred in a slated house."

Stafford's notions had been so much enlarged by his travels that he could not avoid smiling at some passages in his mother's epistle; yet he so far agreed with her in opinion as to think it prudent not to begin falling desperately in love with any woman, whether Irish or English, till he was thoroughly acquainted with her temper and disposition. He therefore prudently forbore—that is to say, as much as he could forbear—to show any signs of his attachment to Rose till he had full opportunity of forming a decisive judgment of her character. This he had now in his power. He saw that his master was struck with the fair Rosamond's charms, and he knew that Sir Hyacinth would pursue his purpose with no common perseverance. His heart beat with joy when the card which brought her refusal arrived. He read it over and over again, and at last put it into his bosom, close to his heart.

"Rose is a good daughter," said he to himself; "and that is a sign that she will make a good wife. She is too innocent to see or suspect that master has taken a fancy to her, but she is right to do as her prudent, affectionate father advises. I never loved that Farmer Gray so well in all my whole life as at this instant."

Stafford was interrupted in his reverie by his master, who, in an angry voice, called for him to inquire why he had not, according to his

orders, served out some oats for his horses the preceding day. The truth was, that anxiety about Rose and the ball had made him totally forget the oats. Stafford coloured a good deal, confessed that he had done very wrong to forget the oats, but that he would go to the granary immediately and serve them out to the groom. Perhaps Stafford's usual exactness might have rendered his omission pardonable to any less irritable and peremptory master than Sir H. O'Brien.

When Sterne once heard a master severely reprimanding a servant for some trifling fault, he said to the gentleman, "My dear sir, we should not expect to have every virtue under the sun for twenty pounds a year." Sir Hyacinth O'Brien expected to have them for merely the promise of twenty pounds a year. Though he never punctually paid his servants' wages, he abused them most insolently whenever he was in a passion. Upon the present occasion his ill humour was heightened by jealousy.

"I wish, sir," cried he to Stafford, after pouring forth a volley of oaths, "you would mind your business, and not run after objects that are not fit for you. You are become good for nothing of late: careless, indolent, and not fit to be trusted."

Stafford bore all that his master said till he came to the words "not fit to be trusted;" but the moment those were uttered he could no longer command himself: he threw down the great key of the granary which he held in his hand, and exclaimed, "Not fit to be trusted? Is this the reward of all my services? Not fit to be trusted! Then I have no business here."

"The sooner you go the better, sir," cried the angry baronet, who at this instant desired nothing more than to get him out of his way. "You had best set off for England directly; I have no further occasion for your services."

Stafford said not a word more, but retired from his master's presence to conceal his emotion; and when he was alone, burst into tears, repeating to himself, "So this is the reward of all my services!"

When Sir Hyacinth's passion cooled, he reflected that seven years' wages were due to Stafford, and as it was not convenient to him at this election-time to part with so much ready money, he resolved to compromise. It was not from any sense of justice, but from necessity; and therefore he had the meanness to apologize to his steward, and to hint that he was welcome to remain, if he pleased, in his service.

"Sir," replied Stafford, "as you say you did not mean I was not fit to be trusted, which were the words that neither I deserved nor could put up with, I am satisfied. I shall be happy to remain with you provided I may make bold to speak to you on another point, and to inquire whether you would make any objections to my thinking of Rose Gray for a wife?"

"Objections! not I," said Sir Hyacinth, commanding his countenance with a promptitude which defied the plain Englishman's penetration. "Why should I make any objection to your marrying Rose Gray?"

"I don't know; I can't say, sir," answered Stafford, ashamed of his own suspicions: "only I thought, the day you went to Rosanna, you seemed to take particular notice of her being so handsome; and yesterday you bade me not run after objects that were not fit for me."

"Is there no other object in the world but Rose Gray? And why should you imagine I think she is not fit for you?" cried Sir Hyacinth, laughing. "As to the praises I bestowed on her the day I went to Rosanna, they were electioneering compliments, nothing more."

Satisfied, and more than satisfied, by this explanation, and by the condescension with which it was given, Stafford's affection for his master returned with all its wonted force, and he resumed his former occupations about the house with redoubled activity. He waited only till his master could spare him for a day, to go to Rosanna and make his proposal for Rose. Her behaviour concerning the ball convinced him that his mother's prejudices against Irishwomen were ill founded. Whilst his mind was in this state, his master one morning sent for him, and told him that it was absolutely necessary he should go to a neighbouring county, to some persons who were freeholders, and whose votes might turn the election. The business would only occupy a few days, Sir Hyacinth said, and Stafford willingly undertook it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REVENGEFUL ARE AS BLIND AS THEY ARE WICKED.

THE gentlemen to whom Stafford had letters were not at home, and he was detained above a fortnight. When he returned he took a road which led by Rosanna, that he might at least have the pleasure of seeing Rose for a few minutes; but when he called at the cottage, to his utter surprise he was refused admittance. Being naturally of a warm temper, and not deficient in pride, his first impulse was to turn his horse's head and gallop off; but checking his emotion, he determined not to leave the place till he should discover the cause of this change of conduct. He considered that none of this family had formerly treated him with caprice or duplicity; it was, therefore, improbable they should suddenly alter their conduct towards him, unless they had reason to believe that they had some sufficient cause. He rode immediately to a field where he saw some labourers at work. Farmer Gray was with them. Stafford leaped from his horse, and with an air of friendly honesty held out his hand, saying, "I can't believe you mean to affront me: tell me what is the reason I am not to be let into your house, my good friend?"

Gray leaned upon his stick, and after looking at him for a moment, replied, "We have been too hasty, I see; we have had no cause of quarrel with you, Stafford: you could never look at me with that honest countenance if you had any hand in this business."

"What business?" cried Stafford.

"Walk home with me, out of the hearing of these people, and you shall know."

As they walked towards the cottage, Gray took out his great leather pocket-book, and searched for a letter. "Pray, Stafford," said he, "did you, about ten days ago, send my girl a melon?"

"Yes, one of my own raising. I left it with the gardener, to be sent to her with my best respects and services, and a message intimating

that I was sorry master's business required I should take a journey, and could not see her for a few days, or something that way."

"No such message came; only your services, the melon, and this note. I declare," continued Gray, looking at Stafford whilst he read the letter, "he turns as pale as my wife herself did when I showed it to her!"

Stafford indeed grew pale with anger. It was a *billet doux* from his master to Rose, which Sir Hyacinth entreated might be kept secret, promising to make her fortune and marry her well, if she would only have compassion upon a man who adored and was dying for her, &c., &c.

"I will never see my master again," exclaimed Stafford. "I could not see him without the danger of doing something that I might not forgive myself. He a gentleman! He a gentleman! I'll gallop off and leave his letters and his horse with some of his people. I'll never see him again. If he does not pay me a farthing of my seven years' wages, I don't care; I will not sleep in his house another night. He a gentleman!"

Farmer Gray was delighted by Stafford's generous indignation, which appeared the more striking as Stafford's manner was usually sober and remarkably civil. All this happened at two o'clock in the afternoon; and the evening of the same day he returned to Rosanna. Rose was sitting at work in the seat of the cottage window. When she saw him at the little white gate, her colour gave notice to her brothers who was coming, and they ran out to meet him.

"You ought to shut your doors against me now, instead of running out to meet me," said he; "for I am not clear that I have a farthing in the world, except what is in this portmanteau. I have been fool enough to leave all I have earned in the hands of a *gentleman*, who can only give me his bond for my wages. But I am glad I am out of his house, at any rate."

"And I am glad you are in mine," said Farmer Gray, receiving him with a warmth of hospitality which brought tears of gratitude into Stafford's eyes. Rose smiled upon her father, and said nothing, but set him his arm-chair, and was very busy arranging the tea-table. Mrs. Gray beckoned to her guest, and made him sit down beside her, telling him he should have as good tea at Rosanna as ever he had in Warwickshire; "and out of Staffordshire ware, too," said she, taking her best Wedgewood tea-cups and saucers out of a cupboard.

Robin, who was naturally gay and fond of rallying his friends, could not forbear affecting to express his surprise at Stafford's preferring an Irishwoman, of all women in the world. "Are you quite sure, Stafford," said he, "that you are not mistaken? Are you sure my sister has not wings on her shoulders?"

"Have done now, Robin!" said his mother, who saw that Stafford was a good deal abashed, and had no answer ready. "If Mr. Stafford had a prejudice against us Irish, so much the more honourable for my Rose to have conquered it; and as to wings, they would have been no shame to us natives, supposing we had them; and of course it was no affront to attribute them to us. Have not the angels themselves wings?"

A timely joke is sometimes a real blessing; and so Stafford felt it at this instant. His bashfulness vanished by degrees, and Robin rallied

him no more. "I had no idea," said he, "how easy it is to put an Englishman out of countenance in the company of his mistress."

This was a most happy evening at Rosanna. After Rose retired, which she soon did to see after the household affairs, her father spoke in the kindest manner to Stafford. "Mr. Stafford," said he, "if you tell me that you are able to maintain my girl in the way of life she is in now, you shall have her. This, in my opinion and in hers, is the happiest way of life for those who have been bred to it. I would rather see Rose matched to an honest, industrious, good-humoured man, like yourself, whom she can love, than see her the wife of a man as grand as Sir Hyacinth O'Brien; for, to the best of my opinion, it is not the being born to a great estate that can make a man content, or even rich. I think myself a richer man this minute than Sir Hyacinth; for I owe no man anything, am my own master, and can give a little matter both to child and stranger. But your head is very naturally running upon Rose, and not upon my moralizing. All I have to say is, win her and wear her; and as to the rest, even if Sir Hyacinth never pays you your own, that shall not stop your wedding. My sons are good lads, and you and Rose shall never want whilst the mill of Rosanna is going."

This generosity quite overpowered Stafford. Generosity is one of the characteristics of the Irish. It not only touched but surprised the Englishman, who amongst the same rank of his own countrymen had been accustomed to strict honesty in their dealings, but seldom to this warmth of friendship and forgetfulness of all selfish considerations. It was some minutes before he could articulate a syllable; but after shaking his intended father-in-law's hand with that violence which expresses so much to English feelings, he said, "I thank you heartily; and if I live to the age of Methusalem, shall never forget this. A friend in need is a friend indeed. But I will not live upon yours or your good sons' earnings; that would not be fair dealing, or like what I have been bred up to think handsome. It is a sad thing for me that this master of mine can give me nothing for my seven years' service but this scrap of paper" (taking out of his pocket-book a bond of Sir Hyacinth's). "But my mother, though she has her prejudices, and is very stiff about them, being an elderly woman, and never going out of England, or even beyond the parish in which she was born, yet she is kind hearted, and I cannot think will refuse to help me, or that she will cross me in marriage when she knows the thing is determined; so I shall write to her before I sleep, and wish I could but enclose in the cover of my letter the picture of Rose, which would be better than all I could say. But no picture would do her justice. I don't mean a compliment like that Sir Hyacinth paid to her face, but only the plain truth. I mean that a picture could never make my mother understand how good, and sweet tempered, and modest Rose is. Mother has a world of prejudices; but she is a good woman, and will prove herself so to me, I make no doubt."

Stafford wrote to his mother a long letter, and received in a fortnight afterwards this short answer:

"SON GEORGE,—I warned you not to fall in love with an Irish-woman, to which I told you I could never give my consent.

"As you bake, so you must brew. Your sister Dolly is marrying too,

and setting up a shop in Warwick, by my advice and consent. All the money I can spare I must give, as in reason, to her who is a dutiful child; and mean with her and grandchildren, if God please, to pass my latter days, as fitting, in this parish of Little Sonchy, in Old England, where I was born and bred. Wishing you may not repent, or starve, or so forth, which please to let me know,

"I am your affectionate mother, DOROTHY STAFFORD."

All Stafford's hopes were confounded by this letter: he put it into Farmer Gray's hands without saying a word, then drew his chair away from Rose, hid his face in his hands, and never spoke or heard a word that was saying round about him for full half an hour, till at last he was roused by his friend Robin, who, clapping him on the back, said, "Come, Stafford, English pride won't do with us. This is all to punish you for refusing to share and share alike with us in the mill of Rosanna, which is what you must and shall do now, for Rose's sake, if not for ours or your own. Come, say Done."

Stafford could not help being moved. All the family except Rose joined in these generous entreaties, and her silence said even more than their words. Dinner was on the table before this amicable contest was settled. Dinner? Yes, dinner. In the midst of the most sentimental scenes people must sometimes go to dinner, and on the most important and critical days of life dinner comes upon table as usual. It is not said, I grant, that Stafford ate so much as usual this day. Robin insisted upon his drinking a toast with him in Irish ale, which was,—
"Rose Gray and Rosanna Mill."

The glass was just filled and the toast pronounced, when in came one of Gray's workmen, in an indescribable perspiration and rage.

"Master Robin! Master John! Master!" cried he, "we are all ruined. The mill and all——"

"The mill!" exclaimed everybody, starting up.

"Ay, the mill: it's all over with it and with us: not a turn more will Rosanna mill ever take for me or you, not a turn!" continued he, wiping his forehead with his arm, and hiding by the same motion his eyes, which ran over with tears. "It's all that thief Hopkins's doing. May every guinea he touches, and every shilling and tester and penny itself, blister his fingers from this day forward and for evermore."

"But what has he done to the mill?"

"May every guinea, shilling, tester, and penny he looks upon, from this day forth for evermore, be a blight to his eyes and a canker to his heart! But I can't wish him a worse canker than what he has there already. Yes, he has the canker at heart! Is not he eaten up with envy? as all who look at him may read in that evil eye. Bad luck to the hour when it fixed on the mill of Rosanna!"

"But what has he done to the mill? Take it patiently, and tell us quietly," said Farmer Gray; "and do not curse the man any more."

"Not curse the man! Take it quietly, master! Is it time to take it quietly, when he is at this present minute carrying every drop of water from our mill-course?—so he is, the villain!"

At these words Stafford seized his oak stick and sprang towards the door. Robin and John eagerly followed; but as they passed by their

father, he laid a hand on each, and called to Stafford to stop. At his respected voice they all paused. "My children," said he, "what are you going to do? No violence—no violence. You shall have justice, boys, depend upon it. We will not let ourselves be oppressed. If Mr. Hopkins were ten times as great and twenty times as tyrannical as he is, we shall have justice: the laws will reach him. But we must take care and do nothing in anger. Therefore I charge you, let me speak to him, and, whatever passes, do you keep your tempers. Maybe all this is only a mistake. Perhaps Mr. Hopkins is only making drains for his own meadow, or maybe is going to flood it, and does not know, till we tell him, that he is emptying our water-course."

"He can't but know it!—he can't but know it! He's 'cute enough, and too 'cute," muttered Paddy, as he led the way to the mill.

Stafford and the two brothers followed Mr. Gray respectfully, admiring his moderation, and resolving to imitate it if they possibly could. Mr. Hopkins was stationed cautiously on the boundary of his own land.

"There he is, mounted on the back of the ditch, enjoying the mischief all he can!" cried Paddy. "And, hark! he is whistling, whilst our stream is running away from us! May I never cross myself again, if I would not rather than the best shirt ever I had to my back, push him into the mud, as he deserves, this very minute; and if it wasn't for my master here, it's what I'd do before I drew breath again!"

Farmer Gray restrained Paddy's indignation with some difficulty, and advancing calmly towards Mr. Hopkins, he remonstrated with him in a mild tone. "Surely, Mr. Hopkins," said he, "you cannot mean to do us such an injury as to stop our mill?"

"I have not laid a finger on your mill," replied Hopkins, with a malicious smile. "If your man there," pointing to Paddy, "could prove my having laid a finger upon it, you might have your action of trespass; but I am no trespasser—I stand on my own land, and have a right to water my own meadow; and, moreover, have witnesses to prove that for ten years last past, whilst the mill of Rosanna was in Simon O'Dougherty's hands, the water-course was never full, and the mill was in disuse. The stream runs against you now, and so does the law, gentlemen. I have the best counsel's opinion in Ireland to back me. Take your remedy when and where you can find it. Good morning to you."

Without listening to one word more, Mr. Hopkins hastily withdrew; for he had no small apprehensions that Paddy, whose threats he had overheard, and whose eyes sparkled with rage, might execute upon him that species of prompt justice which no quibbling can evade.

"Do not be disheartened, my dear boys," said Farmer Gray to his sons, who were watching with mournful earnestness the slackened motion of their water-wheel. "Saddle my horse for me, John; and get yourselves ready, both of you, to come with me to Counsellor Molyneux."

"Oh, father," said John, "there is no use in going to him, for he is one of the candidates, you know, and Mr. Hopkins has a great many votes."

"No matter for that," said Gray; "Mr. Molyneux will do justice—that is my opinion of him. If he was another sort of man, I would not trouble myself to go near him, nor stoop to ask his advice; but my

opinion of him is that he is above doing a dirty action for votes or anything else ; and I am convinced his own interest will not weigh a grain of dust in the balance against justice. Saddle the horses, boys."

His sons saddled the horses ; and all the way the farmer was riding he continued trying to keep up the spirits of his sons by assurances that if Counsellor Molyneux would take their affair in hand, there would be an end of all difficulty.

"He is not one of those justices of the peace," continued he, "who will huddle half a dozen poor fellows into gaol without law or equity. He is not a man who goes into Parliament saying one thing, and who comes out saying another. He is not, like our friend Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, forced to sell tongue, and brains, and conscience, to keep his head above water. In short, he is a man who dares to be the same, and can, moreover, afford to be the same, at election-time as any other time ; for which reasons I dare to go to him now, in this our distress, although I have to complain of a man who has forty-six votes—which is the number, they say, Mr. Hopkins can command."

Whilst Farmer Gray was thus pronouncing a panegyric on Counsellor Molyneux for the comfort of John and Robin, Stafford was trying to console Rose and her mother, who were struck with sorrow and dismay at the news of the mill's being stopped. Stafford had himself almost as much need of consolation as they, for he foresaw it was impossible he should at present be united to his dear Rose : all that her generous brothers had to offer was a share in the mill. The father had his farm, but this must serve for the support of the whole family, and how could Stafford become a burden to them now that they would be poor, when he could not bring himself to be dependent upon them even when they were, comparatively speaking, rich ?

CHAPTER VIII.

JUSTICE, PERSEVERANCE, AND FORTITUDE COMBINED ARE UNCONQUERABLE.

WITH anxious hearts the little party at the cottage expected the return of the father and his sons. Rose sat at the window watching for them, her mother laid down her knitting and sighed, and Stafford was silent, for he had exhausted all his consolatory eloquence, and saw and felt it had no effect.

"Here they come ! But they ride so slow that I am sure they bring us no good news," said Rose.

No, there was not any good news. Counsellor Molyneux had, indeed, behaved as well as man could do ; he had declared that he would undertake to manage and plead their cause in any court of justice on earth, and had expressed the strongest indignation against the villany of Hopkins ; but, at the same time, he had fairly told the Grays that this litigious man, if they commenced a suit, might ruin them by law before they could recover their rights.

"So we may go to bed this night melancholy enough," said Robin, "with the certainty that our mill is stopped, and that we have a long lawsuit to go through before we can see it going again—if ever we do."

Rose and Stafford looked at one another and sighed.

"We had better not go to law, to lose the little we have left, at any rate," said Mrs. Gray.

"Wife, I am determined my boys shall have justice," said the father, firmly. "I am not fond of law, God knows—I never had a lawsuit in my life—nobody dreads such things more than I do; but I dread nothing in defence of my sons and justice. Whilst I have a penny left in the world, I'll spend it to obtain them justice. The labour of their lives shall not be in vain—they shall not be robbed of all they have—they shall not be trampled upon by any one living, let him be ever so rich or ever so litigious. I fear neither his money nor his quirks of law. Plain sense is the same for him and for me, and justice my boys shall have. Mr. Molyneux will plead our cause himself—I desire no more. If we fail and are ruined, our ruin be upon the head of him who works it. I shall die content when I have done all I can to obtain justice for my children."

As soon as the facts were known, everybody in the neighbourhood felt extreme indignation against Hopkins, and all joined in pitying the two brothers and applauding the spirit of their father. There was not an individual who did not wish that Hopkins might be punished; but he had been engaged in so many lawsuits, and had been so successful in screening himself from justice and in ruining his opponents, that everybody feared that the Grays, though they were so much in the right, would never be able to obtain justice according to the forms of law; many, therefore, advised that it might not be brought to trial; but Farmer Gray persisted, and Counsellor Molyneux steadily abided by his word, and declared he would plead the cause himself.

Mr. Hopkins sent the counsellor a private hint, that if he, directly or indirectly, protected the Grays, he must give up all hopes of the forty-six votes, which, as the county was now nearly balanced, must turn the election. Mr. Molyneux paid no attention to this hint, but the very day on which he received it visited Farmer Gray in his cottage, walked with him to Rosanna mill, and settled how the suit should be carried on.

Hopkins swore he would spare no expense to humble the pride both of the Grays and their protector. An unexpected circumstance, however, occurred. It had often been prophesied by Mr. Molyneux, who knew the species of bargains which Hopkins drove, with all manner of people by whose distresses he could make money, that he would sooner or later overshoot his mark, as cunning persons often do. Mr. Molyneux predicted that, amongst the medley of his fraudulent purchases, he would at length be the dupe of some unsound title, and that, amongst the multitudes whom he ruined, he would at last meet with some one who would ruin him. The person who was the means of accomplishing this prophecy was, indeed, the last that would have been guessed—Soft Simon O'Dougherty! In dealing with him, Mr. Hopkins, who thoroughly despised indolent honesty, was quite off his guard; and, in truth, Simon had no design to cheat him; but it happened that the lease which he made over to Hopkins, as his title to the field that he sold, was a lease renewable for ever, with a strict clause binding the lessee to renew within a certain time after the failure of each life, under penalty of forfeiting the lease. From the natural laziness of Easy Simon he had neglected to renew, and had even forgotten that the life was dropped: he assigned

his lease over a bottle to Mr. Hopkins, who seized it with avidity, lest he should lose the lucky moment to conclude a bargain in which he thought he had at once overreached Simon, and had secured to himself the means of wreaking his vengeance upon the Grays. This lease was of the field adjoining to Rosanna mill ; and by the testimony of some old people in the neighbourhood he fancied he could prove that this meadow was anciently flooded, and that the mill-course had gone into disuse. In all his subsequent operations he had carefully kept himself, as he thought, upon his own lands ; but now that a suit against him was instituted, it was necessary to look to his own title, into which he knew Mr. Molyneux would examine.

Upon reading over the lease assigned to him by Simon, he noticed the strict clause binding the tenant to renew within a certain time. A qualm came over him. He was astonished at himself for not having more carefully perused the lease before he concluded the bargain. Had it been with any one but Soft Simon, this could not have happened. He hastened in search of Simon with the utmost anxiety, to inquire whether all the lives were in being. Simon at first said he had such a mist over his memory that he could not exactly recollect who the lives were ; but at last he made out that one of them had been dead beyond the time for renewal. The gentleman, his landlord, he said, was in Dublin, and he had neglected, sure enough, to write to him from post to post.

The rage of Mr. Hopkins was excessive : he grew white with anger. Easy Simon yawned, and begged him not to take the thing so to heart. "For, after all," said he, "you know the loss must be mine. I can't make good the sale of this field to you, as I have lost it by my own carelessness ; but that's nothing to you, for you know as well as I do, that to make good the deficiency, you will, somehow or other, get a better piece of ground out of the small remains of patrimony I have left, God help me !"

"God help *you*, indeed !" cried Hopkins, with a look and accent of mingled rage and contempt. "I tell you, man, the loss is mine ; and no other land you have to sell or give can make me any amends. I shall lose my lawsuit."

"Wheugh ! wheugh ! Why, so much the better. Where's the use of having lawsuits ? The loss of such bad things can never be great."

"No trifling, pray," said Hopkins, with impatience, as he walked up and down the room, and repeatedly struck his forehead.

"Ho ! ho ! ho ! I begin to comprehend. I know whereabouts you are now," cried Simon. "Is it not the Grays you are thinking of ? Ay, that's the suit you are talking about. But now, Mr. Hopkins, you ought to rejoice, as I do, instead of grieving, that it is out of your power to ruin that family ; for in truth they are good people, and have the voice of the county with them against you ; and if you were to win your suit twenty times over, that would still be the same. You would never be able to show your face ; and for my own part, my conscience would never forgive me for being instrumental, unknown to myself, in giving you the power to do this mischief. And after all, what put it into your head to stop Rosanna mill, when its going gave you no trouble in life ?"

Hopkins, who had not listened to one syllable Simon was saying, at this instant suddenly stopped walking, and in a soft, insinuating voice,

addressed him in these words: "Mr. O'Dougherty, you know I have a great regard for you."

"Maybe so," said Simon, "though that is more than I ever knew you to have for anybody."

"Pray be serious. I tell you I have, and will prove it."

"That is more and more surprising, Mr. Hopkins."

"And which is more surprising still, I will make your fortune, if you will do a trifling kindness for me."

"Anything in nature that won't give me an unreasonable deal of trouble."

"Oh, this will give you no sort of trouble," said Hopkins. "I will get you, before this day se'nnight, that place in the revenue which you have been wishing for so long, and that Sir Hyacinth O'Brien will never get for you. I say I will insure it to you under my hand this minute, if you will do what I want of you."

"To be sure I will, if it's no trouble. What is it?"

"Only just," said Hopkins, hesitating—"only just—you must remember—you cannot but recollect that you wrote to your landlord to offer to renew?"

"I remember to recollect no such thing," said Simon, surprised.

"Yes, yes," said Hopkins, "but he gave you no answer, you know."

"But I tell you I never wrote to him at all."

"Pshaw! You have a bad memory, Simon, and your letter might have miscarried. There's nothing simpler than that—nothing more easily said."

"If it were but true," said Simon.

"True or not, it may be said, you know."

"Not by Simon O'Dougherty, Mr. Hopkins."

"Look you, Mr. O'Dougherty, I have a great regard for you," continued Hopkins, holding him fast, and producing a pocket-book full of bank-notes.—"I must, thought he, come up to this scoundrel's price, for he has me now. He is more knave than fool, I see.—"Let us understand one another, my good friend Simon. Name your sum, and make me but a short affidavit, purporting that you did apply for this renewal, and you have your place in the revenue snug besides."

"You don't know whom you are speaking to, Mr. Hopkins," said Simon, looking over his shoulder with cool and easy contempt. "The O'Doughertys are not accustomed to perjuring themselves, and it's a trouble I would not take for any man, if he were my own father even; no, not for all the places in the revenue that were ever created, nor for all the bank-notes ever you cheated mankind out of, Mr. Hopkins, into the bargain. No offence. I never talked of cheating till you named perjury to me, for which I do not kick you downstairs, in the first place, because there are no stairs, I believe, to my house; next, because, if there were ever so many, it would be beneath me to make use of them upon any such occasion; and, lastly, it would be quite too much trouble. Now we understand each other perfectly, I hope, Mr. Hopkins."

Cursing himself and overwhelmed with confusion, Hopkins withdrew.

Proud of himself, and having a story to tell, Simon O'Dougherty hastened to Rosanna, to relate all that had happened to the Grays, and to congratulate them, as he said, upon his own carelessness.

The joy with which they listened to Simon's story was great, and in proportion to the anxiety they had suffered. In less than an hour's time they received a mean supplicating letter from Hopkins, entreating they would not ruin his reputation and all his prospects in life by divulging what had passed, and promising that the mill-stream of Rosanna should be returned to its proper channel without any expense to them, and that he would make a suitable compensation in money, if they would bind themselves to secrecy. It will easily be guessed that they rejected all his offers with disdain. The whole affair was told by them to Mr. Molyneux, and the next day all the neighbourhood knew it, and triumphed in the detection of a villain who had long been the oppressor of the poor. The neighbours all joined in restoring the water to the mill-course; and when Rosanna mill was once more at work, the village houses were illuminated, and even the children showed their sympathy for the family of the Grays by huge bonfires and loud huzzas. Simon O'Dougherty's landlord was so much pleased by the honesty he had shown in this affair, that he renewed the lease of the meadow, instead of insisting upon the forfeiture; and Farmer Gray delighted poor Simon still more by promising to overlook for him the management of the land which still remained in his possession.

In the meantime Mr. Hopkins, who could not go out of his own house without being insulted, or without fearing to be insulted, prepared to quit the county. "But, before I go," said he, "I shall have the pleasure and triumph, at least, of making Mr. Molyneux lose his election."

The Grays feared Mr. Molyneux would indeed be a sufferer for the generous protection he had afforded them in their distress. The votes were nearly balanced in the county, and the forty-six votes which Hopkins could command would decide the contest. There are often in real life instances of what is called poetical justice. The day before the election, Sir Hyacinth was arrested at the suit of Stafford, who chose his opportunity so well that the sheriff, though he was a fast friend of the baronet's, could not refuse to do his duty. The sheriff had such a number of writs immediately put into his hands that bail could not be found, and Mr. Molyneux was elected without opposition.

But let us return from the misery of arrests and elections to peace, industry, family union, and love, in the happy cottage of Rosanna. No obstacles now prevented the marriage of Stafford and Rose. It was celebrated with every simple demonstration of rural felicity. The bride had the blessings of her fond father and mother, the congratulations of her beloved brothers, and the applause of her own heart. Are not these better things than even forty fine wedding-gowns, or a showy coach of the best workmanship? Rose thought so, and her future life proved she was not much mistaken.

Some time after his marriage, Stafford took his wife to England to see his mother, who was soon reconciled to him and her Irish daughter-in-law, whose gentle manners and willing obedience overcame her unreasonable dislike. Old Mrs. Stafford declared to her son, when he was returning, that she had so far got the better of what he called her prejudices, that, if she could but travel to Ireland without crossing the sea, she verily believed she would go and spend a year with him and the Grays at Rosanna.



MURAD THE UNLUCKY.

CHAPTER I.

CREDULITY IS ALWAYS THE CAUSE OF MISERY.



T is well known that the Grand Seigneur amuses himself by going at night, in disguise, through the streets of Constantinople, as the Caliph Haroun Alraschid used formerly to do in Bagdad.

One moonlight night, accompanied by his grand vizier, he traversed several of the principal streets of the city without seeing anything remarkable. At length, as they were passing a ropemaker's, the sultan recollected the Arabian story of Cogia Hassan Alhabal, the ropemaker, and his two friends Saad and Saadi, who differed so much in their opinion concerning the influence of fortune over human affairs.

"What is your opinion on this subject?" said the Grand Seigneur to his vizier.

"I am inclined, please your Majesty," replied the vizier, "to think that success in the world depends more upon prudence than upon what is called luck or fortune."

"And I," said the sultan, "am persuaded that fortune does more for men than prudence. Do you not every day hear of persons who are said to be fortunate or unfortunate? How comes it that this opinion should prevail amongst men if it be not justified by experience?"

"It is not for me to dispute with your Majesty," replied the prudent vizier.

"Speak your mind freely; I desire and command it," said the sultan.

"Then I am of opinion," answered the vizier, "that people are often led to believe others fortunate or unfortunate merely because they only know the general outline of their histories, and are ignorant of the incidents and events in which they have shown prudence or imprudence. I have heard, for instance, that there are at present in this city two men who are remarkable for their good and bad fortune—one is called *Murad the Unlucky*, and the other *Saladin the Lucky*. Now, I am inclined to think, if we could hear their stories, we should find that one is of a prudent and the other of an imprudent character."

"Where do these men live?" interrupted the sultan. "I will hear their histories from their own lips before I sleep."

"Murad the Unlucky lives in the next square," said the vizier.

The sultan desired to go thither immediately. Scarcely had they entered the square, when they heard the cry of loud lamentations. They followed the sound till they came to a house, of which the door was open, and where there was a man tearing his turban and weeping bitterly. They asked the cause of his distress, and he pointed to the fragments of a china vase which lay on the pavement at his door.

"This seems undoubtedly to be beautiful china," said the sultan, taking up one of the broken pieces ; " but can the loss of a china vase be the cause of such violent grief and despair?"

"Ah, gentlemen!" said the owner of the vase, suspending his lamentations, and looking at the dress of the pretended merchants, "I see that you are strangers: you do not know how much cause I have for grief and despair. You do not know that you are speaking to Murad the Unlucky! Were you to hear all the unfortunate accidents that have happened to me, from the time I was born till this instant, you would perhaps pity me, and acknowledge I have just cause for despair." Curiosity was strongly expressed by the sultan, and the hope of obtaining sympathy inclined Murad to gratify it by the recital of his adventures. "Gentlemen," said he, "I scarcely dare invite you into the house of such an unlucky being as I am; but if you will venture to take a night's lodging under my roof, you shall hear at your leisure the story of my misfortunes."

The sultan and the vizier excused themselves from spending the night with Murad, saying that they were obliged to proceed to their khan, where they would be expected by their companions; but they begged permission to repose themselves for half an hour in his house, and besought him to relate the history of his life, if it would not renew his grief too much to recollect his misfortunes. Few men are so miserable as not to like to talk of their misfortunes, where they have, or where they think they have, any chance of obtaining compassion. As soon as the pretended merchants were seated, Murad began his story in the following manner:

My father was a merchant of this city. The night before I was born he dreamed that I came into the world with the head of a dog and the tail of a dragon, and that, in haste to conceal my deformity, he rolled me up in a piece of linen, which unluckily proved to be the Grand Seigneur's turban; who, enraged at his insolence in touching his turban, commanded that his head should be struck off.

My father wakened before he lost his head, but not before he had half lost his wits from the terror of his dream. Being a firm believer in predestination, he was persuaded that I should be the cause of some great evil to him, and he took an aversion to me even before I was born. He considered his dream as a warning sent from above, and consequently determined to avoid the sight of me. He would not stay to see whether I should really be born with the head of a dog and the tail of a dragon, but he set out the next morning on a voyage to Aleppo.

He was absent for upwards of five years, and during that time my education was totally neglected. One day I inquired from my mother why I had been named Murad the Unlucky. She told me that this

name was given to me in consequence of my father's dream ; but she added that perhaps it might be forgotten, if I proved fortunate in my future life. My nurse, a very old woman, who was present, shook her head, with a look which I never shall forget, and whispered to my mother, loud enough for me to hear, "Unlucky he was, and is, and ever will be. Those that are born to ill luck cannot help themselves, nor could any, but the great prophet Mahomet himself, do anything for them. It is a folly for an unlucky person to strive with his fate : it is better to yield to it at once." This speech made a terrible impression upon me, young as I then was, and every accident that happened to me afterwards confirmed my belief in my nurse's prognostic. I was in my eighth year when my father returned from abroad. The year after he came home my brother Saladin was born, who was named Saladin the Lucky, because, the day he was born, a vessel freighted with rich merchandise for my father arrived safely in port.

I will not weary you with a relation of all the little instances of good fortune by which my brother Saladin was distinguished, even during his childhood. As he grew up, his success in everything he undertook was as remarkable as my ill luck in all that I attempted. From the time the rich vessel arrived we lived in splendour, and the supposed prosperous state of my father's affairs was of course attributed to the influence of my brother Saladin's happy destiny.

When Saladin was about twenty, my father was taken dangerously ill ; and, as he felt that he should not recover, he sent for my brother to the side of his bed, and, to his great surprise, informed him that the magnificence in which we had lived had exhausted all his wealth—that his affairs were in the greatest disorder, for, having trusted to the hope of continual success, he had embarked in projects beyond his powers. The sequel was that he had nothing remaining to leave to his children but two large china vases, remarkable for their beauty, but still more valuable on account of certain verses inscribed upon them in an unknown character, which were supposed to operate as a talisman or charm in favour of their possessors. Both these vases my father bequeathed to my brother Saladin, declaring he could not venture to leave either of them to me, because I was so unlucky that I should inevitably break it. After his death, however, my brother Saladin, who was blessed with a generous temper, gave me my choice of the two vases, and endeavoured to raise my spirits by frequently repeating that he had no faith either in good fortune or ill fortune. I could not be of his opinion, though I felt and acknowledged his kindness in trying to persuade me out of my settled melancholy. I knew it was in vain for me to exert myself, because I was sure that, do what I would, I should still be Murad the Unlucky. My brother, on the contrary, was no ways cast down even by the poverty in which my father left us. He said he was sure he should find some means of maintaining himself, and so he did. On examining our china vases, he found in them a powder of a bright scarlet colour, and it occurred to him that it would make a fine dye. He tried it, and after some trouble it succeeded to admiration.

During my father's lifetime, my mother had been supplied with rich dresses by one of the merchants who was employed by the ladies of

the Grand Seigneur's seraglio : my brother had done this merchant some trifling favours, and upon application to him he readily engaged to recommend the new scarlet dye. Indeed it was so beautiful, that the moment it was seen it was preferred to every other colour. Saladin's shop was soon crowded with customers, and his winning manners and pleasant conversation were almost as advantageous to him as his scarlet dye. On the contrary, I observed that the first glance at my melancholy countenance was sufficient to disgust every one who saw me. I perceived this plainly, and it only confirmed me the more in my belief in my own evil destiny.

It happened one day that a lady richly appavelled, and attended by two female slaves, came to my brother's house to make some purchases. He was out, and I alone was left to attend the shop. After she had looked over some goods, she chanced to see my china vase, which was in the room. She took a prodigious fancy to it, and offered me any price if I would part with it ; but this I declined doing, because I believed that I should draw down upon my head some dreadful calamity if I voluntarily relinquished the talisman. Irritated by my refusal, the lady, according to the custom of her sex, became more resolute in her purpose ; but neither entreaties nor money could change my determination. Provoked beyond measure at my obstinacy, as she called it, she left the house. On my brother's return, I related to him what had happened, and expected that he would have praised me for my prudence ; but, on the contrary, he blamed me for the superstitious value I set upon the verses on my vase, and observed that it would be the height of folly to lose a certain means of advancing my fortune for the uncertain hope of magical protection. I could not bring myself to be of his opinion ; I had not the courage to follow the advice he gave. The next day the lady returned, and my brother sold his vase to her for ten thousand pieces of gold. This money he laid out in the most advantageous manner, by purchasing a new stock of merchandise. I repented when it was too late ; but I believe it is part of the fatality attending certain persons, that they cannot decide rightly at the proper moment. When the opportunity has been lost, I have always regretted that I did not do exactly the contrary to what I had previously determined upon. Often, whilst I was hesitating, the favourable moment passed. Now, this is what I call being unlucky. But to proceed with my story.

The lady who bought my brother Saladin's vase was the favourite of the sultan and all-powerful in the seraglio. Her dislike to me, in consequence of my opposition to her wishes, was so violent that she refused to return to my brother's house while I remained there. He was unwilling to part with me ; but I could not bear to be the ruin of so good a brother. Without telling him my design, I left his house, careless of what should become of me. Hunger, however, soon compelled me to think of some immediate mode of obtaining relief. I sat down upon a stone before the door of a baker's shop : the smell of hot bread tempted me in, and with a feeble voice I demanded charity. The master baker gave me as much bread as I could eat, upon condition that I should change dresses with him, and carry the rolls for him through the city

that day. To this I readily consented ; but I had soon reason to repent of my compliance. Indeed, if my ill-luck had not, as usual, deprived me at the critical moment of memory and judgment, I should never have complied with the baker's treacherous proposal. For some time before, the people of Constantinople had been much dissatisfied with the weight and quality of the bread furnished by the bakers. This species of discontent has often been the sure forerunner of an insurrection, and in these disturbances the master bakers frequently lose their lives. All these circumstances I knew, but they did not occur to my memory when they might have been useful.

I changed dresses with the baker ; but scarcely had I proceeded through the adjoining street with my rolls, before the mob began to gather round me with reproaches and execrations. The crowd pursued me even to the gates of the Grand Seigneur's palace, and the grand vizier, alarmed at their violence, sent out an order to have my head struck off ; the usual remedy in such cases being to strike off the baker's head. I now fell upon my knees, and protested I was not the baker for whom they took me ; that I had no connection with him ; and that I had never furnished the people of Constantinople with bread that was not weight. I declared I had merely changed clothes with a master baker for this day, and that I should not have done so but for the evil destiny which governs all my actions. Some of the mob exclaimed that I deserved to lose my head for my folly, but others took pity on me, and while the officer who was sent to execute the vizier's order turned to speak to some of the noisy rioters, those who were touched by my misfortune opened a passage for me through the crowd ; and thus favoured I effected my escape.

CHAPTER II.

FOLLY HAS ALWAYS AN EXCUSE FOR ITSELF.

I QUITTED Constantinople. My vase I had left in the care of my brother. At some miles' distance from the city, I overtook a party of soldiers ; I joined them, and learning that they were going to embark with the rest of the Grand Seigneur's army for Egypt, I resolved to accompany them. If it be, thought I, the will of Mahomet that I should perish, the sooner I meet my fate the better. The despondency into which I was sunk was attended by so great a degree of indolence that I scarcely would take the necessary means to preserve my existence. During our passage to Egypt I sat all day long upon the deck of the vessel smoking my pipe ; and I am convinced that, if a storm had arisen, as I expected, I should not have taken my pipe from my mouth, nor should I have handled a rope to save myself from destruction. Such is the effect of that species of resignation or torpor, whichever you please to call it, to which my strong belief in *fatality* had reduced my mind.

We, however, landed safely, contrary to my melancholy forebodings. By a trifling accident not worth relating, I was detained longer than any of my companions in the vessel when we disembarked, and I did not arrive at the camp at El Arish till late at night. It was moonlight,

and I could see the whole scene distinctly. There was a vast number of small tents scattered over a desert of white sand ; a few date-trees were visible at a distance ; all was gloomy, and all still ; no sound was to be heard but that of the camels feeding near the tents ; and as I walked on, I met with no human creature. My pipe was now out, and I quickened my pace a little towards a fire, which I saw near one of the tents. As I proceeded, my eye was caught by something sparkling in the sand : it was a ring. I picked it up and put it on my finger, resolving to give it to the public crier the next morning, who might find out its rightful owner ; but by ill luck I put it on my little finger, for which it was much too large, and as I hastened towards the fire to light my pipe, I dropped the ring. I stooped to search for it amongst the provender on which a mule was feeding, and the cursed animal gave me so violent a kick on the head that I could not help roaring aloud. My cries awakened those who slept in the tent near which the mule was feeding. Provoked at being disturbed, the soldiers were ready enough to think ill of me, and they took it for granted that I was a thief, who had stolen the ring I pretended to have just found. The ring was taken from me by force, and the next day I was bastinadoed for having found it ; the officer persisting in the belief that stripes would make me confess where I had concealed certain other articles of value which had lately been missed in the camp. All this was the consequence of my being in a hurry to light my pipe, and of my having put the ring on a finger that was too little for it, which no one but Murad the Unlucky would have done.

When I was able to walk again after my wounds were healed, I went into one of the tents distinguished by a red flag, having been told that these were coffee-houses. Whilst I was drinking coffee, I heard a stranger near me complaining that he had not been able to recover a valuable ring he had lost, although he had caused his loss to be published for three days by the public crier, offering a reward of two hundred sequins to any one who should restore it. I guessed that this was the very ring which I had unfortunately found. I addressed myself to the stranger, and promised to point out to him the person who had forced it from me. The stranger recovered his ring ; and being convinced that I had acted honestly, he made me a present of two hundred sequins, as some amends for the punishment which I had unjustly suffered on his account.

Now, you would imagine that this purse of gold was advantageous to me. Quite the contrary, for it was the cause of new misfortunes.

One night, when I thought that the soldiers who were in the same tent with me were all fast asleep, I indulged myself in the pleasure of counting my treasure. The next day I was invited by my companions to drink sherbet with them. What they mixed with the sherbet which I drank I know not, but I could not resist the drowsiness it brought on. I fell into a profound slumber, and when I awoke I found myself lying under a date-tree at some distance from the camp. The first thing I thought of, when I came to my recollection, was my purse of sequins. The purse I found still safe in my girdle ; but on opening it I perceived that it was filled with pebbles, and not a single sequin was left. I had

no doubt that I had been robbed by the soldiers with whom I had drunk sherbet, and I am certain that some of them must have been awake on the night I counted my money ; otherwise, as I had never trusted the secret of my riches to any one, they could not have suspected me of possessing any property, for ever since I kept company with them I had appeared to be in great indigence. I applied in vain to the superior officers for redress : the soldiers protested they were innocent ; no positive proof appeared against them, and I gained nothing by my complaint but ridicule and ill will. I called myself, in the first transport of my grief, by that name which, since my arrival in Egypt, I had avoided to pronounce—I called myself Murad the Unlucky ! The name and the story ran through the camp, and I was accosted afterwards very frequently by this appellation. Some indeed varied their wit by calling me *Murad with the Purse of Pebbles*.

All that I had yet suffered is nothing compared to my succeeding misfortunes. It was the custom at this time, in the Turkish camp, for the soldiers to amuse themselves with firing at a mark. The superior officers remonstrated against this dangerous practice, but ineffectually. Sometimes a party of soldiers would stop firing for a few minutes after a message was brought them from their commanders, and then they would begin again, in defiance of all orders. Such was the want of discipline in our army, that this disobedience went unpunished. In the meantime the frequency of the danger made most men totally regardless of it. I have seen tents pierced with bullets, in which parties were quietly seated smoking their pipes, whilst those without were preparing to take fresh aim at the red flag on the top. This apathy proceeded, in some, from unconquerable indolence of body ; in others, from the intoxication produced by the fumes of tobacco and of opium ; but in most of my brother Turks it arose from the confidence which the belief in predestination inspired. When a bullet killed one of their companions, they only observed, scarcely taking the pipes from their mouths, "Our hour is not come : it is not the will of Mahomet that we should fall." I own that this rash security appeared to me at first surprising ; but it soon ceased to strike me with wonder, and it even tended to confirm my favourite opinion, that some were born to good and some to evil fortune. I became almost as careless as my companions, from following the same course of reasoning. "It is not," thought I, "in the power of human prudence to avert the stroke of destiny. I shall perhaps die to-morrow ; let me, therefore, enjoy to-day."

I now made it my study every day to procure as much amusement as possible. My poverty, as you will imagine, restricted me from indulgence and excess ; but I soon found means to spend what did not actually belong to me. There were certain Jews, who were followers of the camp, who, calculating on the probability of victory for our troops, advanced money to the soldiers, for which they engaged to pay these usurers exorbitant interest. The Jew to whom I applied traded with me also upon the belief that my brother Saladin, with whose character and circumstances he was acquainted, would pay my debts if I should fall. With the money I raised from the Jew I continually bought coffee and

opium, of which I grew immoderately fond. In the delirium it created I forgot all my past misfortunes and all fear of the future.

One day, when I had raised my spirits by an unusual quantity of opium, I was strolling through the camp, sometimes singing, sometimes dancing like a madman, and repeating that I was not now Murad the Unlucky. Whilst these words were on my lips, a friendly spectator, who was in possession of his sober senses, caught me by the arm, and attempted to drag me from the place where I was exposing myself. "Do you not see," said he, "those soldiers who are firing at a mark? I saw one of them just now deliberately taking aim at your turban; and observe, he is now reloading his piece." My ill luck prevailed even at the instant—the only instant in my life when I defied its power. I struggled with my adviser, repeating, "I am not the wretch you take me for; I am not Murad the Unlucky." He fled from the danger himself. I remained; and in a few seconds afterwards a ball reached me, and I fell senseless on the sand. The ball was cut out of my body by an awkward surgeon, who gave me ten times more pain than was necessary. He was particularly hurried at this time, because the army had just received orders to march in a few hours, and all was confusion in the camp. My wound was excessively painful, and the fear of being left behind with those who were deemed incurable added to my torments. Perhaps if I had kept myself quiet, I might have escaped some of the evils I afterwards endured; but as I have repeatedly told you, gentlemen, it was my ill fortune never to be able to judge what was best to be done till the time for prudence was past.

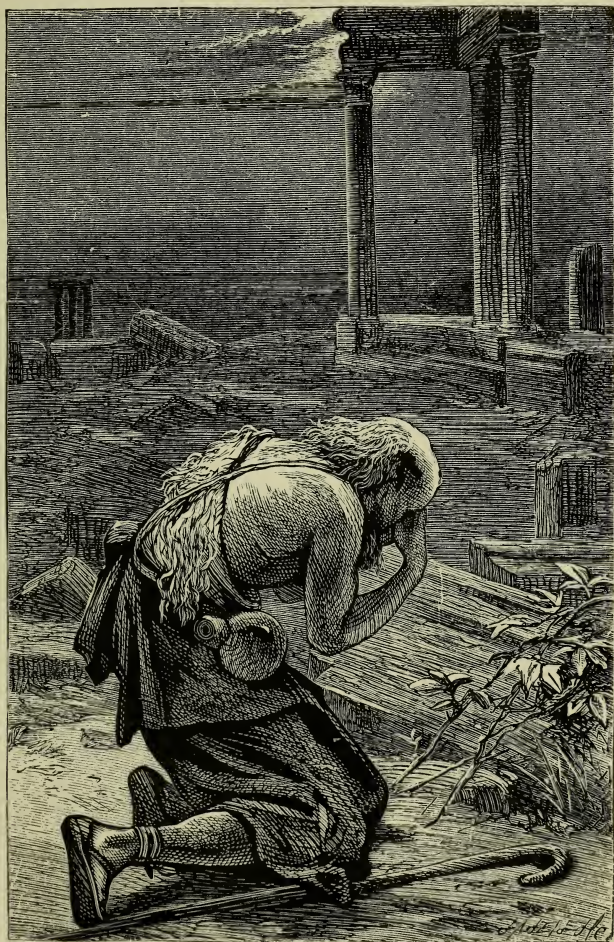
During that day, when my fever was at the height, and when my orders were to keep my bed, contrary to my natural habits of indolence, I rose a hundred times, and went out of my tent in the very heat of the day, to satisfy my curiosity as to the number of the tents which had not been struck, and of the soldiers who had not yet marched. The orders to march were tardily obeyed, and a great many hours elapsed before our encampment was raised. Had I submitted to my surgeon's orders, I might have been in a state to accompany the most dilatory of the stragglers. I could have borne, perhaps, the slow motion of a litter, on which some of the sick were transported; but in the evening, when the surgeon came to dress my wounds, he found me in such a situation that it was scarcely possible to remove me. He desired a party of soldiers, who were left to bring up the rear, to call for me the next morning. They did so; but they wanted to put me upon the mule which I recollected, by a white streak on its back, to be the cursed animal that had kicked me whilst I was looking for the ring. I could not be prevailed on to go upon this unlucky animal. I tried to persuade the soldiers to carry me, and they took me a little way; but soon growing weary of their burden, they laid me down on the sand, pretending that they were going to fill a skin with water at a spring they had discovered, and bade me lie still and wait for their return. I waited and waited, longing for the water to moisten my parched lips; but no water came—no soldiers returned; and there I lay for several hours, expecting every moment to breathe my last. I made no effort to move, for I was now convinced my hour was come. and that it was the will of Mahomet that I should

perish in this miserable manner, and lie unburied like a dog,—a death, thought I, worthy of Murad the Unlucky.

My forebodings were not this time just. A detachment of English soldiers passed near the place where I lay : my groans were heard by them, and they humanely came to my assistance. They carried me with them, dressed my wound, and treated me with the utmost tenderness. Christians though they were, I must acknowledge that I had reason to love them better than any of the followers of Mahomet, my good brother only excepted. Under their care I recovered ; but scarcely had I regained my strength before I fell into new disasters. It was hot weather, and my thirst was excessive. I went out with a party, in hopes of finding a spring of water. The English soldiers began to dig for a well in a place pointed out to them by one of their men of science. I was not inclined to such hard labour, but preferred sauntering on in search of a spring. I saw at a distance something that looked like a pool of water, and I pointed it out to my companions. Their man of science warned me, by his interpreter, not to trust to this deceitful appearance, for that such were common in this country, and that when I came close to the spot I should find no water there. He added that it was at a greater distance than I imagined, and that I should in all probability be lost in the desert if I attempted to follow this phantom. I was so unfortunate as not to attend to his advice. I set out in pursuit of this accursed illusion, which assuredly was the work of evil spirits, who clouded my reason and allured me into their dominion. I went on, hour after hour, in expectation continually of reaching the object of my wishes ; but it fled faster than I pursued ; and I discovered at last that the Englishman, who had doubtless gained his information from the people of the country, was right, and that the shining appearance which I had taken for water was a mere deception.

I was now exhausted with fatigue. I looked back in vain after the companions I had left : I could see neither men, animals, nor any trace of vegetation in the sandy desert. I had no resource but, weary as I was, to measure back my footsteps, which were imprinted in the sand. I slowly and sorrowfully traced them as my guides in this unknown land. Instead of yielding to my indolent inclinations, I ought, however, to have made the best of my way home before the evening breeze sprang up. I felt the breeze rising, and, unconscious of my danger, I rejoiced, and opened my bosom to meet it ; but what was my dismay when I saw that the wind swept before it all trace of my footsteps in the sand ! I knew not which way to proceed. I was struck with despair, tore my garments, threw off my turban, and cried aloud ; but neither human voice nor echo answered me. The silence was dreadful. I had tasted no food for many hours, and I now became sick and faint. I recollected that I had put a supply of opium in the folds of my turban ; but, alas ! when I took my turban up, I found that the opium had fallen out. I searched for it in vain on the sand where I had thrown the turban.

I stretched myself out upon the ground, and yielded without further struggle to my evil destiny. What I suffered from thirst, hunger, and heat, cannot be described. At last I fell into a sort of trance, during which images of various kinds seemed to flit before my eyes. How long



"The silence was dreadful."—p. 502

I remained in this state I know not ; but I remember that I was brought to my senses by a loud shout, which came from persons belonging to a caravan returning from Mecca. This was a shout of joy for their safe arrival at a certain spring, well known to them in this part of the desert. The spring was not a hundred yards from the spot where I lay, yet such had been the fate of Murad the Unlucky, that he missed the reality whilst he had been hours in pursuit of the phantom. Feeble and spiritless as I was, I sent forth as loud a cry as I could, in hopes of obtaining assistance, and I endeavoured to crawl to the place from whence the voices appeared to come. The caravan rested for a considerable time whilst the slaves filled the skins with water, and whilst the camels took in their supply. I worked myself on towards them, yet, notwithstanding my efforts, I was persuaded that, according to my usual ill fortune, I should never be able to make them hear my voice. I saw them mount their camels. I took off my turban, unrolled it, and waved it in the air. My signal was seen : the caravan came towards me. I had scarcely strength to speak. A slave gave me some water, and after I had drunk I explained to them who I was and how I came into this situation.

Whilst I was speaking, one of the travellers observed the purse which hung to my girdle : it was the same the merchant for whom I recovered the ring had given to me. I had carefully preserved it, because the initials of my benefactor's name and a passage from the Koran were worked upon it. When he gave it to me, he said that perhaps we should meet again in some other part of the world, and he should recognize me by this token. The person who now took notice of the purse was his brother ; and when I related to him how I had obtained it, he had the goodness to take me under his protection. He was a merchant, who was now going with the caravan to Grand Cairo. He offered to take me with him, and I willingly accepted the proposal, promising to serve him as faithfully as any of his slaves. The caravan proceeded, and I was carried with it.

CHAPTER III.

SELF-LOVE IS DEAF TO THE LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE.

THE merchant who was become my master treated me with great kindness ; but on hearing me relate the whole series of my unfortunate adventures, he exacted a promise from me that I would do nothing without first consulting him. "Since you are so unlucky, Murad," said he, "that you always choose for the worst when you choose for yourself, you should trust entirely to the judgment of a wiser or a more fortunate friend." I fared well in the service of this merchant, who was a man of a mild disposition, and who was so rich that he could afford to be generous to all his dependents. It was my business to see his camels loaded and unloaded at proper places, and count his bales of merchandise, and to take care that they were not mixed with those of his companions. This I carefully did till the day we arrived at Alexandria, when unluckily I neglected to count the bales, taking it for granted that they were all right, as I had found them so the preceding

day. However, when we were to go on board the vessel that was to take us to Cairo, I perceived that three bales of cotton were missing. I ran to inform my master, who, though a good deal provoked at my negligence, did not reproach me as I deserved. The public crier was immediately sent round the city to offer a reward for the recovery of the merchandise, and it was restored by one of the merchant's slaves with whom we had travelled. The vessel was now under sail ; my master and I, and the bales of cotton, were obliged to follow in a boat ; and when we were taken on board, the captain declared he was so loaded that he could not tell where to stow the bales of cotton. After much difficulty he consented to let them remain upon deck, and I promised my master to watch them night and day.

We had a prosperous voyage, and were actually in sight of shore, which the captain said we could not fail to reach early the next morning. I stayed, as usual, this night upon deck, and solaced myself by smoking my pipe. Ever since I had indulged in this practice, at the camp at El Arish, I could not exist without opium and tobacco. I suppose that my reason was this night a little clouded with the dose I took, but towards midnight I was sobered by terror. I started up from the deck on which I had stretched myself. My turban was in flames ; the bale of cotton on which I had rested was all on fire ! I awoke two sailors who were fast asleep on deck. The consternation became general, and the confusion increased the danger. The captain and my master were the most active and suffered the most in extinguishing the flames. My master was terribly scorched. For my part I was not suffered to do anything. The captain ordered that I should be bound to the mast ; and when at last the flames were extinguished, the passengers, with one accord, besought him to keep me bound hand and foot, lest I should be the cause of some new disaster. All that had happened was indeed occasioned by my ill luck. I had laid my pipe down, when I was falling asleep, upon the bale of cotton that was beside me ; the fire from the pipe fell out, and set the cotton in flames. Such was the mixture of rage and terror with which I had inspired the whole crew, that I am sure they would have set me ashore on a desert island, rather than have had me on board for a week longer ; even my humane master, I could perceive, was secretly impatient to get rid of Murad the Unlucky and his evil fortune. You may believe that I was heartily glad when we landed and when I was unbound. My master put a purse containing fifty sequins into my hand, and bade me farewell. "Use this money prudently, Murad, if you can," said he, "and perhaps your fortune may change." Of this I had little hopes, but determined to lay out my money as prudently as possible.

As I was walking through the streets of Grand Cairo, considering how I should lay out my fifty sequins to the greatest advantage, I was stopped by one who called me by my name, and asked me if I could pretend to have forgotten his face. I looked steadily at him, and recollected, to my sorrow, that he was the Jew Rachub, from whom I had borrowed certain moneys at the camp at El Arish. What brought him to Grand Cairo, except it was my evil destiny, I cannot tell. He would not quit me—he would take no excuses : he said he knew that I had

deserted twice, once from the Turkish and once from the English army, that I was not entitled to any pay, and that he could not imagine it possible my brother Saladin would own me or pay my debts. I replied, for I was vexed by the insolence of this Jewish dog, that I was not, as he imagined, a beggar; that I had the means of paying him my just debt; but that I hoped he would not extort from me all that exorbitant interest which none but a Jew could exact. He smiled, and answered, that if a Turk loved opium better than money, this was no fault of his; that he had supplied me with what I loved best in the world, and that I ought not to complain when he expected I should return the favour.

I will not weary you, gentlemen, with all the arguments that passed between me and Rachub: at last we compromised matters—he would take nothing less than the whole debt; but he let me have, at a very cheap rate, a chest of second-hand clothes, by which he assured me I might make my fortune. He brought them to Grand Cairo, he said, for the purpose of selling them to slave merchants, who, at this time of the year, were in want of them to supply their slaves; but he was in haste to get home to his wife and family at Constantinople, and therefore he was willing to make over to a friend the profits of this speculation. I should have distrusted Rachub's professions of friendship, and especially of disinterestedness; but he took me with him to the khan where his goods were, and unlocked the chest of clothes to show them to me. They were of the richest and finest materials, and had been but little worn. I could not doubt the evidence of my senses: the bargain was concluded, and the Jew sent porters to my inn with the chest. The next day I repaired to the public market-place; and when my business was known, I had choice of customers before night—my chest was empty, and my purse was full. The profit I made upon the sale of these clothes was so considerable, that I could not help feeling astonishment at Rachub's having brought himself so readily to relinquish them.

A few days after I had disposed of the contents of my chest, a Damascene merchant, who had bought two suits of apparel from me, told me, with a very melancholy face, that both the female slaves who had put on these clothes were sick. I could not conceive that the clothes were the cause of their sickness; but soon afterwards, as I was crossing the market, I was attacked by at least a dozen merchants, who made similar complaints. They insisted upon knowing how I came by the garments, and demanded whether I had worn any of them myself. This day I had for the first time indulged myself with wearing a pair of yellow slippers, the only finery I had reserved for myself out of all the tempting goods. Convinced by my wearing these slippers that I could have no insidious designs, since I shared the danger, whatever it might be, the merchants were a little pacified; but what was my terror and remorse the next day, when one of them came to inform me that plague boils had broken out under the arms of all the slaves who had worn the pestilential apparel! On looking carefully into the chest, we found the word Smyrna written and half effaced upon the lid. Now, the plague had for some time raged at Smyrna, and, as the merchants suspected, these clothes had certainly belonged to persons who had died

of that distemper. This was the reason why the Jew was willing to sell them to me so cheap, and it was for this reason that he would not stay at Grand Cairo himself to reap *the profits of his speculation*. Indeed, if I had paid attention to it at the proper time, a slight circumstance might have revealed the truth to me. Whilst I was bargaining with the Jew, before he opened the chest, he swallowed a large dram of brandy, and stuffed his nostrils with sponge dipped in vinegar: this he told me he did to prevent his perceiving the smell of musk, which always threw him into convulsions.

The horror I felt when I discovered that I had spread the infection of the plague, and that I had probably caught it myself, overpowered my senses: a cold dew spread over all my limbs, and I fell upon the lid of the fatal chest in a swoon. It is said that fear disposes people to take the infection. However this may be, I sickened that evening, and soon was in a raging fever. It was worse for me whenever the delirium left me, and I could reflect upon the miseries my ill fortune had occasioned. In my first lucid interval I looked round, and saw that I had been removed from the khan to a wretched hut. An old woman, who was smoking her pipe in the farthest corner of my room, informed me that I had been sent out of the town of Grand Cairo by order of the *cadi*, to whom the merchants had made their complaint. The fatal chest was burned, and the house in which I had lodged razed to the ground. "And if it had not been for me," continued the old woman, "you would have been dead probably at this instant; but I have made a vow to our great prophet that I would never neglect an opportunity of doing a good action; therefore, when you were deserted by all the world, I took care of you. Here, too, is your purse, which I saved from the rabble, and (what is more difficult) from the officers of justice. I will account to you for every para that I have expended, and will, moreover, tell you the reason of my making such an extraordinary vow."

As I perceived that this benevolent old woman took great pleasure in talking, I made an inclination of my head to thank her for her promised history, and she proceeded; but, I must confess, I did not listen with all the attention her narrative doubtless deserved. Even curiosity, the strongest passion of us Turks, was dead within me. I have no recollection of the old woman's story. It is as much as I can do to finish my own.

The weather became excessively hot. It was affirmed by some of the physicians that this heat would prove fatal to their patients; but, contrary to the prognostics of the physicians, it stopped the progress of the plague, I recovered, and found my purse much lightened by my illness. I divided the remainder of my money with my humane nurse, and sent her out into the city to inquire how matters were going on.

She brought me word that the fury of the plague had much abated, but that she had met several funerals, and that she had heard many of the merchants cursing the folly of Murad the Unlucky, who, as they said, had brought all this calamity upon the inhabitants of Cairo. Even fools, they say, learn by experience. I took care to burn the bed on which I had lain and the clothes I had worn. I concealed my real

name, which I knew would inspire detestation, and gained admittance with a crowd of other poor wretches, into a Lazaretto, where I performed quarantine, and offered up prayers daily for the sick. When I thought it was impossible I could spread the infection, I took my passage home. I was eager to get away from Grand Cairo, where I knew I was an object of execration. I had a strange fancy haunting my mind. I imagined that all my misfortunes since I left Constantinople had arisen from my neglect of the talisman upon the beautiful china vase. I dreamed three times, when I was recovering from the plague, that a genius appeared to me, and said in a reproachful tone, "Murad, where is the vase that was entrusted to thy care?" This dream operated strongly upon my imagination. As soon as we arrived at Constantinople, which we did, to my great surprise, without meeting with any untoward accidents, I went in search of my brother Saladin, to inquire for my vase. He no longer lived in the house in which I left him, and I began to be apprehensive that he was dead; but a porter, hearing my inquiries, exclaimed, "Who is there in Constantinople that is ignorant of the dwelling of Saladin the Lucky? Come with me, and I will show it to you."

The mansion to which he conducted me looked so magnificent that I was almost afraid to enter, lest there should be some mistake. But whilst I was hesitating, the doors opened, and I heard my brother Saladin's voice. He saw me almost at the same instant I fixed my eyes upon him, and immediately sprang forward to embrace me. He was the same good brother as ever, and I rejoiced in his prosperity with all my heart. "Brother Saladin," said I, "can you now doubt that some men are born to be fortunate, and others to be unfortunate? How often you used to dispute this point with me!"

"Let us not dispute it now in the public street," said he, smiling; "but come in and refresh yourself, and we will consider the question afterwards at leisure."

"No, my dear brother," said I, drawing back, "you are too good; Murad the Unlucky shall not enter your house, lest he should draw down misfortunes upon you and yours. I come only to ask for my vase."

"It is safe," cried he; "come in, and you shall see it; but I will not give it up till I have you in my house. I have none of these superstitious fears—pardon me the expression—but I have none of these superstitious fears."

I yielded, entered his house, and was astonished at all I saw. My brother did not triumph in his prosperity, but, on the contrary, seemed intent only upon making me forget my misfortunes. He listened to the account of them with kindness, and obliged me by the recital of his history, which was, I must acknowledge, far less wonderful than my own. He seemed, by his own account, to have grown rich in the common course of things, or rather by his own prudence. I allowed for his prejudices, and unwilling to dispute further with him, said, "You must remain of your opinion, brother, and I of mine: you are Saladin the Lucky, and I Murad the Unlucky; and so we shall remain to the end of our lives."

I had not been in his house four days when an accident happened which showed how much I was in the right. The favourite of the sultan, to whom he had formerly sold his china vase, though her charms were now somewhat faded by time, still retained her power and her taste for magnificence. She commissioned my brother to bespeak for her at Venice the most splendid looking-glass that money could purchase. The mirror, after many delays and disappointments, at length arrived at my brother's house. He unpacked it, and sent to let the lady know it was in perfect safety. It was late in the evening, and she ordered that it should remain where it was that night, and that it should be brought to the seraglio the next morning. It stood in a sort of ante-chamber to the room in which I slept, and with it were left some packages, containing glass chandeliers for an unfinished saloon in my brother's house. Saladin charged all his domestics to be vigilant this night, because he had money to a great amount by him, and there had been frequent robberies in our neighbourhood. Hearing these orders, I resolved to be in readiness at a moment's warning. I laid my scimitar beside me upon a cushion, and left my door half open, that I might hear the slightest noise in the ante-chamber or the great staircase. About midnight I was suddenly wakened by a noise in the ante-chamber. I started up, seized my scimitar, and the instant I got to the door I saw, by the light of the lamp which was burning in the room, a man standing opposite to me with a drawn sword in his hand. I rushed forward, demanding what he wanted, and received no answer; but, seeing him aim at me with his scimitar, I gave him, as I thought, a deadly blow. At this instant I heard a great crash, and the fragments of the looking-glass, which I had shivered, fell at my feet. At the same moment something black brushed by my shoulder; I pursued it, stumbled over the packages of glass, and rolled over them down the stairs. My brother came out of his room to inquire the cause of all this disturbance, and when he saw the fine mirror broken, and me lying amongst the glass chandeliers at the bottom of the stairs, he could not forbear exclaiming, "Well, brother, you are indeed Murad the Unlucky." When the first emotion was over, he could not, however, forbear laughing at my situation. With a degree of goodness which made me a thousand times more sorry for the accident, he came downstairs to help me up, gave me his hand, and said, "Forgive me if I was angry with you at first. I am sure you did not mean to do me any injury; but tell me how all this has happened?"

Whilst Saladin was speaking, I heard the same kind of noise which had alarmed me in the ante-chamber; but, on looking back, I saw only a black pigeon, which flew swiftly by me, unconscious of the mischief he had occasioned. This pigeon I had unluckily brought into the house the preceding day, and had been feeding and trying to tame it for my young nephews. I little thought it would be the cause of such disasters. My brother, though he endeavoured to conceal his anxiety from me, was much disturbed at the idea of meeting the favourite's displeasure, who would certainly be grievously disappointed by the loss of her splendid looking-glass. I saw that I should inevitably be his ruin if I continued in his house, and no persuasions could prevail upon me to prolong my

stay. My generous brother, seeing me determined to go, said to me, "A factor, whom I have employed for some years to sell merchandise for me, died a few days ago. Will you take his place? I am rich enough to bear any little mistakes you may fall into from ignorance of business, and you will have a partner who is able and willing to assist you."

I was touched to the heart by this kindness, especially at such a time as this. He sent one of his slaves with me to the shop in which you now see me, gentlemen. The slave, by my brother's directions, brought with us my china vase, and delivered it safely to me, with this message: "The scarlet dye that was found in this vase and in its fellow was the first cause of Saladin's making the fortune he now enjoys; he therefore does no more than justice in sharing that fortune with his brother Murad."

I was now placed in as advantageous a situation as possible; but my mind was ill at ease when I reflected that the broken mirror might be my brother's ruin. The lady by whom it had been bespoken was, I well knew, of a violent temper, and this disappointment was sufficient to provoke her to vengeance. My brother sent me word this morning, however, that, though her displeasure was excessive, it was in my power to prevent any ill consequences that might ensue. "In my power!" I exclaimed, "then, indeed, I am happy! Tell my brother there is nothing I will not do to show him my gratitude, and to save him from the consequences of my folly."

The slave who was sent by my brother seemed unwilling to name what was required of me, saying that his master was afraid I should not like to grant the request. I urged him to speak freely, and he then told me the favourite declared nothing would make her amends for the loss of the mirror but the fellow vase to that which he had brought from Saladin. It was impossible for me to hesitate; gratitude for my brother's generous kindness overcame my superstitious obstinacy, and I sent him word I would carry the vase to him myself. I took it down this evening from the shelf on which it stood: it was covered with dust, and I washed it; but unluckily, in endeavouring to clean the inside from the remains of the scarlet powder, I poured hot water into it, and immediately I heard a simmering noise, and my vase in a few instants burst asunder with a loud explosion. These fragments, alas! are all that remain. The measure of my misfortunes is now completed! Can you wonder, gentlemen, that I bewail my evil destiny? Am I not justly called Murad the Unlucky? Here end all my hopes in this world! Better would it have been if I had died long ago! Better that I had never been born! Nothing I ever have done or attempted has prospered. Murad the Unlucky is my name, and ill fate has marked me for her own.

CHAPTER IV.

PRUDENCE NEITHER OVERLOOKS NOR NEGLECTS TRIFLES.

THE lamentations of Murad were interrupted by the entrance of Saladin: having waited in vain for some hours, he now came to see if any disaster had happened to his brother Murad. He was surprised at the sight of the two pretended merchants, and could not re-

frain from exclamations on beholding the broken vase. However, with his usual equanimity and good-nature, he began to console Murad ; and, taking up the fragments, examined them carefully one by one, joined them together again, found that none of the edges of the china were damaged, and declared he could have it mended so as to look as well as ever.

Murad recovered his spirits upon this. "Brother," said he, "I comfort myself for being Murad the Unlucky, when I reflect that you are Saladin the Lucky. See, gentlemen," continued he, turning to the pretended merchants, "scarcely has this most fortunate of men been five minutes in company before he gives a happy turn to affairs. His presence inspires joy : I observe your countenances, which had been saddened by my dismal history, have brightened up since he has made his appearance. Brother, I wish you would make these gentlemen some amends for the time they have wasted in listening to my catalogue of misfortunes, by relating your history, which, I am sure, they will find more exhilarating."

Saladin consented, on condition that the strangers would accompany him home and partake of a sociable banquet. They at first repeated the former excuse of their being obliged to return to their inn ; but at length the sultan's curiosity prevailed, and he and his vizier went home with Saladin the Lucky, who, after supper, related his history in the following manner :

My being called Saladin the Lucky first inspired me with confidence in myself, though I own that I cannot remember any extraordinary instances of good luck in my childhood. An old nurse of my mother's, indeed, repeated to me twenty times a day that nothing I undertook could fail to succeed, because I was Saladin the Lucky. I became presumptuous and rash, and my nurse's prognostics might have effectually prevented their accomplishment, had I not, when I was about fifteen, been roused to reflection during a long confinement, which was the consequence of my youthful conceit and imprudence.

At this time there was at the Porte a Frenchman, an ingenious engineer, who was employed and favoured by the sultan, to the great astonishment of many of my prejudiced countrymen. On the Grand Seigneur's birthday he exhibited some extraordinarily fine fireworks, and I, with numbers of the inhabitants of Constantinople, crowded to see them. I happened to stand near the place where the Frenchman was stationed ; the crowd pressed upon him, and I amongst the rest : he begged we would, for our own sakes, keep at a greater distance, and warned us that we might be much hurt by the combustibles which he was using. I, relying upon my good fortune, disregarded all these cautions ; and the consequence was that, as I touched some of the materials prepared for the fireworks, they exploded, dashed me upon the ground with great violence, and I was terribly burned.

This accident, gentlemen, I consider as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life, for it checked and corrected the presumption of my temper. During the time I was confined to my bed the French gentleman came frequently to see me. He was a very sensible man,

and the conversations he had with me enlarged my mind and cured me of many foolish prejudices, especially of that which I had been taught to entertain concerning the predominance of what is called luck or fortune in human affairs. "Though you are called Saladin the Lucky," said he, "you find that your neglect of prudence has nearly brought you to the grave, even in the bloom of youth. Take my advice, and henceforward trust more to prudence than to fortune. Let the multitude, if they will, call you Saladin the Lucky ; but call yourself, and make yourself, Saladin the Prudent."

These words left an indelible impression on my mind, and gave a new turn to my thoughts and character. My brother Murad has doubtless told you that our difference of opinion on the subject of predestination produced between us frequent arguments ; but we could never convince one another, and we each have acted through life in accordance with our different beliefs. To this I attribute my success and his misfortunes.

The first rise of my fortune, as you have probably heard from Murad, was owing to the scarlet dye, which I brought to perfection with infinite difficulty. The powder, it is true, was accidentally found by me in our china vases ; but there it might have remained to this instant useless, if I had not taken the pains to make it useful. I grant that we can only partially foresee and command events ; yet on the use we make of our own powers, I think, depends our destiny. But, gentlemen, you would rather hear my adventures, perhaps, than my reflections ; and I am truly concerned, for your sakes, that I have no wonderful events to relate. I am sorry I cannot tell you of my having been lost in a sandy desert. I have never had the plague, or even been shipwrecked : I have been all my life an inhabitant of Constantinople, and have passed my time in a very quiet and uniform manner. The money I received from the sultan's favourite for my china vase, as my brother may have told you, enabled me to trade on a more extensive scale. I went on steadily with my business, and made it my whole study to please my employers by all fair and honourable means. This industry and civility succeeded beyond my expectations. In a few years I was rich for a man in my way of business. I will not proceed to trouble you with the journal of a petty merchant's life. I pass on to the incident which made a considerable change in my affairs.

A terrible fire broke out in the suburb of Pera, near the walls of the Grand Seigneur's seraglio. As you are strangers, gentlemen, you may not have heard of this event, though it produced so great a sensation in Constantinople. The vizier's superb palace was utterly consumed, and also the mosque of St. Sophia. Various are the opinions formed by neighbours respecting the cause of the conflagration. Some supposed it to be a punishment for the sultan's having neglected one Friday to appear at the Mosque of St. Sophia ; others considered it as a warning sent by Mahomet to dissuade the Porte from persisting in a war in which we were just engaged ; the generality, however, of the coffee-house politicians contented themselves with observing that it was the will of Mahomet that the palace should be consumed. Satisfied with this supposition, they took no precaution to prevent similar accidents

in their own houses. Never were fires so common in the city as at this period: scarcely a night passed without our being awake by the cry of fire. These frequent fires were rendered still more dreadful by villains who were continually on the watch to increase the confusion by which they profited, and to pillage the houses of the sufferers. It was discovered that these incendiaries frequently skulked, towards evening, in the neighbourhood of the Bezestein, where the richest merchants store their goods. Some of these wretches were detected in throwing *coundaks** or matches into the windows, and if these combustibles remained a sufficient time they could not fail to set the house on fire.

Notwithstanding all these circumstances, many even of those who had property to preserve continued to repeat, "It is the will of Mahomet," and consequently to neglect all means of preservation. I, on the contrary, recollecting the lesson I had learned from the sensible foreigner, neither suffered my spirits to sink with superstitious fears of ill luck, nor did I trust presumptuously to my good fortune. I took every possible means to secure myself. I never went to bed without having seen that all the lights and fires in the house were extinguished, and that I had a supply of water in the cistern. I had likewise learned from my Frenchman that wet mortar was the most effectual thing for stopping the progress of flames; I therefore had a quantity of mortar made up, in one of my outhouses, which I could use at a moment's warning. These precautions were all useful to me. My own house, indeed, was never actually on fire; but the houses of my next-door neighbours were no less than five times in flames in the course of one winter. By my exertions, or rather by my precautions, they suffered but little damage, and all my neighbours looked upon me as their deliverer and friend. They loaded me with presents, and offered me more indeed than I would accept. All repeated that I was Saladin the Lucky. This compliment I disclaimed, feeling more ambitious of being called Saladin the Prudent. It is thus that what we call modesty is often only a refined species of pride. But to proceed with my story.

One night I had been later than usual at supper at a friend's house. None but the *Passevans*,† or watch, were in the streets, and even they, I believe, were asleep. As I passed one of the conduits which convey water to the city, I heard a trickling noise, and upon examination I found that the cock of the water-spout was half turned, so that the water was running out. I turned it back to its proper place, thought it had been left unturned by accident, and walked on; but I had not proceeded far before I came to another spout, and another, which were in the same condition. I was convinced that this could not be the effect merely of accident, and suspected that some ill-intentioned persons de-

* "A *coundak* is a sort of combustible that consists only of a piece of tinder wrapped in brimstone matches in the midst of a small bundle of pine-shavings. The method usually employed by incendiaries is to lay this match by stealth behind a door which they find open, or upon a window, and after setting it on fire, they make their escape."—*Memoirs of Baron de Tott*.

† "It is the duty of the guardians of the different quarters of the city, who are called *Passevans*, to watch for fires. During the night they run through their district, armed with large sticks tipped with iron, which they strike against the pavement, and awaken the people with the cry of '*Yangevoor!*' or 'There is a fire!' and point out the quarter where it has appeared."—*De Tott's Memoirs*.

signed to let out and waste the water of the city, that there might be none to extinguish any fire that should break out in the course of the night. I stood still for a few moments to consider how it would be most prudent to act. It would be impossible for me to run to all parts of the city, that I might stop the pipes that were running to waste. I at first thought of wakening the watch and the firemen, who were most of them slumbering at their stations; but I reflected that they, perhaps, were not to be trusted, and that they were in a confederacy with the incendiaries; otherwise they would certainly, before this hour, have observed and stopped the running of the conduits in their neighbourhood. I determined to awaken a rich merchant, called Damat Zade, who lived near me, and who had a number of slaves, whom he could send to different parts of the city, to prevent mischief and give notice to the inhabitants of their danger.

He was a very sensible, active man, and one that could easily be awoke; he was not like some Turks, who are an hour in recovering their lethargic senses; he was quick in decision and action, and his slaves resembled their master. He dispatched a messenger immediately to the grand vizier, that the sultan's safety might be secured, and sent others to the magistrates in each quarter of Constantinople. The large drums in the Janissary-Aga's Tower beat to rouse the inhabitants, and scarcely had this been heard to beat half an hour before the fire broke out in the lower apartments of Damat Zade's house, owing to a *coundak* which had been left behind one of the doors.

The wretches who had prepared the mischief came to enjoy it and to pillage; but they were disappointed. Astonished to find themselves taken into custody, they could not comprehend how their designs had been frustrated. By timely exertions the fire in my friend's house was extinguished; and although fires broke out during the night in many parts of the city, but little damage was sustained, because there was time for precautions, and by the stopping of the spouts sufficient water was preserved. People were awakened and warned of the danger, and they consequently escaped unhurt.

The next day, as soon as I made my appearance at the Bezestein, the merchants crowded round, calling me their benefactor and the preserver of their lives and fortunes. Damat Zade, the merchant whom I had awakened the preceding night, presented to me a heavy purse of gold, and put upon my finger a diamond ring of considerable value. Each of the merchants followed his example in making me rich presents; the magistrates also sent me tokens of their approbation, and the grand vizier sent me a diamond of the first water, with a line written by his own hand: "To the man who has saved Constantinople."

Excuse me, gentlemen, for the vanity I seem to show in mentioning these circumstances. You desired to hear my history, and I cannot therefore omit the principal circumstance of my life. In the course of four-and-twenty hours I found myself raised, by the munificent gratitude of the inhabitants of this city, to a state of affluence far beyond what I had ever dreamed of attaining. I now took a house suited to my circumstances, and bought a few slaves. As I was carrying my slaves home, I was met by a Jew, who stopped me, saying in his lan-

guage, "My lord, I see, has been purchasing slaves: I could clothe them cheaply." There was something mysterious in the manner of this Jew, and I did not like his countenance; but I considered that I ought not to be governed by caprice in my dealings, and that, if this man could really clothe my slaves more cheaply than another, I ought not to neglect his offer merely because I took a dislike to the cut of his beard, the turn of his eye, or the tone of his voice. I therefore bade the Jew follow me home, saying that I would consider of his proposal. When we came to talk over the matter, I was surprised to find him so reasonable in his demands. On one point, indeed, he appeared unwilling to comply. I required not only to see the clothes I was offered, but also to know how they came into his possession. On this subject he equivocated: I therefore suspected there must be something wrong. I reflected what it could be, and judged that the goods had been stolen, or that they had been the apparel of persons who had died of some contagious distemper. The Jew showed me a chest, from which he said I might choose whatever suited me best. I observed that, as he unlocked the chest, he stuffed his nose with some aromatic herbs. He told me that he did so to prevent his smelling the musk with which the chest was perfumed—musk, he said, had an extraordinary effect upon his nerves. I begged to have some of the herbs which he used himself, declaring that musk was likewise offensive to me. The Jew, either struck by his own conscience, or observing my suspicions, turned as pale as death. He pretended he had not the right key, and could not unlock the chest; said he must go in search of it, and that he would call on me again. After he had left me I examined some writing upon the lid of the chest that had been nearly effaced. I made out the word *Smyrna*, and this was sufficient to confirm all my suspicions.

The Jew returned no more. He sent some porters to carry away the chest, and I heard nothing of him for some time; till one day, when I was at the house of *Damat Zade*, I saw a glimpse of the Jew passing hastily through one of the courts, as if he wished to avoid me. "My friend," said I to *Damat Zade*, "do not attribute my question to impertinent curiosity, or to a desire to intermeddle with your affairs, if I venture to ask the nature of your business with the Jew who has just now crossed your court?"

"He has engaged to supply me with clothing for my slaves," replied my friend, "cheaper than I can purchase it elsewhere. I have a design to surprise my daughter *Fatima*, on her birthday, with an entertainment in the pavilion in the garden, and all her female slaves shall appear in new dresses on the occasion."

I interrupted my friend, to tell him what I suspected relative to this Jew and his chest of clothes. It is certain that the infection of the plague can be communicated by clothes, not only after months but after years have elapsed. The merchant resolved to have nothing more to do with this wretch, who could thus hazard the lives of thousands of his fellow-creatures for a few pieces of gold. We sent notice of the circumstance to the *cadi*; but the *cadi* was slow in his operations, and before he could take the Jew into custody the cunning fellow had effected his escape. When his house was searched, he and his chest

had disappeared. We discovered that he sailed for Egypt, and rejoiced that we had driven him from Constantinople.

My friend Damat Zade expressed the warmest gratitude to me. "You formerly saved my fortune ; you have now saved my life, and a life yet dearer than my own, that of my daughter Fatima."

At the sound of that name I could not, I believe, avoid showing some emotion. I had accidentally seen this lady as she was going to the mosque, and I had been captivated by her beauty and by the sweetness of her countenance ; but as I knew she was destined to be the wife of another, I suppressed my feelings, and determined to banish the recollection of the fair Fatima for ever from my imagination. Her father, however, at this instant threw in my way a temptation which it required all my fortitude to resist. "Saladin," continued he, "it is but just that you, who have saved our lives, should share our festivity. Come here on the birthday of my Fatima : I will place you in a balcony which overlooks the garden, and you shall see the whole spectacle. We shall have a *feast of tulips*, in imitation of that which, as you know, is held in the Grand Seigneur's gardens.* I assure you the sight will be worth seeing ; and besides, you will have a chance of beholding my Fatima, for a moment, without her veil."

"That," interrupted I, "is the thing I most wish to avoid. I dare not indulge myself in a pleasure which might cost me the happiness of my life. I will conceal nothing from you, who treat me with so much confidence. I have already beheld the charming countenance of your Fatima ; but I know that she is destined to be the wife of a happier man."

Damat Zade seemed much pleased by the frankness with which I explained myself ; but he would not give up the idea of my sitting with him in the balcony on the day of the feast of tulips ; and I, on my part, could not consent to expose myself to another view of the charming Fatima. My friend used every argument, or rather every sort of persuasion he could imagine, to prevail upon me. He then tried to laugh me out of my resolution ; and when all failed, he said in a voice of anger, "Go then, Saladin : I am sure you are deceiving me ; you have a passion for some other woman, and would conceal it from me, and persuade me that you refuse the favour I offer you from prudence, when in fact it is from indifference and contempt. Why could you not speak the truth of your heart to me with that frankness with which one friend should treat another ?"

Astonished at this unexpected charge, and at the anger which flashed from the eyes of Damat Zade, who till this moment had always appeared to me a man of a mild and reasonable temper, I was for an instant tempted to fly in a passion and leave him ; but friends once lost are not easily regained. This consideration had power sufficient to make me command my temper. "My friend," replied I, "we will talk over this affair to-morrow. You are now angry, and cannot do me

* "The Feast of Tulips, or *Tchiragan*, is so called because at this feast parterres of tulips are illuminated. Dancing and music prolong these entertainments until the night is far advanced, and diffuse a sort of momentary gaiety within these walls, generally devoted to sorrow and dulness."—*Memoirs of Baron de Tott*.

justice ; but to-morrow you will be cool. You will then be convinced that I have not deceived you, and that I have no design but to secure my own happiness by the most prudent means in my power, by avoiding the sight of the dangerous Fatima. I have no passion for any other woman."

"Then," said my friend, embracing me, and quitting the tone of anger which he had assumed only to try my resolution to the utmost, "then, Saladin, Fatima is yours." I scarcely dared to believe my senses ! I could not express my joy ! "Yes, my friend," continued the merchant, "I have tried your prudence to the utmost ; it has been victorious, and I resign my Fatima to you, certain that you will make her happy. It is true I had a greater alliance in view for her : the Pasha of Maksoud has demanded her from me ; but I have found, upon private inquiry, he is addicted to the intemperate use of opium ; and my daughter shall never be the wife of one who is a violent madman one-half the day, and a melancholy idiot during the remainder. I have nothing to apprehend from the pasha's resentment, because I have powerful friends with the grand vizier here, who will oblige him to understand reason, and to submit quietly to a disappointment he so justly merits. And now, Saladin, have you any objection to seeing the feast of tulips ?"

I replied only by falling at the merchant's feet and embracing his knees. The feast of tulips came, and on that day I was married to the charming Fatima ! The charming Fatima I continue still to think her, though she has now been my wife some years. She is the joy and pride of my heart, and from our mutual affection I have experienced more felicity than from all the other circumstances of my life which are called so fortunate. Her father gave me the house in which I now live, and joined his possessions to ours, so that I have more wealth even than I desire. My riches, however, give me continually the means of relieving the wants of others, and therefore I cannot affect to despise them. I must persuade my brother Murad to share them with me, and to forget his misfortunes ; I shall then think myself completely happy. As to the sultana's looking-glass, and your broken vase, my dear brother (continued Saladin) we must think of some means——

"Think no more of the sultana's looking-glass or of the broken vase," exclaimed the sultan, throwing aside his merchant's habit, and showing beneath it his own imperial vest. "Saladin, I rejoice to have heard, from your own lips, the history of your life. I acknowledge, vizier, I have been in the wrong in our argument," continued the sultan, turning to his vizier. "I acknowledge that the histories of Saladin the Lucky and Murad the Unlucky favour your opinion, that prudence has more influence than chance in human affairs. The success and happiness of Saladin seems to me to have arisen from his prudence. By that prudence Constantinople has been saved from flames and from the plague. Had Murad possessed his brother's discretion, he would not have been on the point of losing his head for selling rolls which he did not bake ; he would not have been kicked by a mule, or bastinadoed for finding a ring ; he would not have been robbed by one party of soldiers, or shot by another ; he would not have been lost in a desert, or cheated by a Jew ; he would not have set a ship on fire, nor would

he have caught the plague, and spread it through Grand Cairo ; he would not have run my sultana's looking-glass through the body instead of a robber ; he would not have believed that the fate of his life depended on certain verses on a china vase ; nor would he, at last, have broken this precious talisman by washing it in hot water. Henceforward, let Murad the Unlucky be named Murad the Imprudent ; let Saladin preserve the surname he merits, and be henceforth called Saladin the Prudent."

So spake the sultan, who, unlike the generality of monarchs, could bear to find himself in the wrong, and could discover his vizier to be in the right, without cutting off his head. History further informs us that the sultan offered to make Saladin a pasha, and to commit to him the government of a province ; but Saladin the Prudent declined this honour, saying he had no ambition, was perfectly happy in his present situation, and that when this was the case it would be folly to change, because no one can be more than happy. What further adventures befell Murad the Imprudent are not recorded. It is known only that he became a daily visitor to the *Teriaky*,* and that he died a martyr to the immoderate use of opium.



* The market of opium-eaters in Constantinople.



THE CONTRAST.

CHAPTER I.

PEOPLE ARE NOT ALWAYS SO MUCH IN LOVE AS THEY SUPPOSE.

“**W**HAT a blessing it is to be the father of such a family of children!” said Farmer Frankland, as he looked around at the honest affectionate faces of his sons and daughters, who were dining with him on his birthday. “What a blessing it is to have a large family of children!”

“A blessing you may call it, if you will, neighbour,” said Farmer Bettesworth; “but if I was to speak my mind, I should be apt to call it a curse.”

“Why, as to that, we may both be right and both be wrong,” replied Frankland, “for children are either a blessing or a curse according as they turn out, and they turn out according as they are brought up. ‘Bring up a child in the way it should go:’ that has ever been my maxim. Show me a better—show me a happier family than my own, and show me a happier father than myself,” continued the good old man, with pleasure sparkling in his eyes. Observing, however, that his neighbour Bettesworth looked blank and sighed deeply, he checked himself, and said in a more humble tone, “To be sure, it is not so mannerly for a man to be praising his own, except it just come from the heart unawares, amongst friends who will excuse it—especially upon such a day as this. This day I am seventy years of age, and never was heartier or happier! So, Fanny, love, fill neighbour Bettesworth a glass of your sister’s cider. ’Tis my Patty’s making, sir, and better never was drunk. Nay, nay, sit ye still, neighbour. As you happened to call in just as we were all dining and making merry together, why, you cannot do better than to stay and make one of us, seeing that you are heartily welcome.”

Mr. Bettesworth excused himself by saying that he was in haste home. No happy home had he, no affectionate children to welcome his return. Yet he had as numerous a family as Mr. Frankland’s, three sons and two daughters,—Idle Isaac, Wild Will, Bullying Bob, Saucy Sally, and Jilting Jesse. Such were the names by which they were called by all who knew them in the town of Monmouth where they lived. Alliteration had “lent its artful aid” in giving these nicknames, but they were not misapplied.

Br. Bettesworth was an indolent man, fond of his pipe, and fonder of building castles in the air by his fireside. Mrs. Bettesworth was a vain, foolish vixen, fond of dress, and fonder of her own will. Neither of them took the least care to breed up their children well. Whilst they were young the mother humoured them; when they grew up she contradicted them in everything, and then wondered how they could be so ungrateful as not to love her. The father was also surprised to find that his boys and girls were not as well-mannered, nor as well-tempered, nor as clever, nor as steady, nor as dutiful and affectionate, as his neighbour Frankland's; and he said to himself, "Some folks have the luck of having good children. To be sure, some children are born better than others." He should rather have said, "To be sure, some children are bred better than others."

Mr. Frankland's wife was a prudent, sensible woman, and had united with him in constant endeavours to educate their family. Whilst they were yet infants, prattling at their mother's knee, she taught them to love and help one another, to conquer their little froward humours, and to be obedient and tractable. This saved both them and herself a great deal of trouble afterwards; and their father often said both to the boys and girls, "You may thank your mother, and so may I, for the good tempers you have."

The girls had the misfortune to lose this excellent mother when one was about seventeen and the other eighteen; but she was always alive in their memory. Patty, the eldest sister, was homely in her person, but she was so neat in her dress, and had such a cheerful, agreeable temper, that people forgot she was not handsome, particularly as it was observed that she was very fond of her sister Fanny, who was remarkably pretty. Fanny was neither prudish nor censorious, neither a romp nor a flirt; she was so unaffected and unassuming that most of her neighbours loved her; and this is saying a great deal in favour of one who had so much the power to excite envy.

Mr. Frankland's eldest son George was bred to be a farmer, and, for a young man of his age, he understood country business uncommonly well. He constantly assisted his father in the management of the farm, and by this means acquired much experience with little waste of time or money. His father had always treated him so much as his friend, and had talked to him so openly of his affairs, that he ever looked upon his father's business as his own, and he had no idea of having any separate interest. James, the second son, was bred to trade. He had been taught whatever was necessary and useful for a man in business; he had habits of punctuality, civil manners, and a thorough love of fair dealing. Frank, the youngest son, was of a more lively disposition than his brothers; and his father used often to tell him, when he was a boy, that if he did not take care his hasty temper would get him into scrapes, and that the brightest parts, as they are called, will be of little use to a man, unless he has also steadiness to go through with whatever he begins. These hints, from a father whom he heartily loved, made so strong an impression upon Frank, that he took great pains to correct the natural violence of his temper, and to learn patience and industry. The three brothers were attached to one another, and their friendship was a source of improvement as well as of pleasure.

On the evening of Mr. Frankland's birthday the whole family retired to an arbour in their garden, and began to talk over their affairs with open hearts.

"Well, Frank, my boy," said the happy father, who was the confidant of his children, "I am sure, if your heart is set upon this match with Jesse Bettesworth, I will do my best to like the girl, and her not being rich shall be no objection to me: we can make that up amongst us some way or other. But, Frank, it is fair to tell you my opinion of the girl, plainly and fully, beforehand, as I have done. She that has jilted others, I think, would be apt to jilt you if she met with a better offer."

"Why, then, father, I'll not be in a hurry: I'll take time to consider before I speak to her any more; and I thank you for being so kind, which I hope I shall not forget."

The morning after this conversation passed, Jilting Jesse, accompanied by her sister Saucy Sally, came to pay Patty and Fanny Frankland a visit. They were full of some piece of news which they were eager to tell.

"Well to be sure! I dreamed I had a diamond ring put on my finger by a great lord, not a week ago," cried Jesse; "and who knows but it may come true? You have not heard the news, Fanny Frankland? Eh, Patty?"

"Not they: they never hear any news!" said Sally.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," cried Jesse. "Rich Captain Bettesworth, our relation, who made the great *fortin* abroad, over seas, has just broken his neck out a-hunting, and the *fortin* all comes to us."

"We shall see now whether Mrs. Craddock shall push by me again, as she did yesterday in the street! We'll see whether I shan't make as good a fine lady as herself, I warrant it; that's all. It's my turn to push by folk now," said Saucy Sally.

Fanny and Patty Frankland, with sincere good-nature, congratulated their neighbours on this increase of fortune; but they did not think that pushing by Mrs. Craddock could be one of the most useful or agreeable consequences of an increase in fortune.

"Lord, Patty! how you sit, moping yourself there at your work!" continued Sally. "But some people must work, to be sure, that can't afford to be idle. How you must envy us, Patty!" Patty assured her she did not in the least envy those who were idle. "Fine talking! fine airs, truly, Miss Patty! This is by way of calling me over the coals for being idle, I suppose!" said Sally; "but I've no notion of being taken to task this way. You think you've had a fine *edication*, I suppose, and so are to set a pattern for all Monmouthshire, indeed; but you'll find some people will be as much thought of, now, as other people, and may hold their heads as high. *Edication's* a fine thing, no doubt; but *fortin's* a better, as the world goes, I've a notion; so you may go moping on here as long as you please, being a good child all the days of your life!

"Come when you are called,
And do as you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid.

I'm sure I would not let my nose be kept to the grindstone, as yours

is, for any one living. I've too much spirit, for my part, to be made a fool of, as some people are ; and all for the sake of being called a vastly good daughter, or a vastly good sister, forsooth ! ”

Nothing but the absolute want of breath could have suspended the remainder of this speech ; for she was so provoked to see Patty did not envy her, that she was determined to say everything she could invent to try her. Patty's temper, however, was proof against the trial ; and Saucy Sally, despairing of success against one sister, turned to the other.

“ Miss Fanny, I presume,” said she, “ won't give herself such high and mighty airs as she used to do to one of her sweethearts who shall be nameless.”

Fanny blushed, for she knew this speech alluded to Wild Will, who was an admirer of hers, but whom she had never encouraged. “ I hope,” said she, “ I never gave myself airs to anybody ; but if you mean to speak of your brother William, I assure you that my opinion of him will not be changed by his becoming richer, nor will my father's.”

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Frank, who had just heard from one of the Bettesworths of their good fortune. He was impatient to see how Jesse would behave in prosperity. “ Now,” said he to himself, “ I shall judge whether my father's opinion of her, or mine, is right.”

Jilting Jesse had certainly given Frank reason to believe she was very fond of him ; but the sudden change in her fortune quite altered her views and opinions. As soon as Frank came in, she pretended to be in great haste to be gone, and, by various petty manœuvres, avoided giving him an opportunity of speaking to her, though she plainly saw he was anxious to say something to her in private. At length, when she was looking out of the window to see whether a shower was over, he went behind her and whispered, “ Why are you in such haste? Cannot you stay a few minutes with us? You were not always in such a hurry to run away ! ”

“ Oh, nonsense ! Mr. Frank. Why will you always plague me with nonsense, Mr. Frank ? ” She opened the lattice window as she spoke, put out her beautiful neck as far as possible, and looked up eagerly to the clouds.

“ How sweet this jasmine smells ! ” said Frank, pulling a bit of it which hung over the casement. “ This is the jasmine you used to like so much. See, I've nailed it up, and it's finer than ever it was. Won't you have a sprig of it ? ”—offering to put some in her hat, as he had often done before ; but she now drew back disdainfully, saying, “ Lud ! Mr. Frank, it's all wet, and will spoil my new lilac ribbons. How awkward and disagreeable you always are ! ”

“ Always ! You did not always think so ; at least, you did not say so.”

“ Well, I think so and say so now ; and that's enough.”

“ And too much, if you are in earnest ; but that I can hardly believe.”

“ That's your business, and not mine. If you don't choose to believe what I say, how can I help it ? But this you'll remember, if you please, sir.”

“ Sir !!! Oh, Jesse ! is it come to this ? ”

"To what, sir? for I vow and declare I don't understand you!"

"I have never understood you till now, I am afraid."

"Perhaps not: it's well we understand one another at last. Better late than never." The scornful lady walked off to a looking-glass, to wipe away the insult which her new lilac ribbons had received from Frank's sprig of jasmine.

"One word more, and I have done," said Frank, hastily following her. "Have I done anything to displease you? or does this change in you proceed from the change in your fortune, Jesse?"

"I'm not obliged, sir, to account for my proceedings to anybody, and don't know what right you have to question me, as if you were my lord and judge, which you are not, nor ever will be, thank God."

Frank's passion struggled with his reason for a few instants. He stood motionless; then, in an altered voice, repeated, "Thank God!" and turned from her with proud composure. From this time forward he paid no more court to Jesse.

"Ah, father!" said he, "you knew her better than I did. I am glad I did not marry her last year, when she would have accepted of me, and when she seemed to love me. I thought you were rather hard upon her then. But you were not in love with her as I was, and now I find you were right."

"My dear Frank," said the good old man, "I hope you will not think me hard another time, when I do not think just the same as you do. I would, as I told you, have done everything in my power to settle you well in the world, if you had married this girl; I should never have been angry with you; but I should have been bitterly grieved, if you had, for the whim of the minute, made yourself unhappy for life. And was it not best to put you upon your guard? What better use can an old man make of his experience than to give it to his children?"

Frank was touched by the kind manner in which his father spoke to him; and Fanny, who was present, immediately put a letter into her father's hand, saying, "I have just received this from Will Bettesworth. What answer do you think I had best give him?"

Now, Fanny, though she did not quite approve of Wild Will's character, felt a little partiality for him, for he seemed to be of a generous temper, and his manners were engaging. She hoped his wildness was only the effect of good spirits, and that he would soon settle to some business. However, she had kept these hopes and this partiality a secret from all but her father, and she had never given Will Bettesworth any encouragement. Her father had not a good opinion of this young man, and she had followed his advice in keeping him at a distance. His letter was written in so vile a hand that it was not easy to decipher the meaning:

"MY SWEET PRETTY FANNY—Notwithstanding your cruilty i ham more in love with you than hever and now i ham come in for a share in a great fortin and shall ask no questions from father nor mother if you will marry me having no reason to love or care for either Mother's as cross as hever and will never i am shure agre to my doing any thing i like myself which makes me more set upon having my own whay and i

ham more and more in love with you than ever and would go through fire and water to get you.

"Your true love (in haste), WILL BETTESWORTH."

At first reading the letter, Fanny was pleased to find that her lover did not, like Jilting Jesse, change his mind the moment that his situation was altered; but, upon looking over it again, she could not help considering that such an undutiful son was not likely to make a very good husband; and she thought even that Wild Will seemed to be more and more in love with her than ever from the spirit of opposition, for he had not been much attached to her till his mother, as he said, set herself against the match. At the end of this letter, were the words *turn over*; but they were so scrawled and blotted, that Fanny thought they were only one of the strange flourishes which he usually made at the end of his name, and consequently she had never turned over or read the postscript when she put the epistle into her father's hands. He deciphered the flourish, and read the following addition:

"i know your feather does not like me but never mind his not being agreuble. As shure as my names's Will I'd carry you hoff night or day and Bob would fight your brothers along with me if they said a word for Bob loves fun i will be at your windor this night if you are agreuble like a gurl of spirit."

Fanny was shocked so much that she turned quite pale, and would have sunk to the ground if she had not been supported by her father. As soon as she recovered herself sufficiently to be able to think, she declared that all the liking she had ever felt for William Bettesworth was completely conquered, and she thanked her father for having early warned her of his character. "Ah! father," said she, "what a happiness it has been to me that you never made me afraid of you; else I never should have dared to tell you my mind; and in what a sad snare might I have been at this instant! If it had not been for you, I should perhaps have encouraged this man: I might not then, possibly, have been able to draw back; and what would have become of me?"

It is scarcely necessary to say that Fanny wrote a decided refusal to Wild Will.* All connection between the Bettesworths and Franklands was now broken off. Will was enraged at being rejected by Fanny, and Jesse was equally incensed at finding she was no longer admired by Frank. They, however, affected to despise the Franklands, and to treat them as people beneath their notice. The fortune left by Captain Bettesworth to his relations was said to be about twenty thousand pounds. With this sum they thought, to use their own expression, they were entitled to live in as great style and cut as grand a dash as any of the first families in Monmouthshire. For the present we shall leave them to the enjoyment of their new grandeur, and continue the humble history of Farmer Frankland and his family.

CHAPTER II.

IGNORANCE OF THINGS INTO WHICH IT IS A DUTY TO INQUIRE, IS THE CAUSE OF
MANY ODISIOUS VICES.

BY many years of persevering industry Mr. Frankland had so improved the farm upon which he lived, that for a man in his station of life he was now affluent. His house, garden, farmyard, everything about him, were so neat and comfortable that travellers, as they passed by, never failed to ask, "Who lives there?" Travellers, however, only saw the outside, and that was not in this instance the best part. They would have seen happiness if they had looked within these farmhouse walls—happiness which may be enjoyed as well in the cottage as in the palace—that which arises from family union.

Mr. Frankland was now anxious to settle his sons in the world. George had business enough at home in taking care of the farm, and James proposed to set up a haberdasher's shop in Monmouth: accordingly, the goods were ordered and the shop was taken.

There was a part in the roof of the house which let in the wet, and James would not go into it till this was completely repaired; so his packages of goods were sent from London to his father's house, which was only a mile distant from Monmouth. His sisters unpacked them by his desire, to set shop-marks upon each article. Late at night, after all the rest of the family were asleep, Patty was sitting up to finish setting the marks on a boxful of ribbons, the only things that remained to be done. Her candle was just burned out; and, as she was going for another, she went by a passage window that faced the farmyard, and suddenly saw a great light without. She looked out and beheld the large hay-rick all in flames. She ran immediately to waken her brothers and her father. They used every possible exertion to extinguish the fire, and to prevent it from communicating to the dwelling-house; but the wind was high—it blew directly towards the house. George poured buckets of water over the thatch, to prevent its catching fire; but all was in vain: thick flakes of fire fell upon it faster than they could be extinguished, and in an hour's time the dwelling-house was in a blaze.

The first care of the sons had been to get their father and sisters out of danger; then, with great presence of mind, they collected everything that was most valuable and portable, and laboured hard to save poor James's stock of haberdashery. They were all night hard at work: towards three o'clock the fire was got under, and darkness and silence succeeded. There was one roof of the house saved, under which the whole family rested for a few hours, till the return of daylight renewed the melancholy spectacle of their ruin. Hay, oats, straw, corn-ricks, barn, everything that the farmyard contained was utterly consumed: the walls, and some half-burned beams remained of the dwelling-house; but it was no longer habitable. It was calculated that six hundred pounds would not repair the loss occasioned by this unfortunate accident.

How the hay-rick had caught fire nobody knew. George, who had made up the hay-stack, was most inclined to think that the hay had not been sufficiently dried, and that the rick had heated from this cause.

He blamed himself extremely ; but his father declared he had seen, felt, and smelt the hay when the rick was making, and that it was as well-saved hay as ever was brought into a farmyard. This in some measure quieted poor George's conscience ; and he was yet more comforted by Patty's good-nature, who showed him a bucket of ashes, which had been left very near the spot where the hay-rick stood. The servant-girl, who, though careless, was honest, confessed she recollected having accidentally left this bucket in that dangerous place the preceding evening ; that she was going with it across the yard to the ash-hole ; but she heard her lover whistle to her from the lane, and she set down the bucket in a hurry, ran to meet him, and forgot the ashes. All she could say in her own defence was that she did not think there was any fire in the bucket. Her good master forgave her carelessness. He said he was sure she reproached herself enough for it, as indeed she did, and the more so when her master spoke to her so kindly. She cried as if her heart would break ; and all that could be done to comfort her was to set her to work as hard as possible for the family.

They did not any of them spend their time in vain lamentations. Ready money was wanting to rebuild the house and barns, and James sold to a haberdasher in Monmouth all of his stock which had been saved out of the fire, and brought the money to his father.

"Father," said he, "you gave this to me when you were able to afford it : you want it now, and I can do very well without it. I will go and be shopman in some good shop in Monmouth ; and by degrees I shall get on, and do very well in the world. It would be strange if I did not, after the education you have given me."

The father took the money from his son with tears of pleasure. "It is odd enough," said he, "that I should feel pleasure at such a time ; but this is the blessing of having good children. As long as we all are ready to help one another in this manner, we can never be very miserable, happen what may. Now let us think of rebuilding our house," continued the active old man. "Frank, reach me down my hat. I've a twinge of the rheumatism in this arm. I caught a little cold the night of the fire, I believe ; but stirring about will do me good, and I must not be lazy. I should be ashamed to be lazy amongst so many active young men."

The father and sons were very busy at work, when an ill-looking man rode up to them, and, after asking if their name was Frankland, put a paper into each of their hands. These papers were copies of a notice to quit their farm before the ensuing First of September, under pain of paying double rent for the same.

"This is some mistake, sir," said old Frankland, mildly.

"No mistake, sir," replied the stranger. "You will find the notice is a good notice, and duly served. Your lease I have seen myself within these few days : it expired last May, and you have held over, contrary to law and justice, eleven months, this being April."

"My father never did anything contrary to law and justice in his whole life," interrupted Frank, whose eyes flashed with indignation.

"Softly, Frank," said the father, putting his hand on his son's shoulder. "Softly, my dear boy. Let this gentleman and I come to

an understanding quietly. Here is some mistake, sir. It is very true that my lease expired last May ; but I had a promise of a renewal from my good landlord."

"I don't know, sir, anything of that," replied the stranger, as he looked over a memorandum-book. "I do not know whom you denominate your *good landlord*, that being no way of describing a man in the eye of the law ; but if you refer to the original grantor or lessor, Francis Folingsby, of Folingsby Place, Monmouthshire, Esq., I am to inform you that he died at Bath the seventeenth instant."

"Died ! My poor landlord dead ! I am very sorry for it."

"And his nephew, Philip Folingsby, Esq., came into possession as heir-at-law," continued the stranger, in an unvaried tone ; "and under his orders I act, having a power of attorney for that purpose."

"But, sir, I am sure Mr. Philip Folingsby cannot know of the promise of renewal which I had from his uncle."

"Verbal promises, you know, are nothing, sir—mere air—without witnesses ; and if gratuitous on the part of the deceased, are no ways binding, either in the common law or equity, on the survivor or heir. In case the promise had been in writing and on a proper stamp, it would have been something."

"It was not in writing, to be sure, sir," said Frankland ; "but I thought my good landlord's word was as good as his bond, and I said so."

"Yes," cried Frank ; "and I remember when you said so to him—I was by ; and he answered, 'You shall have my promise in writing. Such things are of little use between honest men ; but who knows what may happen, and who may come after me ? Everything about business should be put in writing. I would never let a tenant of mine be at an uncertainty. You have improved your farm, and deserve to enjoy the fruits of your own industry, Mr. Frankland.' Just then company came in, and our landlord put off writing the promise. He next day left the country in a hurry ; and I am sure he thought afterwards that he had given us the promise in writing."

"Very clear evidence, no doubt, sir ; but not at all to the point at present," said the stranger. "As an agent, I am to know nothing but what is my employer's interest. When we see the writing and stamp, I shall be a better judge," added he with a sneer. "In the meantime, gentlemen, I wish you a good morning ; and you will please to observe that you have been duly served with notice to quit or pay double rent."

"There can be no doubt, however," said Frank, "that Mr. Folingsby will believe you, father. He is a gentleman, I suppose, and not like this new agent, who talks like an attorney. I hate all attorneys."

"All dishonest attorneys, I suppose you mean, Frank," said the benevolent old man, who, even when his temper was most tried, never spoke or even felt with acrimony.

The new landlord came to the country, and a few days after his arrival, old Frankland went to wait upon him. There was little hope of seeing young Mr. Folingsby : he was a man whose head was at this time entirely full of gigs, and tandems, and unicorns. Business was his aversion ; pleasure was his business. Money he considered only as the means of pleasure, and tenants only as machines who make money.

He was neither avaricious nor cruel, but thoughtless and extravagant. Whilst he appeared merely in the character of a young man of fashion, these faults were no offence to his equals, to whom they did no injury ; but when he came into possession of a large estate, and when numbers were dependent upon him, they were severely felt by his inferiors.

Mr. Folingsby had just gathered up the reins in his hand, and was seated in his unicorn, when Farmer Frankland, who had been waiting some hours to see him, came to the side of the carriage. As he took off his hat, the wind blew his grey hair over his face.

"Put on your hat, pray, my good friend, and don't come near these horses, for I can't answer for them. Have you any commands with me?"

"I have been waiting some hours to speak to you, sir ; but if you are not at leisure, I will come again to-morrow morning," said old Frankland.

"Ay, do so. Call to-morrow morning, for now I have not one moment to spare," said young Folingsby, as he whipped his horses and drove off, as if the safety of the nation had depended upon twelve miles an hour.

The next day, and the next, and the next, the old tenant called upon his young landlord, but without obtaining an audience ; still he was desired to call to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. He wrote several letters to him, but received no answer. At last, after giving half a guinea to his landlord's gentleman, he gained admittance. Mr. Folingsby was drawing on his boots, and his horses were coming to the door. Frankland saw it was necessary to be concise in his story. He slightly touched on the principal circumstances, the length of time he had occupied the farm, the improvements he had made upon the land, and the misfortune which had lately befallen him. The boots were on by the time that he got to the promise of the renewal and the notice to quit.

"Promise of renewal ?—I know of no such thing. Notice to quit ?—that's my agent's business : speak to him ; he'll do you justice. I really am sorry for you, Mr. Frankland—very sorry—extremely sorry. D—— the rascal who made these boots ! But you see how I'm circumstanced : haven't a moment to myself ; only came to the country for a few days ; set out for Ascot races to-morrow ; really have not a moment to think of anything. But speak to Mr. Deal, my agent : he'll do you justice, I'm sure. I leave all these things to him. Jack, that bay horse is coming on——"

"I have spoken to your agent, sir," said the old tenant, following his thoughtless young landlord ; "but he said that verbal promises, without a witness present, were nothing but air ; and I have nothing to rely on but your justice. I assure you, sir, I have not been an idle tenant : my land will show that I have not."

"Tell Mr. Deal so : make him understand it in this light. I leave everything of this sort to Mr. Deal. I really have not time for business ; but I'm sure Mr. Deal will do you justice."

This was all that could be obtained from the young landlord. His confidence in his agent's sense of justice was somewhat misplaced.

Mr. Deal had received a proposal from another tenant for Frankland's farm, and with this proposal a bank-note was sent, which spoke more forcibly than all that poor Frankland could urge. The agent took the farm from him, and declared he could not in justice to his employer do otherwise, because the new tenant had promised to build upon the land a lodge fit for any gentleman to inhabit, instead of a farmhouse. The transaction was concluded without Mr. Folingsby's knowing anything more of the matter, except signing the leases, which he did without reading them, and receiving half a year's rent in hand as a fine, which he did with great satisfaction. He was often distressed for ready money, though he had a large estate ; and his agent well knew how to humour him in his hatred of business. No interest could have persuaded Mr. Folingsby deliberately to commit so base an action as that of cheating a deserving old tenant out of a promised renewal ; but, in fact, long before the leases were sent to him, he had totally forgotten every syllable that poor Frankland had said to him on the subject.

CHAPTER III.

FIDELITY, WHERE TRUST IS REPOSED, INSURES RESPECT, AND SELDOM FAILS
TO MEET REWARD.

THE day on which they left their farm was a melancholy day to this unfortunate family. Mr. Frankland's father and grandfather had been tenants, and excellent tenants, to the Folingsby family ; all of whom had occupied, and not only occupied, but highly improved, this farm. All the neighbours were struck with compassion, and cried shame upon Mr. Folingsby. But Mr. Folingsby was at Ascot, and did not hear them : he was on the race-ground, betting hundreds on a favourite horse, whilst the old man and his family were slowly passing, in their covered cart, down the lane which led from their farm, taking a last farewell of the fields they had cultivated and the harvest they had sown, but which they were never to reap.

Hannah, the servant-girl, who had reproached herself so bitterly for leaving the bucket of ashes near the hay-rick, was extremely active in assisting her poor master. Upon this occasion she seemed to be endowed with double strength, and a degree of cleverness and presence of mind of which she had never shown any symptoms in her former life ; but gratitude awakened all her faculties. Before she came to this family she had lived some years with a farmer, who, as she now recollected, had a small farm, with a snug cottage upon it, which was to be this very year out of lease. Without saying a word of her intentions, she got up early one morning, walked fifteen miles to her old master's, and offered to pay out of her wages, which she had laid by for six or seven years, the year's rent of this farm beforehand, if the farmer would let it to Mr. Frankland. The farmer would not take the girl's money, for he said he wanted no security from Mr. Frankland or his son George. They bore the best of characters, he observed, and no people in Monmouthshire could understand the management of land better. He willingly agreed to let him the farm ; but it contained only a few acres, and the house was so small that it could scarcely lodge above three people.

Here old Frankland and his eldest son George settled. James went to Monmouth, where he became shopman to Mr. Cleghorn, a haberdasher, who took him in preference to three other young men who applied on the same day. "Shall I tell you the reason why I fixed upon you, James?" said Mr. Cleghorn. "It was not whim; I had my reasons."

"I suppose," said James, "you thought I had been honestly and well brought up; as I believe in former times, sir, you knew something of my mother."

"Yes, sir; and in former times I knew something of yourself. You may forget, but I do not, that when you were a child, not more than nine years old, you came to this shop to pay a bill of your mother's: the bill was cast up a pound too little; you found out the mistake, and paid me the money. I daresay you are as good an accountant and as honest a fellow still. I have just been terribly tricked by a lad to whom I trusted foolishly; but this will not make me suspicious towards you, because I know how you have been brought up; and that is the best security a man can have."

Thus even in childhood the foundation of a good character may be laid, and thus children inherit the good name of their parents—a rich inheritance! of which they cannot be deprived by the utmost malice of fortune.

The good characters of Fanny and Patty Frankland were well known in the neighbourhood, and when they could no longer afford to live at home, they found no difficulty in getting places. On the contrary, several of the best families in Monmouth were anxious to engage them. Fanny went to live with Mrs. Hungerford—a lady of ancient family, who was proud but not insolent, and generous but not what is commonly called affable. She had several children, and she hired Fanny Frankland for the particular purpose of attending them.

"Pray let me see that you exactly obey my orders, young woman, with respect to my children," said Mrs. Hungerford, "and you shall have no reason to complain of the manner in which you are treated in this house. It is my wish to make everybody happy in it, from the highest to the lowest. You have, I understand, received an education above your present station in life, and I hope and trust that you will deserve the high opinion I am, from that circumstance, inclined to form of you."

Fanny was rather intimidated by the haughtiness of Mrs. Hungerford's manner, yet she felt a steady though modest confidence in herself, which was not displeasing to her mistress.

About this time Patty also went into service. Her mistress was a Mrs. Crumpe—a very old rich lady, who was often sick and peevish, and who confessed that she required an uncommonly good-humoured person to wait upon her. She lived a few miles from Monmouth, where she had many relations; but, on account of her great age and infirmities, she led an extremely retired life.

Frank was now the only person in the family who had not settled in the world. He determined to apply to a Mr. Barlow, an attorney of an excellent character. He had been much pleased with the candour and generosity Frank showed in a quarrel with the Bettesworths, and he had

promised to befriend him if ever it should be in his power. It happened that, at this time, Mr. Barlow was in want of a clerk, and, as he knew Frank's abilities, and had reason to feel confidence in his integrity, he determined to employ him in his office. Frank had once a prejudice against attorneys: he thought that they could not be honest men; but he was convinced of his mistake when he became acquainted with Mr. Barlow. This gentleman never practised any mean pettifogging arts; on the contrary, he always dissuaded those who consulted him from commencing vexatious suits. Instead of fomenting quarrels, it was his pleasure and pride to bring about reconciliations. It was said of Mr. Barlow that he had lost more suits out of the courts and fewer in them than any attorney of his standing in England. His reputation was now so great that he was consulted more as a lawyer than as an attorney. With such a master Frank had a prospect of being extremely happy, and he determined that nothing should be wanting on his part to insure Mr. Barlow's esteem and regard.

James Frankland, in the meantime, went on happily with Mr. Cleg-horn, the haberdasher, whose customers all agreed that his shop had never been so well attended as since this young man had been his foreman. His accounts were kept in the most exact manner, and his bills were made out with unrivalled neatness and expedition. His attendance on the shop was so constant that his master began to fear it might hurt his health, especially as he had never, till of late, been used to so confined a life.

"You should go abroad, James, these fine evenings," said Mr. Cleg-horn, "take a walk in the country now and then in the fresh air. Don't think I want to nail you always to the counter. Come, this is as fine an evening as you can wish: take your hat and away; I'll mind the shop myself till you come back. He must be a hard master indeed that does not know when he's well served; and that never will be my case, I hope. Good servants make good masters, and good masters good servants. Not that I mean to call you, Mr. James, a servant: that was only a slip of the tongue; and no matter for the tongue where the heart means well, as mine does towards you."

Towards all the world Mr. Cleg-horn was not disposed to be indulgent: he was not a selfish man, but he had a high idea of subordination in life. Having risen himself by slow degrees, he thought that every man in trade should have what he called "the rough as well as the smooth." He saw that his new foreman bore the rough well, and therefore he was now inclined to give him some of the smooth.

James, who was extremely fond of his brother Frank, called upon him and took him to Mrs. Hungerford's, to ask Fanny to accompany them in this walk. They had seldom seen her since they had quitted their father's house and lived in Monmouth; and they were disappointed when they were told, by Mrs. Hungerford's footman, that Fanny was not at home—she was gone out to walk with the children. The man did not know which road they went, so they had no hopes of meeting her, and they took their way through one of the shady lanes near Monmouth. The sun had set some time before they thought of returning, for, after several weeks' confinement in close houses, the fresh air, green fields,

and sweet-smelling wild flowers in the hedges, were delightful novelties. "Those who see these things every day," said James, "scarcely notice them. I remember I did not when I lived at our farm. So things, as my father used to say, are made equal to people in this world. We, who are hard at work in a close room all day long, have more relish for an evening walk, a hundred to one, than those who saunter about from morning till night."

The philosophic reflections of James were interrupted by the merry voices of a troop of children, who were getting over a stile into the lane where he and Frank were walking. The children had huge nosegays of honeysuckles, dog-roses, and bluebells in their little hands; and they gave their flowers to a young woman who attended them, begging she would hold them whilst they got over the stile. James and Frank went to offer their services to help the children, and then they saw that the young woman who held the flowers was their sister Fanny.

"Our own Fanny!" said Frank. "How lucky this is! It seems almost a year since I saw you. We have been all the way to Mrs. Hungerford's to look for you, and have been forced to take half our walk without you; but the other half will make amends. I've a hundred things to say to you: which is your way home? Take the longest way, I entreat you. Here is my arm. What a delightfully fine evening it is!—But what's the matter?"

"It is a very fine evening," said Fanny, hesitating a little, "and I hope to-morrow will be as fine. I'll ask my mistress to let me walk out with you to-morrow; but this evening I cannot stay with you, because I have the children under my care; and I have promised her that I will never walk with any one when they are with me."

"But your own brother," said Frank, a little angry at this refusal.

"I promised I would not walk with any one; and surely you are somebody: so good night—good bye," replied Fanny, endeavouring to turn off his displeasure with a laugh.

"But what harm, I say, can I do the children by walking with you?" cried Frank, catching hold of her gown.

"I don't know; but I know what the orders of my mistress are; and you know, Frank, that whilst I live with her I am bound to obey them."

"Oh, Frank, she must obey them," said James.

Frank loosed his hold of Fanny's gown immediately. "You are right, dear Fanny," said he, "you are right and I was wrong: so good night—good bye. Only remember to ask leave to walk with us to-morrow evening; for I have had a letter from father and brother George, and I want to show it to you. Wait five minutes, and I can read it to you now, Fanny."

Fanny, though she was anxious to hear her father's letter, would not wait, but hurried away with the children that were under her care, saying she must keep her promise to her mistress exactly. Frank followed her and put the letter into her hands. "You are a dear good girl, and deserve all the fine things father says of you in this letter. Take it, child: your mistress does not forbid you receiving a letter from your father, I suppose?—I shall wish her hanged if she does not let you walk with us to-morrow," whispered he.

The children frequently interrupted Fanny as she was reading her father's letter. "Pray pull that high dog-rose for me, Fanny," said one. "Pray hold me up to that large honeysuckle," said another. "And do, Fanny," said the youngest boy, "let us go home by the common, that I may see the glowworms. Mamma said I might; and whilst we are looking for the glowworms, you can sit on a stone or a bank, and read your letter in peace." Fanny, who was always very ready to indulge the children in anything which her mistress had not forbidden, agreed to this proposal; and when they came to the common, little Gustavus, for that was the name of the youngest boy, found a charming seat for her, and she sat down to read her letter, whilst the children ran to look for the glowworms.

Fanny read her father's letter over three times; and yet few people, except those who have the happiness to love a father as well, and to have a father as deserving to be loved, would think it at all worth reading even once.

"MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—It is a strange thing to me to be without you; but, with me or from me, I am sure you are doing well; and that is a great comfort—ay, the best a father can have, especially at my age. I am heartily glad to hear that my Frank has, by his own deserts, got so good a place with that excellent man, Mr. Barlow. He does not hate attorneys now, I am sure. Indeed, it is my belief, he could not hate anybody for half an hour together if he was to do his worst. Thank God, none of my children have been brought up to be revengeful or envious, and they are not fighting with one another, as I hear the poor Bettsworths now all are, for the fortune. 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' I need not have troubled myself to write this text to any of you; but old men will be talkative. My rheumatism, however, prevents me from being as talkative as I could wish. It has been rather severe or so, owing to the great cold I caught the day that I was obliged to wait so long at Squire Folingsby's in my wet clothes. But I hope soon to be stirring again, and to be able to take share of the work about our little farm with your dear brother George. Poor fellow! he has so much to do, and does so much, that I fear he will overwork himself. He is at this present time out in the little field opposite my window, digging up the docks, which are very hard to conquer: he has made a brave large heap of them; but I wish to my heart he would not toil so desperately.

I desire, my dear James and Frank, you will not confine yourselves too much in your shop and at your desk: this is all I have to dread for either of you. Give my love and blessing to my sweet girls. If Fanny was not as prudent as she is pretty, I should be in fear for her, hearing, as I do, that Mrs. Hungerford keeps so much fine company. A waiting-maid in such a house is in a dangerous place; but my Fanny, I am sure, will ever keep in mind her mother's precepts and example. I am told that Mrs. Crumpe, Patty's mistress, is (owing, I suppose, to her great age and infirmities) difficult in her humour; but my Patty has so even and pleasant a temper, that I defy any one living, that knows her, not to love her. My hand is now quite tired of writing; this being

penned with my left, as my right arm is not yet free from rheumatism : I have not James with me to write. God bless and preserve you all, my dear children. With such comforts, I can have nothing to complain of in this world. This I know, I would not exchange any one of you for all my neighbour Bettesworth's fine fortune. Write soon to your affectionate father,

"B. FRANKLAND."

"Look ! look at the glowworms !" cried the children, gathering round Fanny just as she had finished reading her letter. There were prodigious numbers of them on this common, and they shone over the whole ground, in clusters or singly, like little stars.

Whilst the children were looking with admiration and delight at this spectacle, their attention was suddenly diverted from the glowworms by the sound of a French horn. They looked round, and perceived that it came from the balcony of a house which was but a few yards' distance from the spot where they were standing.

"Oh ! let us go nearer to the balcony !" said the children, "that we may hear the music better." A violin and a clarionet at this moment began to play. "Oh, let us go nearer," repeated the children, drawing Fanny with all their little force towards the balcony.

"My dears, it is growing late," said she, "and we must make haste home. There is a crowd of company, you see, at the door and at the windows of that house ; and if we go near to it, some of them will certainly speak to you, and that you know your mamma would not like."

The children paused, and looked at one another as if inclined to submit ; but at this moment a kettledrum was heard, and little Gustavus, the youngest of the boys, could not resist his curiosity to hear and see more of this instrument. He broke loose from Fanny's hands, and escaped to the house, exclaiming, "I must and will hear it, and see it too !" Fanny was obliged to pursue him into the midst of the crowd. He made his way up to a young gentleman in regimentals, who took him up in his arms, saying, "By Jove, a fine little fellow ! A soldier, every inch of him ! By G—, he shall see the drum, and beat it too ; let us see who dares say to the contrary." As the gallant ensign spoke, he carried Gustavus up a flight of stairs that led to the balcony. Fanny, in great anxiety, called after him, to beg that he would not detain the child, who was trusted to her care. Her mistress, she said, would be extremely displeased with her if she disobeyed her orders. She was here interrupted in her remonstrance by the shrill voice of a female, who stood on the same stair with the ensign, and whom, notwithstanding the great alteration in her dress, Fanny recognized to be Sally Bettesworth. Jilting Jesse stood beside her.

"Fanny Frankland, I purtest ! What a pother she keeps about nothing !" cried Saucy Sally. "Know your betters, and keep your distance, young woman. Who cares whether your mistress is displeased or not ? She can't turn us away, can she, pray ? She can't call Ensign Bloomington to account, can she, hey ?"

An insolent laugh closed this speech—a laugh in which several of the crowd joined ; but some gentlemen were interested by Fanny's beautiful and modest countenance, as she looked up to the balcony, and with

tears in her eyes entreated to be heard. "Oh, for shame, Bloomington! Give her back the boy. It is not fair that she should lose her place," cried they.

Bloomington would have yielded; but Saucy Sally stood before him, crying in a threatening tone, "I'll never speak to you again, I promise you, Bloomington, if you give in. A fine thing, indeed, for a man and a soldier to give up to a woman and a servant-girl! and an impertinent servant-girl! Who cares for her or her place either?"

"I do! I do!" exclaimed little Gustavus, springing from the ensign's arms. "I care for her. She is not an impertinent girl; and I'll give up seeing the kettledrum, and go home with her directly, with all my heart."

In vain Sally attempted to withhold him; the boy ran down the stairs to Fanny, and marched off with her in all the conscious pride of a hero whose generosity has fairly vanquished his passions. Little Gustavus was indeed a truly generous child: the first thing he did when he got home was to tell his mother all that had passed this evening. Mrs. Hungerford was delighted with her son, and said to him, "I cannot, I am sure, reward you better, my dear, than by rewarding this good young woman. The fidelity with which she has fulfilled my orders in all that regards my children places her, in my opinion, above the rank in which she was born. Henceforward she shall hold in my house a station to which her habits of truth, gentleness, and good sense entitle her."

From this time forward, Fanny, by Mrs. Hungerford's desire, was always present when the children took their lessons from their several masters. Mrs. Hungerford advised her to apply herself to learn all those things which were necessary for a governess to young ladies. "When you speak, your language in general is good and correct; and no pains shall be wanting on my part," said this haughty but benevolent lady, "to form your manners and to develop your talents. This I partly owe you for your care of my children; and I am happy to reward my son Gustavus in a manner which I am certain will be most agreeable to him."

"And, mamma," said the little boy, "may she walk out sometimes with her brothers? for I do believe she loves them as well as I love my sisters."

CHAPTER IV.

PATIENCE, GENTLENESS, AND SWEETNESS OF TEMPER ARE ANGELIC VIRTUES.

MRS. HUNGERFORD permitted Fanny to walk out for an hour every morning, during the time that her children were with their dancing-master; and at this hour sometimes her brother James, and sometimes her brother Frank, could be spared; and they had many pleasant walks together. What a happiness it was to them to have been thus bred up from their earliest years in friendship with one another! This friendship was now the sweetest pleasure of their lives.

Poor Patty! She regretted that she could not join in these pleasant meetings; but, alas! she was so useful, so agreeable, and so necessary

to her infirm mistress, that she could never be spared from home. "Where's Patty? why does not Patty do this?" were Mrs. Crumpe's constant questions whenever she was absent. Patty had all the business of the house upon her hands, because nobody could do anything so well as Patty. Mrs. Crumpe found that no one could dress her but Patty; nobody could make her bed, so that she could sleep on it, but Patty; no one could make jelly, or broth, or whey that she could taste, but Patty; no one could roast, or boil, or bake, but Patty. Of course, all these things must be done by nobody else but Patty. The ironing of Mrs. Crumpe's caps, which had exquisitely nice plaited borders, at last fell to Patty's share; because once, when the laundry-maid was sick, she plaited one so charmingly that her lady would never afterwards wear any but of her plaiting. Now Mrs. Crumpe changed her cap, or rather had her cap changed, three times a day, and never wore the same cap twice. The labours of washing, ironing, plaiting, roasting, boiling, baking, making jelly, broth, and whey, were not sufficient: Mrs. Crumpe took it into her head that she could eat no butter but of Patty's churning. But what was worse than all, not a night passed without Patty's being called up to see "what could be the matter with the dog that was barking, or the cat that was mewing." And when she was just sinking to sleep again, at daybreak, her lady, in whose room she slept, would call out, "Patty! Patty! there's a dreadful noise in the chicken-yard."

"Oh, ma'am, it is only the cocks crowing."

"Well, do step out, and hinder them from crowing at this terrible rate."

"But, ma'am, I cannot hinder them, indeed."

"Oh, yes, you could if you were up. Get up and whip 'em, child. Whip 'em all round, or I shall not sleep a wink more this night."

How little poor Patty slept her lady never considered: not that she was in reality an ill-natured woman, but sickness inclined her to be peevish; and she had so long been used to be humoured and waited upon, by relations and servants, who expected she would leave them rich legacies, that she considered herself as a sort of golden idol, to whom all that approached should and would bow as low as she pleased. Perceiving that almost all around her were interested, she became completely selfish. She was from morning till night, from night till morning, nay, from year's end to year's end, so much in the habit of seeing others employed for her, that she absolutely considered this to be the natural and necessary course of things; and she quite forgot to think of the comforts or even of the well-being of those creatures who were "born for her use, and lived but to oblige her." From time to time she was so far awakened to feeling, by Patty's exertions and good humour, that she would say, to quiet her own conscience, "Well! well! I'll make it all up to her in my will, I'll make it all up to her in my will!" She took it for granted that Patty, like the rest of her dependents, was governed entirely by mercenary considerations, and she was persuaded that the hopes of this legacy would secure Patty her slave for life. In this she was mistaken.

One morning Patty came into her room with a face full of sorrow—

a face so unlike her usual countenance, that even her mistress, unaccustomed as she was to attend to the feelings of others, could not help noticing the change.

"Well ! what's the matter, child ?" said she.

"Oh, sad news, madam !" said Patty, turning aside to hide her tears.

"But what's the matter, child, I say ? Can't you speak, whatever it is, hey ? What ! have you burned my best cap in the ironing, hey ? Is that it ?"

"Oh, worse, worse, ma'am !"

"Worse ! What can be worse ?"

"My brother, ma'am,—my brother George is ill, very ill, of a fever, and they don't think he'll live ! Here is my father's letter, ma'am."

"Lud ! how can I read it without spectacles ? and why should I read it when you've told me all that's in it ? How the child cries !" continued Mrs. Crumpe, raising herself a little on her pillow, and looking at Patty with a sort of astonished curiosity. "Heigho ! But I can't stay in bed this way till dinner-time. Get me my cap, child, and dry your eyes, for crying won't do your brother any good."

Patty dried her eyes. "No, crying will not do him any good," said she, "but——"

"But where is my cap ? I don't see it on the dressing-table."

"No, ma'am : Martha will bring it in a minute or two ; she is plaiting it."

"I will not have it plaited by Martha. Go and do it yourself."

"But, ma'am," said Patty, who, to her mistress's surprise, stood still, notwithstanding she heard this order, "I hope you will be so good as to give me leave to go to my poor brother to-day. All the rest of my brothers and sisters are with him, and he wants to see me, and they have sent a horse for me."

"No matter what they have sent, you shan't go, I can't spare you. If you choose to serve me, serve me. If you choose to serve your brother, serve your brother, and leave me."

"Then, madam," said Patty, "I must leave you—for I cannot but choose to serve my brother at such a time as this, if I can serve him, which God grant I mayn't be too late to do !"

"What ! you will leave me ? leave me contrary to my orders ! Take notice then, these doors you shall never enter again if you leave me now," cried Mrs. Crumpe, who by this unexpected opposition to her orders was actually worked up to a state unlike her usual peevishness. She started up in her bed, and growing quite red in the face, she cried, "Leave me now, and you leave me for ever. Remember that ! remember that !"

"Then, madam, I must leave you for ever," said Patty, moving towards the door. "I wish you your health and happiness, and am sorry to break with you so suddenly."

"The girl's an idiot !" cried Mrs. Crumpe. "After this you cannot expect that I should remember you in my will."

"No, indeed, madam, I expect no such thing," said Patty—her hand was on the lock of the door as she spoke.

"Then," said Mrs. Crumpe, "perhaps you will think it worth your while to stay with me, when I tell you that I have not forgot you in my

will? Consider that, child, before you turn the handle of the door. Consider that, and don't disoblige me for ever."

"Oh, madam, consider my poor brother. I am sorry to disoblige you for ever, but I can consider nothing but my poor brother," said Patty. The lock of the door turned quickly in her hand.

"Why, is your brother rich? What upon earth do you expect from this brother that can make it worth your while to behave to me in this strange way?" said Mrs. Crumpe.

Patty was silent with astonishment for a few moments, and then answered, "I expect nothing from him, madam; he is as poor as myself, but that does not make me love him the less."

Before Mrs. Crumpe could understand this last speech Patty had left the room. Her mistress sat up in her bed, in the same attitude, for some minutes after she was gone, looking fixedly at the place where Patty had stood. She could scarcely recover from her surprise, and a multitude of painful thoughts crowded upon her mind.

"If I was dying and poor, who would come to me? Not a relation I have in the world would come near me! Not a creature on earth loves me as this poor girl loves her brother, who is as poor as herself."

Here her reflections were interrupted by hearing the galloping of Patty's horse as it passed by the windows. Mrs. Crumpe tried to compose herself again to sleep, but she could not; and in half an hour's time she rang her bell violently, took her purse out of her pocket, counted out twenty bright guineas, and desired that a horse should be saddled immediately, and that her steward should gallop after Patty, and offer her that *whole sum in hand* if she would return. "Begin with one guinea, and bid on till you come up to her price," said Mrs. Crumpe. "Have her back again I will, if it was only to convince myself that she is to be had for money, as well as other people."

The steward, as he counted the gold in his hand, thought it was a great sum to throw away for such a whim; he had never seen his lady take the whim of giving away ready money before; but it was in vain to remonstrate—she was peremptory, and he obeyed.

In two hours' time he returned, and Mrs. Crumpe saw her gold again with extreme astonishment. The steward said he could not prevail upon Patty even to look at the guineas. Mrs. Crumpe now flew into a violent passion, in which none of our readers will probably sympathize, we shall therefore forbear to describe it.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOOD MAN DIES SECURE IN CONSCIOUS VIRTUE.

WHEN Patty came within half a mile of the cottage in which her father lived, she met Hannah, the faithful servant who had never deserted the family in their misfortunes: she had been watching all the morning on the road for the first sight of Patty, but when she saw her, and came quite close up to her, she had no power to speak, and Patty was so much terrified that she could not ask her a single question: she walked her horse at a slow pace and kept silence.

"Won't you go on, ma'am?" said Hannah at last, forcing herself to speak. "Won't you go on a bit faster? He's almost wild to see you."

"He is alive, then?" cried Patty. The horse was in full gallop directly, and she was soon at her father's door. James and Frank were there, watching for her; they lifted her from the horse, and feeling that she trembled so much as to be scarcely able to stand, they would have detained her a little while in the air; but she passed, or rather rushed, into the room where her brother lay. He took no notice of her when she came in, for he was insensible. Fanny was supporting his head: she held out her hand to Patty, who went on tiptoe to the side of the bed. "Is he asleep?" whispered she.

"Not asleep, but——He'll come to himself presently," continued Fanny, "and he will be very, very glad you are come, and so will my father."

"Where is my father?" said Patty. "I don't see him."

Fanny pointed to the farthest end of the room, where he was kneeling at his devotion. The shutters being half closed, she could but just see the faint beam that shone upon his grey hairs. He rose, came to his daughter Patty with an air of resigned grief, and taking her hand between both of his, he said, "My love, we must lose him—God's will be done!"

"Oh, there is hope—there is hope still," said Patty. "See! the colour is coming back to his lips again; his eyes open! Oh, George, dear George, dear brother! It is your own sister Patty—don't you know Patty?"

"Patty? yes. Why does not she come to me? I would go to her if I could," said the sufferer, without knowing what he talked of. "Is not she come yet? Send another horse, Frank. Why, it is only six miles; six miles in three hours; that is—how many miles an hour?—ten miles, is it? Don't hurry her—don't tell her I'm so bad—nor my father—don't let him see me—nor James, nor Frank, nor pretty Fanny, nor anybody—they are all too good to me—I only wish to see poor Patty once before I die—but don't frighten her—I shall be very well, tell her—quite well by the time she comes." After running on in this manner for some time, his eyes closed again, and he lay in a state of stupor. He continued in this condition for some time. At last his sisters, who were watching beside the bed, heard a knocking at the door. It was Frank and James; they had gone for a clergyman, whom George, before he became delirious, had desired to see. The clergyman was come, and with him a benevolent physician who happened to be at his house, and who insisted upon accompanying him. As soon as the physician saw the poor young man, and felt his pulse, he perceived that the ignorant apothecary who had been first employed had entirely mistaken George's disease, and had treated him wrongly, by which he was thus reduced. His disease was a putrid fever, and the apothecary had bled him repeatedly. The physician thought he could certainly have saved his life if he had seen him two days sooner, but now it was a hopeless case. All that could be done for him, however, he tried.

Towards evening the disease seemed to take a favourable turn. George came to his senses, knew his father, his brothers, and Fanny,

and spoke to each with his customary kindness as they stood round his bed. He then asked whether poor Patty was come. When he saw her he thanked her tenderly for coming to see him, but could not recollect he had anything particular to say to her.

"I only wished to see you all together, to thank you for your good-nature to me ever since I was born, and to take leave of you before I die, for I feel that I am dying. Nay, do not cry so! My father,—oh, my father is most to be pitied! but he will have James and Frank left." Seeing his father's affliction, which the good old man struggled in vain to subdue, George broke off here. He put his hand to his head, as if fearing it was again growing confused. "Let me see our good clergyman, now that I am well enough to see him," said he. He then took a hand of each of his brothers and sisters, joined them together, and pressed them to his lips, looking from them to his father, whose back was now turned. "You understand me," whispered George: "he can never come to want while you are left to work and comfort him. If I should not see you again in this world, farewell! Ask my father to give me his blessing."

"God bless you, my son!—God bless you, my dear good son! God will surely bless so good a son!" said the agonized father, laying his hand upon his son's forehead, which even now was cold with the damp of death.

"What a comfort it is to have a father's blessing!" said George. "May you all have it when you are as I am now."

"I shall be out of this world long, long before that time, I hope," said the poor old man, as he left the room. "But God's will be done! Send the clergyman to my boy."

The clergyman remained in the room but a short time. When he returned to the family, they saw by his looks that all was over. There was a solemn silence.

"Be comforted," said the good clergyman. "Never man left this world with a clearer conscience, or had happier hope of a life to come. Be comforted. Alas! at such a time as this you cannot be comforted by anything that the tongue of man can say."

CHAPTER VI.

MAGNANIMITY IN MISFORTUNE INSURES RESPECT.

ALL the family attended the funeral. It was on a Sunday, just before morning prayers; and as soon as George was interred, his father, brothers, and sisters left the churchyard, to avoid being seen by the gay people who were coming to their devotion. As they went home, they passed through the field in which George used to work: there they saw his heap of docks, and his spade upright in the ground beside it, just as he had left it the last time that he had ever worked.

The whole family stayed for a few days with their poor father. Late one evening, as they were all walking out together in the fields, a heavy dew began to fall, and James urged his father to make haste home, lest he should catch cold, and should have another fit of the rheumatism.

They were then at some distance from their cottage, and Frank, who thought he knew a short way home, took them by a new road, which unluckily led them far out of their way: it brought them unexpectedly within sight of their old farm, and of the new house which Mr. Bettesworth had built upon it.

"Oh, my dear father, I am sorry I brought you this way," cried Frank. "Let us turn back."

"No, my son; why should we turn back?" said his father, mildly. "We can pass by these fields and this house, I hope, without coveting our neighbour's goods." As they came near the house, he stopped at the gate to look at it. "It is a good house," said he; "but I have no need to envy any man a good house,—I that have so much better things—good children!"

Just as he uttered these words, Mr. Bettesworth's house door opened, and three or four young men appeared on the stone steps, quarrelling and fighting. The loud voices of Fighting Bob and Wild Will were heard too plainly.

"We have no business here," said old Frankland, turning to his children; "let us go."

The combatants pursued each other with such furious rapidity, that they were near to the gate in a few instants.

"Lock the gate, you without there, whoever you are! Lock the gate, or I'll knock you down when I come up, whoever you are!" cried Fighting Bob, who was hindmost in the race.

Wild Will was foremost: he kicked open the gate, but his foot slipped as he was going through. His brother overtook him, and seizing him by the collar, cried, "Give me back the bank-notes, you rascal! they are mine, and I'll have 'em in spite of you."

"They are mine, and I'll keep 'em in spite of you," retorted Will, who was much intoxicated.

"Oh, what a sight!—brothers fighting! Oh, part them! part them! Hold! hold! for Heaven's sake!" cried old Frankland to them.

Frank and James held them asunder, though they continued to abuse one another in the grossest terms. Their father by this time came up: he wrung his hands and wept bitterly.

"Oh, shame!—shame to me in my old age!" cried he. "Can't you two let me live the few years I have to live in peace? Ah, neighbour Frankland, you are better off! My heart will break soon! These children of mine will be the ruin and the death of me!"

At these words the sons interrupted their father with loud complaints of the manner in which he had treated them. They had quarrelled with one another and with their father about money. The father charged them with profligate extravagance, and they accused him of sordid avarice.

Mr. Frankland, much shocked at this scene, besought them at least to return to their house, and not to expose themselves in this manner, especially now that they were in *the station of gentlemen*. Their passions were too loud and brutal to listen to this appeal to their pride. Their being raised to the rank of gentlemen could not give them principles or manners; that can only be done by education. Despairing to effect

any good, Mr. Frankland retired from this scene, and made the best of his way home to his peaceful cottage.

"My children," said he to his family as they sat down to their frugal meal, "we are poor, but we are happy in one another. Was not I right to say that I need not envy neighbour Bettesworth his fine house? Whatever misfortunes befall me, I have the blessing of good children. It is a blessing I would not exchange for any this world affords. God preserve them in health!" He sighed, and soon added, "It is a bitter thing to think of a good son who is dead; but it is worse, perhaps, to think of a bad son who is alive. That is a misfortune I can never know. But, my dear boys and girls," continued he, changing his tone, "this idle way of life of ours must not last for ever. You are too poor to be idle, and so much the better for you. To-morrow you must all away to your own business."

"But, father," cried all at once, "which of us may stay with you?"

"None of you, my good children. You are all going on well in the world, and I will not take you from your good masters and mistresses."

Patty now urged that she had the strongest right to remain with her father, because Mrs. Crumpe would certainly refuse to receive her into her service again, after what had passed at their parting. But nothing could prevail upon Frankland: he positively refused to let any of his children stay with him. At last Frank cried, "How can you possibly manage this farm without help? You must let either James or me stay with you, father. Suppose you should be seized with another fit of the rheumatism."

Frankland paused for a moment, and then answered, "Poor Hannah will nurse me if I fall sick. I am able still to pay her just wages. I will not be a burden to my children. As to this farm, I am going to give it up; for, indeed," said the old man, smiling, "I should not be well able to manage it with the rheumatism in my spade-arm. My landlord, Farmer Hewit, is a good-natured, friendly man, and he will give me my own time for the rent; nay, he tells me he would let me live in this cottage for nothing; but I cannot do that."

"Then what will you do, dear father?" said his sons.

"The clergyman who was here yesterday has made interest for a house for me, which will cost me nothing, nor him either; and I shall be very near you both, boys."

"But, father," interrupted Frank, "I know, by your way of speaking, there is something about this house which you do not like."

"That is true," said old Frankland; "but that is the fault of my pride, and of my old prejudices, which are hard to conquer at my time of life. It is certain I do not much like the thoughts of going into an almshouse."

"An almshouse!" cried all his children at once in a tone of horror. "Oh, father, you must not, indeed you must not go into an almshouse!"

The pride which renders the English yeoman averse to live upon public charity is highly advantageous to the industry and virtue of the nation. Even where it is instilled early into families as a prejudice, it is useful, and ought to be respected. Frankland's children, shocked at the idea of their father's going into an almshouse, eagerly offered to join together the money they had earned, and to pay the rent of the

cottage in which he now lived ; but Frankland knew that if he took this money his children would themselves be in distress. He answered, with tears in his eyes, " My dear children, I thank you all for your goodness ; but I cannot accept of your offer. Since I am no longer able to support myself, I will not from false pride be the ruin of my children. I will not be a burden to them ; and I prefer living upon public charity to accepting of the ostentatious liberality of any one rich man. I am come to a resolution, which nothing shall induce me to break. I am determined to live in the Monmouth almshouse,—nay, hear me, my children, patiently,—to live in the Monmouth almshouse for one year, and during that time I will not see any of you unless I am sick. I lay my commands upon you not to attempt to see me till this day twelvemonth. If at that time you are all together able to maintain me, without hurting yourselves, I will most willingly accept of your bounty for the rest of my days."

His children assured him they should be able to earn money sufficient to maintain him, without injury to themselves, long before the end of the year, and they besought him to permit them to do so as soon as it was in their power ; but he continued firm in his resolution, and made them solemnly promise they would obey his commands and not even attempt to see him during the ensuing year. He then took leave of them in a most affectionate manner, saying, " I know, my dearest children, I have now given you the strongest possible motive for industry and good conduct. This day twelvemonth we shall meet again, and I hope it will be as joyful a meeting as this is a sorrowful parting."

His children with some difficulty obtained permission to accompany him to his new abode. The almshouses at Monmouth are far superior to common institutions of this kind. They are remarkably neat and comfortable little dwellings, and form a row of pretty cottages, behind each of which there is a garden full of gooseberries, currants, and a variety of useful vegetables. These the old men cultivate themselves. The houses are fitted up conveniently, and each individual is provided with everything that he wants in his own habitation, so that there is no opportunity or temptation for those petty disputes about property which often occur in charitable institutions that are not prudently conducted. Poor people, who have their goods in common, must necessarily become quarrelsome.

" You see," said old Frankland, pointing to the shining row of pewter on the clean shelf over the fireplace in his little kitchen—" you see I want for nothing here. I am not much to be pitied."

His children stood silent and dejected whilst he dressed himself in the uniform belonging to the almshouse. Before they parted they all agreed to meet at this place that day twelvemonth, and to bring with them the earnings of the year : they had hopes that thus, by their united efforts, a sum might be obtained sufficient to place their father once more in a state of independence. With these hopes they separated and returned to their masters and mistresses.

CHAPTER VII.

IT IS THE PROPERTY OF SELFISHNESS TO DESTROY ENJOYMENT.

PATTY went to Mrs. Crumpe's to get her clothes, which she had left there, and to receive some months' wages which were still due for her services. After what had passed she had no idea that Mrs. Crumpe would wish she should stay with her, and she heard of another place in Monmouth, which she believed would suit her in every respect. The first person she saw, when she arrived at the house of her late mistress, was Martha, who, with hypocritical length of face, said to her, "Sad news! sad news, Mrs. Patty! The passion my lady was thrown into by your going away so sudden was of terrible detriment to her. That very night she had a stroke of the palsy, and has scarce spoken since!"

"Don't take it to heart; it is none of your fault; don't take it to heart, dear Patty," said Betty the housemaid, who was fond of Patty. "What could you do but go to your brother? Here, drink this water, and don't blame yourself at all about the matter. Mistress had a stroke sixteen months ago, afore ever you came into the house, and I daresay she'd have had this last one whether you had stayed or gone."

Here they were interrupted by the violent ringing of Mrs. Crumpe's bell. They were in the room next to her, and, as she heard voices louder than usual, she was impatient to know what was going on. Patty heard Mrs. Martha answer, as she opened her lady's door, "'T is only Patty Frankland, ma'am, who is come for her clothes and her wages."

"And she is very sorry to hear you have been so ill, very sorry," said Betty, following to the door.

"Bid her come in," said Mrs. Crumpe, in a voice more distinct than she had ever been heard to speak in since the day of her illness. "What! are you sorry for me, child?" said Mrs. Crumpe, fixing her eyes upon Patty's. Patty made no answer, but it was plain how much she was shocked. "Ay, I see you *are* sorry for me," said her mistress. "And so am I for you," added she, stretching out her hand and taking hold of Patty's black gown. "You shall have a finer stuff than this for mourning for me. But I know that is not what you are thinking of, and that's the reason I have more value for you than for all the rest of them put together. Stay with me, stay with me, to nurse me; you nurse me to my mind. You cannot leave me in the way I am in now, when I ask you to stay."

Patty could not without inhumanity refuse: she stayed with Mrs. Crumpe, who grew so doatingly fond of her that she could scarcely bear to have her a moment out of sight. She would take neither food nor medicines but from Patty's hand, and she would not speak except in answer to Patty's questions. The fatigue and confinement she now was forced to undergo were enough to hurt the constitution of any one who had not very strong health. Patty bore them with the greatest patience and good humour; indeed, the consciousness that she was doing right supported her in exertions which would otherwise have been beyond her power. She had still more difficult trials to go through. Mrs.

Martha was jealous of her favour with her lady, and often threw out hints that some people had much more luck, and more cunning too, than others, but that some people might perhaps be disappointed at last in their ends.

Patty went on her own straight way, without minding these insinuations at first; but she was soon forced to attend to them. Mrs. Crumpe's relations received intelligence from Mrs. Martha, that her lady was growing worse and worse every hour, and that she was quite shut up under the dominion of an artful servant-girl, who had gained such power over her that there was no knowing what the consequence might be. Mrs. Crumpe's relations were much alarmed by this story: they knew she had made a will in their favour some years before this time, and they dreaded lest Patty should prevail upon her to alter it, and thus get possession herself of the fortune. They were particularly struck with this idea, because an instance of undue power acquired by a favourite servant-maid over her doating mistress, happened about this period to be mentioned, in an account of a trial, in the newspapers of the day. Mrs. Crumpe's nearest relations were two grand-nephews. The eldest was Mr. Joshua Crumpe, a merchant, who was settled at Liverpool; the youngest was that Ensign Bloomington whom we formerly mentioned. He had been intended for a merchant, but he would never settle to business, and at last ran away from the counting-house where he had been placed, and went into the army. He was an idle, extravagant young man. His great-aunt was by fits very angry with him or very fond of him. Sometimes she would supply him with money; at other times she would forbid him her presence, and declare he should never see another shilling of hers. This had been her latest determination; but Ensign Bloomington thought he could easily get into favour again, and he resolved to force himself into the house. Mrs. Crumpe positively refused to see him. The day after this refusal he returned with a reinforcement, for which Patty was not in the least prepared. He was accompanied by Miss Sally Bettesworth in a regimental riding-habit. Jesse had been the original object of this gentleman's gallantry; but she met with a new and richer lover, and of course jilted him. Sally, who was in haste to be married, took undisguised pains to fix the ensign; and she thought she was sure of him. But to proceed with our story.

Patty was told that a lady and gentleman desired to see her in the parlour. She was scarcely in the room when Saucy Sally began, in a voice capable of intimidating the most courageous of scolds, "Fine doings! fine doings here! You think you have the game in your own hands, I warrant, my Lady Paramount; but I'm not one to be beaten down, you know of old."

"Nor am I one to be beaten down, I hope," replied Patty, in a modest but firm voice. "Will you be pleased to let me know, in a quiet way, what are your commands with me or my lady?"

"This gentleman here must see your lady, as you call her. To let you into a bit of a secret, this gentleman and I *is* soon to be one; so no wonder I stir in this affair, and I never stir for nothing; so it is as well for you to do it with fair words as foul. Without more preambing,

please to show this gentleman into his aunt's room, which sure he has the best right to see of any one in this world ; and if you prevent it in any species, I'll have the law of you, and I take this respectable woman,"—looking at Mrs. Martha, who came in with a salver of cakes and wine,—“I take this here respectable gentlewoman to be my witness, if you choose to refuse my husband (that is to be) admittance to his true and lawful nearest relation upon earth. Only say the doors are locked, and that you won't let him in ; that's all we ask of you, Mrs. Patty Paramount. Only say that afore this here witness.”

“Indeed I shall say no such thing, ma'am,” replied Patty, “for it is not in the least my wish to prevent the gentleman from seeing my mistress. It was she herself who refused to let him in ; and I think, if he forces himself into the room, she will be apt to be very much displeased ; but I shall not hinder him if he chooses to try. There are the stairs, and my lady's room is the first on the right hand. Only, sir, before you go up, let me caution you, lest you should startle her so as to be the death of her. The least surprise or fright might bring on another stroke in an instant.”

Ensign Bloomington and Saucy Sally now looked at one another, as if at a loss how to proceed. They retired to a window to consult, and whilst they were whispering a coach drove up to the door. It was full of Mrs. Crumpe's relations, who came post-haste from Monmouth, in consequence of the alarm given by Mrs. Martha. Mr. Joshua Crumpe was not in the coach. He had been written for, but had not yet arrived from Liverpool.

Now, it must be observed that this coachful of relations were all enemies to Ensign Bloomington, and the moment they put their heads out of the carriage window, and saw him standing in the parlour, their surprise and indignation were too great for coherent utterance. With all the rashness of prejudice, they decided that he had bribed Patty to let him in and to exclude them. Possessed with this idea, they hurried out of the coach, passed by poor Patty, who was standing in the hall, and beckoned to Mrs. Martha, who showed them into the drawing-room, and remained shut up with them there for some minutes. “She is playing us false,” cried Saucy Sally, rushing out of the parlour. “I told you not to depend on that Martha, nor on nobody but me. I said I'd force a way for you up to the room, and so I have ; and now you have not the spirit to take your advantage. They'll get in all of them before you ; and then where will you be, and what will you be?”

Mrs. Crumpe's bell rang violently, and Patty ran upstairs to her room.

“I have been ringing for you, Patty, this quarter of an hour. What is all the disturbance I hear below?”

“Your relations, ma'am, who wish to see you. I hope you won't refuse to see them, for they are very anxious.”

“Very anxious to have me dead and buried ! Not one of them cares a groat for me. I have made my will, tell them, and they will see that in time. I will not see one of them.”

By this time they were all at the bed-chamber door, struggling which party should enter first. Saucy Sally's loud voice was heard, maintaining her right to be there, as wife-elect to Ensign Bloomington.

"Tell them that the first who enters this room shall never see a shilling of my money," said Mrs. Crumpe.

Patty opened the door: the disputants were instantly silent. "Be pleased before you come in to hearken to what my mistress says;" and then turning to her mistress, Patty said, "Ma'am, will you say whatever you think proper yourself? for it is too hard for me to be suspected of putting words in your mouth, and keeping your friends from the sight of you."

"The first of them who comes into this room," cried Mrs. Crumpe, raising her feeble voice to the highest pitch she was able—"the first who enters this room shall never see a shilling of my money; and so on to the next, and the next, and the next. I'll see none of you."

No one ventured to enter. Their infinite solicitude to see how poor Mrs. Crumpe found herself to-day suddenly vanished. The two parties adjourned to the parlour and the drawing-room, and there was nothing in which they agreed, except in abusing Patty. They called for pen, ink, and paper, and each wrote what they wished to say. Their notes were carried up by Patty herself; for Mrs. Martha would not run the risk of losing her own legacy to oblige any of them, though she had been bribed by all. With much difficulty Mrs. Crumpe was prevailed upon to look at the notes. At last she exclaimed, "Let them all come up! all! this moment, tell them, all!"

They were in the room instantly—all except Saucy Sally. Ensign Bloomington persuaded her it was for the best that she should not appear. Patty was retiring, as soon as she had shown them in; but her mistress called to her, and bade her take a key which she held in her hand, and unlock an escritoir that was in the room. She did so.

"Give me that parcel which is tied up with red tape and sealed with three seals," said Mrs. Crumpe.

All eyes were immediately fixed upon it, for it was her will.

She broke the seals deliberately, untied the red string, opened the huge sheet of parchment, and without saying one syllable, tore it down the middle; then tore the pieces again and again till they were so small that the writing could not be read. The spectators looked upon one another in dismay.

"Ay! you may all look as you please," cried Mrs. Crumpe. "I'm alive and in my sound senses still: my money's my own; my property's my own; I'll do what I please with it. You were all handsomely provided for in this will; but you could not wait for your legacies till I was underground. No! you must come hovering over me like so many ravens. It is not time yet! it is not time yet! The breath is not out of my body yet, and when it is, you shall none of you be the better for it, I promise you. My money's my own; my property's my own; I'll make a new will to-morrow. Good bye to all of you. I've told you my mind."

Not the most abject humiliations, not the most artful caresses, not the most taunting reproaches from any of the company, could extort another word from Mrs. Crumpe. Her disappointed and incensed relations were at last obliged to leave the house, though not without venting their rage upon Patty, whom they believed to be the secret cause of all

that had happened. After they had left the house, she went up to a garret, where she thought no one would see or hear her, sat down on an old bedstead, and burst into tears. She had been much shocked by the scenes that had just passed, and her heart wanted this relief. "Oh," thought she, "it is plain enough that it is not riches which can make people happy. Here is this poor lady, with heaps of money and fine clothes, without any one in this whole world to love or care for her, but all wishing her dead; worried by her own relations, and abused by them, almost in her hearing, upon her death-bed! Oh, my poor brother! how different it was with you!"

Patty's reflections were here interrupted by the entrance of Martha, who came and sat down on the bedstead beside her, and with a great deal of hypocritical kindness in her manner began to talk of what had passed, blaming Mrs. Crumpe's relations for being so hard-hearted and inconsiderate as to force business upon her when she was in such a state. "Indeed, they have no one to thank but themselves for the new turn things have taken. I hear my mistress has torn her will to atoms, and is going to make a new one. To be sure, you, Mrs. Patty, will be handsomely provided for in this, as is, I am sure, becoming; and I hope, if you have an opportunity, as for certain you will, you won't forget to speak a good word for me."

Patty, who was disgusted by this interested and deceitful address, answered she had nothing to do with her mistress's will, and that her mistress was the best judge of what should be done with her own money, which she did not covet.

Mrs. Martha was not mistaken in her opinion that Patty would be handsomely remembered in this new will. Mrs. Crumpe, the next morning, said to Patty, as she was giving her some medicine, "It is for your interest, child, that I should get through this day at least; for if I live a few hours longer, you will be the richest single woman in Monmouthshire. I'll show them all that my money's my own, and that I can do what I please with my own. Go yourself to Monmouth, child (as soon as you have plaited my cap), and bring me the attorney your brother lives with, to draw my new will. Don't say one word of your errand to any of my relations, I charge you, for your own sake as well mine. The harpies would tear you to pieces; but I'll show them I can do what I please with my own. That's the least satisfaction I can have for my money before I die. God knows, it has been plague enough to me all my life long! But now, before I die——"

"Oh, ma'am," interrupted Patty, "there is no need to talk of your dying now, for I have not heard you speak so strong or so clear, nor seem so much yourself, this long time. You may live yet, and I hope you will, to see many a good day; and to make it up, if I may be so bold to say it, with all your relations, which, I am sure, would be a great ease to your heart; and I am sure they are very sorry to have offended you."

"The girl's a fool!" cried Mrs. Crumpe. "Why, child, don't you understand me yet? I tell you as plain as I can speak, I mean to leave the whole fortune to you. Well! what makes you look so blank?"

"Because, ma'am, indeed I have no wish to stand in anybody's way,

and would not for all the world do such an unjust thing as to take advantage of your being a little angry or so with your relations to get the fortune for myself; for I can do, having done all my life, without fortune well enough; but I could not do without my own good opinion, and that of my father, and brothers, and sister, all of which I should lose if I was to be guilty of a mean thing. So, ma'am," said Patty, "I have made bold to speak the whole truth of my mind to you; and I hope you will not do me an injury by way of doing me a favour. I am sure I thank you with all my heart for your goodness to me." Patty turned away as she finished speaking, for she was greatly moved.

"You are a strange girl," said Mrs. Crumpe. "I would not have believed this if any one had sworn it to me. Go for the attorney, as I bid you, this minute. I will have my own way."

When Patty arrived at Mr. Barlow's, she asked immediately for her brother Frank, whom she wished to consult; but he was out, and she then desired to speak to Mr. Barlow himself. She was shown into the office, and she told him her business, without any circumlocution, with the plain language and ingenuous countenance of truth.

"Indeed, sir," said she, "I should be glad if you would come directly to my mistress and speak to her yourself; for she will mind what you say, and I only hope she may do the just thing by her relations. I don't want her fortune, nor any part of it, but a just recompense for my service. Knowing this, in my own heart I forgive them for all the ill will they bear me, it being all founded on a mistaken notion."

There was a gentleman in Mr. Barlow's office, who was sitting at a desk, writing a letter, when Patty came in: she took him for one of the clerks. Whilst she was speaking he turned about several times, and looked at her very earnestly. At last he went to a clerk who was folding up some parchments, and asked who she was. He then sat down again to his writing, without saying a single word. This gentleman was Mr. Josiah Crumpe, the Liverpool merchant, Mrs. Crumpe's eldest nephew, who had come to Monmouth in consequence of the account he had heard of his aunt's situation. Mr. Barlow had lately amicably settled a suit between him and one of his relations at Monmouth, and Mr. Crumpe had just been signing the deeds relative to this affair. He was struck with the disinterestedness of Patty's conduct; but he kept silence, that she might not find out who he was, and that he might have full opportunity of doing her justice hereafter. He was not one of the ravens, as Mrs. Crumpe emphatically called those who were hovering over her, impatient for her death. He had, by his own skill and industry, made himself not only independent, but rich. After Patty was gone, he, with the true spirit of a British merchant, declared that he was as independent in his sentiments as in his fortune; that he would not crouch or fawn to man or woman, peer or prince, in his Majesty's dominions—no, not even to his own aunt. He wished his old Aunt Crumpe, he said, to live and enjoy all she had as long as she could; and if she chose to leave it to him after her death, well and good; he should be much obliged to her. If she did not, why, well and good; he should not *be obliged* to be obliged to her; and that, to his humour, would perhaps be better still.

With these sentiments Mr. Josiah Crumpe found no difficulty in refraining from going to see, or, as he called it, from paying his court to his aunt. "I have some choice West India sweetmeats here for the poor soul," said he to Mr. Barlow. "She gave me sweetmeats when I was a schoolboy, which I don't forget. I know she has a sweet tooth still in her head, for she wrote to me last year to desire I would get her some; but I did not relish the style of her letter, and I never complied with the order. However, I was to blame. She is an infirm, poor creature, and should be humoured now, let her be ever so cross. Take her the sweetmeats; but mind, do not let her have a taste or a sight of them till she has made her will. I do not want to bribe her to leave me her money-bags. I thank my God and myself I want them not."

Mr. Barlow immediately went to Mrs. Crumpe's. As she had land to dispose of, three witnesses were necessary to the will. Patty said she had two men-servants who could write; but, to make sure of a third, Mr. Barlow desired that one of his clerks should accompany him. Frank was out, so the eldest clerk went in his stead. This clerk's name was Mason: he was Frank's chief friend, and a young man of excellent character. He had never seen Patty till this day; but he had often heard her brother speak of her with so much affection that he was prepossessed in her favour even before he saw her. The manner in which she spoke on the subject of Mrs. Crumpe's fortune quite charmed him, for he was of an open, generous temper, and said to himself, "I would rather have this girl for my wife, without sixpence in the world, than any woman I ever saw in my life, if I could but afford it, and if she was but a little prettier. As it is, however, there is no danger of my falling in love with her; so I may just indulge myself in the pleasure of talking to her; besides, it is but civil to lead my horse and walk a part of the way with Frank's sister."

Accordingly Mason set off to walk a part of the way to Mrs. Crumpe's with Patty, and they fell into conversation, in which they were both so earnestly engaged that they did not perceive how time passed. Instead, however, of part of the way, Mason walked the whole way, and he and Patty were both rather surprised when they found themselves within sight of Mrs. Crumpe's house.

"What a fine healthy colour this walking has brought into her face!" thought Mason, as he stood looking at her whilst they were waiting for some one to open Mrs. Crumpe's door. "Though she has not a single beautiful feature, and though nobody could call her handsome, yet there is so much good-nature in her countenance, that her looks, plain as she certainly is, are more pleasing to my fancy than those of many a beauty I have heard admired."

The door was now opened, and Mr. Barlow, who had arrived some time, summoned Mason to business. They went up to Mrs. Crumpe's room to take her instructions for her new will. Patty showed them in.

"Don't go, child. I will not have you stir," said Mrs. Crumpe. "Now stand there at the foot of my bed, and without hypocrisy tell me truly, child, your mind. This gentleman, who understands the law, can assure you that, in spite of all the relations upon earth, I can leave my fortune

to whom I please ; so do not let fear of my relations prevent you from being happy."

"No, madam," interrupted Patty ; "it was not fear that made me say what I did to you this morning, and it is not fear that keeps me in the same mind still. I would not do what I thought wrong myself, if nobody else in the world was to know it. But since you desire me to say what I really wish, I have a father who is in great distress, and I should wish you would leave fifty pounds to him."

"With such principles and feelings," cried Mr. Barlow, "you are happier than ten thousand a year could make you."

Mason said nothing, but his looks said a great deal, and his master forgave him the innumerable blunders he made in drawing Mrs. Crumpe's will. "Come, Mason, give me up the pen," whispered he at last. "You are not your own man, I see ; and I like you the better for being touched with good and generous conduct. But a truce with sentiment now : I must be a mere man of law. Go you and take a walk to recover your *legal* senses."

The contents of Mrs. Crumpe's new will were kept secret. Patty did not in the least know how she had disposed of her fortune, nor did Mason, for he had written only the preamble when his master compassionately took the pen from his hand. Contrary to expectation, Mrs. Crumpe continued to linger on for some months, and during this time Patty attended her with the most patient care and humanity. Though long habits of selfishness had rendered this lady in general indifferent to the feelings of her servants and dependents, yet Patty was an exception. She often said to her, "Child, it goes against my conscience to keep you prisoner here the best days of your life in a sick-room. Go out and take a walk with your brothers and sister, I desire, whenever they call for you."

These walks with her brothers and sister were very refreshing to Patty, especially when Mason was of the party, as he nearly always contrived to be. Every day he grew more and more attached to Patty, for every day he became more and more convinced of the goodness of her disposition and the sweetness of her temper. The affection which he saw her brothers and sister bore her spoke to his mind most strongly in her favour. "They have known her from her childhood," thought he, "and cannot be deceived in her character. 'Tis a good sign that those who know her best love her most ; and her loving her pretty sister Fanny as she does is a proof that she is incapable of envy and jealousy."

In consequence of these reflections, Mason determined he would apply diligently to business, that he might in due time be able to marry and support Patty. She ingenuously told him she had never seen the man she could love so well as himself, but that her first object was to earn some money to release her father from the almshouse, where she could not bear to see him living upon charity. "When amongst us all we have accomplished this," said she, "it will be time enough for me to think of marrying. Duty first, and love afterwards."

Mason loved her the better when he found her so steady in her gratitude to her father, for he was a man of sense, and knew that so good a daughter and sister would in all probability make a good wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRIUMPHS OF ENVY BRING THEIR OWN DISGRACE.

WE must now give some account of what Fanny has been doing all this time. Upon her return to Mrs. Hungerford's, after the death of her brother, she was received with the greatest kindness by her mistress and by all the children, who were really fond of her, though she had never indulged them in anything that was contrary to their mother's wishes.

Mrs. Hungerford had not forgotten the affair of the kettledrum. One morning she said to her little son, "Gustavus, your curiosity about the kettledrum and the clarionet shall be satisfied. Your Cousin Philip will come here in a few days, and he is well acquainted with the colonel of the regiment which is quartered in Monmouth. He shall ask the colonel to let us have the band here some day. We may have them at the farthest end of the garden; and you and your brothers and sisters shall dine in the arbour with Fanny, who upon this occasion particularly deserves to have a share in your amusement."

The Cousin Philip of whom Mrs. Hungerford spoke was no other than Frankland's landlord, young Mr. Folingsby. Besides liking fine horses and fine curricles, this gentleman was a great admirer of fine women. He was struck with Fanny's beauty the first day he came to Mrs. Hungerford's. Every succeeding day he thought her handsomer and handsomer, and every day grew fonder and fonder of playing with his little cousins. Upon some pretence or other he contrived to be constantly in the room with them when Fanny was there. The modest propriety of her manners, however, kept him at that distance at which it was no easy matter for a pretty girl in her situation to keep such a gallant gentleman. His intention when he came to Mrs. Hungerford's was to stay but a week; but when that week was at an end, he determined to stay another. He found his Aunt Hungerford's house uncommonly agreeable. The moment she mentioned to him her wish of having the band of music in the garden, he was charmed with the scheme, and longed to dine out in the arbour with the children; but he dared not press this point, lest he should excite suspicion.

Amongst other company who dined this day with Mrs. Hungerford was a Mrs. Cheviott, a blind lady, who took the liberty, as she said, to bring with her a young person who was just come to live with her as a companion. This young person was Jesse Bettesworth, or, as she is henceforth to be called, Miss Jesse Bettesworth. Since her father had "come in for Captain Bettesworth's fortin'," her mother had spared no pains to push Jesse forward in the world, having no doubt that "her beauty, when well dressed, would charm some great gentleman, or, maybe, some great lord!" Accordingly, Jesse was dizenod out in all sorts of finery. Her thoughts were wholly bent on fashions and flirting; and her mother's vanity, joined to her own, nearly turned her brain. Just as this fermentation of folly was gaining force, she happened to meet with Ensign Bloomington at a ball in Monmouth; he fell, or she thought he fell, desperately in love with her. She, of course, coquetted

with him ; indeed, she gave him so much encouragement that everybody concluded they were to be married. She and her sister Sally were continually seen walking arm in arm with him in the streets of Monmouth ; and morning, noon, and night, she wore the drop earrings of which he had made her a present. It chanced, however, that Jilting Jesse heard an officer in her ensign's regiment swear she was pretty enough to be the captain's lady instead of the ensign's, and from that moment she thought no more of the ensign. He was enraged to find himself jilted thus by a country girl, and determined to have his revenge ; consequently, he immediately transferred all his attentions to her sister Sally, judiciously calculating that, from the envy and jealousy he had seen between the sisters, this would be the most effectual mode of mortifying his perfidious fair. Jilting Jesse said her sister was welcome to her cast-off sweethearts ; and Saucy Sally replied that her sister was welcome to be her bridemaids, since, with all her beauty and all her airs, she was not likely to be a bride.

Mrs. Bettesworth had always confessed that Jesse was her favourite : like a wise and kind mother, she took part in all these disputes, and set these amiable sisters yet more at variance, by prophesying that "her Jesse would make the grandest match."

To put her in fortune's way, Mrs. Bettesworth determined to get her into some genteel family, as companion to a lady. Mrs. Cheviott's housekeeper was nearly related to the Bettesworth's, and to her Mrs. Bettesworth applied. "But I'm afraid Jesse is something too much of a flirt," said the housekeeper, "for my mistress, who is a very strict staid lady. You know, or at least we in Monmouth know, that Jesse was greatly talked of about a young officer here in town. I used myself to see her go trailing about with her muslin and pink and fine-coloured shoes in the dirt."

"Oh ! that's all over now," said Mrs. Bettesworth : "the man was quite beneath her notice : that's all over now : he will do well enough for Sally. But, ma'am, my daughter Jesse has quite laid herself out for goodness now, and only wants to get into some house where she may learn to be a little genteel."

The housekeeper, though she had not the highest possible opinion of the young lady, was in hopes that, since Jesse had now laid herself out for goodness, she might yet turn out well ; and, considering that she was her relation, she thought it her duty to speak in favour of Miss Bettesworth. In consequence of her recommendation Mrs. Cheviott took Jesse into her family ; and Jesse was particularly glad to be the companion of a blind lady. She discovered, the first day she spent with Mrs. Cheviott, that, besides the misfortune of being blind, she had the still greater misfortune of being inordinately fond of flattery. Jesse took advantage of this foible, and imposed so far on the understanding of her patroness, that she persuaded Mrs. Cheviott into a high opinion of her judgment and prudence.

Things were in this situation when Jesse, for the first time, accompanied the blind lady to Mrs. Hungerford's. Without having the appearance or manners of a gentlewoman, Miss Jesse Bettesworth was, notwithstanding, such a pretty showy girl that she generally contrived

to attract notice. She caught Mr. Folingsby's eye at dinner, as she was playing off her best airs at the side-table ; and it was with infinite satisfaction that she heard him ask one of the officers, as they were going out to walk in the garden, "Who is that girl? She has fine eyes and a most beautiful long neck!" Upon the strength of this whisper Jesse flattered herself she had made a conquest of Mr. Folingsby ; by which idea she was so much intoxicated, that she could scarcely restrain her vanity within decent bounds.

"Lor'! Fanny Frankland, is it you? Who expected to meet you sitting here?" said she, when, to her great surprise, she saw Fanny in the arbour with the children. To her yet greater surprise she soon perceived that Mr. Folingsby's attention was entirely fixed upon Fanny, and that he became so absent as not to know that he was walking upon the flower-borders. Jesse could scarcely believe her senses, when she saw that her rival, for as such she now considered her, gave her lover no encouragement. "Is it possible that the girl is such a fool as not to see that this gentleman is in love with her? No ; that is out of the nature of things. Oh, it's all artifice ; and I will find out her drift, I warrant, before long!"

Having formed this laudable resolution, she took her measures well for carrying it into effect. Mrs. Cheviott, being blind, had few amusements ; she was extremely fond of music, and one of Mrs. Hungerford's daughters played remarkably well on the pianoforte. This evening, as Mrs. Cheviott was listening to the young lady's singing, Jesse exclaimed, "Oh, ma'am, how happy it would make you to hear such singing and music every day!"

"If she would come every day, when my sister is practising with the music-master, she might hear enough of it," said little Gustavus. "I'll run and desire mamma to ask her ; because," added he, in a low voice, "if I was blind, maybe I should like it myself."

Mrs. Hungerford, who was good-natured as well as polite, pressed Mrs. Cheviott to come whenever it should be agreeable to her. The poor blind lady was delighted with the invitation, and went regularly every morning to Mrs. Hungerford's at the time the music-master attended. Jesse Bettesworth always accompanied her, for she could not go anywhere without a guide.

Jesse had now ample opportunities of gratifying her malicious curiosity. She saw, or thought she saw, that Mr. Folingsby was displeased by the reserve of Fanny's manners, and she renewed all her own coquettish efforts to engage his attention. He amused himself sometimes with her, in hopes of rousing Fanny's jealousy ; but he found that this expedient, though an infallible one in ordinary cases, was here totally unavailing. His passion for Fanny was increased so much by her unaffected modesty, and by the daily proofs he saw of the sweetness of her disposition, that he was no longer master of himself. He plainly told her that he could not live without her.

"That's a pity, sir," said Fanny laughing, and trying to turn off what he said, as if it were only a jest. "It is a great pity, sir, that you cannot live without me ; for you know I cannot serve my mistress, do my duty, and live with you."

Mr. Folingsby endeavoured to convince, or rather to persuade her that she was mistaken, and swore that nothing within the power of his fortune should be wanting to make her happy.

"Ah, sir!" said she, "your fortune could not make me happy, if I were to do what I know is wrong, what would disgrace me for ever, and what would break my poor father's heart!"

"But your father shall never know anything of the matter. I will keep your secret from the whole world: trust to my honour."

"Honour! Oh, sir, how can you talk to me of honour? Do you think I do not know what honour is, because I am poor? Or do you think I do not set any value on mine, though you do on yours? Would not you kill any man, if you could, in a duel, for doubting of your honour? And yet you expect me to love you, at the very same moment you show me most plainly how desirous you are to rob me of mine!"

Mr. Folingsby was silent for some moments; but when he saw that Fanny was leaving him, he hastily stopped her, and said, laughing, "You have made me a most charming speech about honour, and, what is better still, you looked most charmingly when you spoke it; but now take time to consider what I have said to you. Let me have your answer to-morrow; and consult this book before you answer me, I conjure you."

Fanny took up the book as soon as Mr. Folingsby had left the room, and, without opening it, determined to return it immediately. She instantly wrote a letter to Mr. Folingsby, which she was just wrapping up with the book in a sheet of paper, when Miss Jesse Bettesworth, the blind lady, and the music-master came into the room. Fanny went to set a chair for the blind lady, and, whilst she was doing so, Miss Jesse Bettesworth, who had observed that Fanny blushed when they came in, slyly peeped into the book which lay on the table. Between the first pages she opened there was a five-pound bank-note. She turned the leaf, and found another, and another, and another at every leaf! Of these notes she counted one-and-twenty; whilst Fanny, unsuspecting of what was doing behind her back, was looking for the children's music-books.

"Philip Folingsby! So, so! did he give you this book, Fanny Frankland?" said Jesse, in a scornful tone: "it seems truly to be a very valuable performance, and no doubt he had good reasons for giving it to you."

Fanny coloured deeply at this unexpected speech, and, from the fear of betraying Mr. Folingsby, somewhat hesitated. "He did not give me the book; he only lent it to me," said she, "and I am going to return it to him directly."

"Oh, no; pray lend it to me first," replied Jesse, in an ironical tone. "Mr. Folingsby to be sure would lend it to me as soon as to you. I'm grown as fond of reading as other folks, lately," continued she, holding the book fast.

"I daresay Mr. Folingsby would—Mr. Folingsby would lend it to you, I suppose," said Fanny, colouring more and more deeply; "but, as it is trusted to me now, I must return it safe. Pray let me have it, Jesse."

"Oh, yes ; return it, madam, safe ! I make no manner of doubt you will ! I make no manner of doubt you will !" repeated Jesse several times, as she shook the book ; whilst the bank-notes fell from between the leaves, and were scattered upon the floor. "It is a thousand pities, Mrs. Cheviott, you can't see what a fine book we have got, full of bank-notes ! But Mrs. Hungerford is not blind, at any rate, it is to be hoped," continued she, turning to Mrs. Hungerford, who at this instant opened the door.

She stood in dignified amazement. Jesse had an air of malignant triumph. Fanny was covered with blushes ; but she looked with all the tranquillity of innocence. The children gathered round her ; and blind Mrs. Cheviott cried, "What is going on ? what is going on ? Will nobody tell me what is going on, Jesse ? What is it you are talking about, Jesse ?"

"About a very valuable book, ma'am, containing more than I can easily count, in bank-notes, ma'am, that Mr. Folingsby has lent—only lent, ma'am, she says—to Miss Fanny Frankland, ma'am, who was just going to return them to him, ma'am, when I unluckily took up the book, and shook them all out upon the floor, ma'am."

"Pick them up, Gustavus, my dear," said Mrs. Hungerford, coolly. "From what I know of Fanny Frankland I am inclined to believe that whatever she says is truth. Since she has lived with me I have never, in the slightest instance, found her deviate from truth, therefore I must entirely depend upon what she says."

"Oh, yes, mamma," cried the children all together, "that I am sure you may."

"Come with me, Fanny," resumed Mrs. Hungerford ; "it is not necessary that your explanation should be public, though I am persuaded it will be satisfactory."

Fanny was glad to escape from the envious eye of Miss Jesse Bettsworth, and felt much gratitude to Mrs. Hungerford for this kindness and confidence ; but when she was to make her explanation Fanny was in great confusion. She dreaded to occasion a quarrel between Mr. Folingsby and his aunt ; yet she knew not how to exculpate herself without accusing him.

"Why these blushes and tears, and why this silence, Fanny ?" said Mrs. Hungerford, after she had waited some minutes in expectation she would begin to speak. "Are you not sure of justice from me, and of protection, both from slander and insult ? I am fond of my nephew, it is true ; but I think myself obliged to you for the manner in which you have conducted yourself towards my children since you have had them under your care. Tell me then, freely, if you have any reason to complain of young Mr. Folingsby."

"Oh, madam," said Fanny, "thank you a thousand times for your goodness to me ! I do not, indeed I do not, wish to complain of anybody, and I would not for the world make mischief between you and your nephew. I would rather leave your family at once ; and that," continued the poor girl, sobbing, "that is what I believe I had best—nay, is what I must and will do."

"No, Fanny : do not leave my house without giving me an explana-

tion of what has passed this morning ; for if you do, your reputation is at the mercy of Miss Jesse Bettesworth's malice."

"Heaven forbid!" said Fanny, with a look of real terror. "I must beg, madam, that you will have the kindness to return this book and these bank-notes to Mr. Folingsby ; and that you will give him this letter, which I was just going to wrap up in the paper with the book, when Jesse Bettesworth came in and found the bank-notes which I had never seen. These can make no difference in my answer to Mr. Folingsby ; therefore I shall leave my letter just as it was first written, if you please, madam."

Fanny's letter was as follows :

"SIR,—I return the book you left me, as nothing it contains can ever alter my opinion on the subject of which you spoke to me this morning. I hope you will never speak to me again, sir, in the same manner. Consider, sir, that I am a poor unprotected girl. If you go on as you have done lately, I shall be obliged to leave good Mrs. Hungerford, who is my only friend. Oh, where shall I find so good a friend? My poor old father is in the almshouse, and there he must remain till his children can earn money sufficient to support him. Do not fancy, sir, that I say this by way of begging from you : I would not, nor would he, accept of anything that you could offer him, whilst in your present way of thinking. Pray, sir, have some compassion, and do not injure those whom you cannot serve.

"I am, sir, your humble servant, FANNY FRANKLAND."

Mr. Folingsby was surprised and confounded when this letter and the book containing his bank-notes were put into his hand by his aunt. Mrs. Hungerford told him by what means the book had been seen by Miss Jesse Bettesworth, and to what imputation it must have exposed Fanny. "Fanny is afraid of making mischief between you and me," continued Mrs. Hungerford ; "and I cannot prevail upon her to give me an explanation which I am persuaded would be much to her honour."

"Then you have not seen this letter ! Then she has decided without consulting you ! She is a charming girl !" cried Mr. Folingsby ; "and whatever you may think of me, I am bound, in justice to her, to show you what she has written : that will sufficiently explain how much I have been to blame, and how well she deserves the confidence you place in her."

As Mr. Folingsby spoke, he rang the bell to order his horses. "I will return to town immediately," continued he ; "so Fanny need not leave the house of her only friend to avoid me. As to these bank-notes, keep them, dear aunt. She says her father is in great distress. Perhaps now that I am come 'to a right way of thinking,' she will not disdain my assistance. Give her the money when and how you think proper. I am sure I cannot make a better use of a hundred guineas, and wish I had never thought of making a worse."

Mr. Folingsby returned directly to town ; and his aunt thought he had in some measure atoned for his fault by his candour and generosity.

Miss Jesse Bettesworth waited all this time with malicious impatience

to hear the result of Fanny's explanation with Mrs. Hungerford. How painfully was she surprised and disappointed, when Mrs. Hungerford returned to the company, to hear her speak in the highest terms of Fanny. "Oh, mamma," cried little Gustavus, clapping his hands, "I am glad you think her good, because we all think so; and I should be very sorry indeed if she was to go away, especially in disgrace."

"There is no danger of that, my dear," said Mrs. Hungerford. "She shall never leave my house as long as she desires to stay in it. I do not give or withdraw my protection without good reasons."

Miss Jesse Bettesworth bit her lips. Her face, which nature intended beautiful, became almost ugly: envy and malice distorted her features; and when she departed with Mrs. Cheviott, her humiliated appearance was a strong contrast to the air of triumph with which she had entered.

CHAPTER IX.

DIRECT DEALINGS, HOWEVER KIND, OFTEN BEGIN IN OFFENCE, BUT ALWAYS END IN HONOUR.

AFTER Jesse and Mrs. Cheviott had left the room, one of the little girls exclaimed, "I don't like that Miss Bettesworth; for she asked me whether I did not wish that Fanny was gone, because she refused to let me have a peach that was not ripe. I am sure I wish Fanny may always stay here."

There was a person in the room who seemed to join most fervently in this wish: this was Mr. Reynolds, the drawing-master. For some time his thoughts had been greatly occupied by Fanny. At first he was struck with her beauty; but he had discovered that Mr. Folingsby was in love with her, and had carefully attended to her conduct, resolving not to offer himself till he was sure on a point so serious. Her modesty and prudence fixed his affections, and he now became impatient to declare his passion. He was a man of excellent temper and character, and his activity and talents were such as to insure independence to a wife and family.

Mrs. Hungerford, though a proud woman, was not selfish: she was glad that Mr. Reynolds was desirous of obtaining Fanny, though she was sorry to part with one who was so useful in her family. Fanny had now lived with her nearly two years, and she was much attached to her. A distant relation, about this time, left her five children a small legacy of ten guineas each. Gustavus, though he had some ambition to be master of a watch, was the first to propose that this legacy should be given to Fanny. His brothers and sisters applauded the idea; and Mrs. Hungerford added fifty guineas to their fifty. "I had put by this money," she said, "to purchase a looking-glass for my drawing-room; but it will be much better applied in rewarding one who has been of real service to my children."

Fanny was now mistress of two hundred guineas—a hundred given to her by Mr. Folingsby, fifty by Mrs. Hungerford, and fifty by the children. Her joy and gratitude were extreme, for with this money she knew she could relieve her father: this was the first wish of her heart,

and it was a wish in which her lover so eagerly joined, that she smiled on him, and said, "Now I am sure you really love me."

"Let us go to your father directly," said Mr. Reynolds. "Let me be present when you give him this money."

"You shall," said Fanny; "but first I must consult my sister Patty and my brothers; for we must all go together; that is our agreement. The first day of next month is my father's birthday, and on that day we are all to meet at the almshouse. What a happy day it will be!"

But what has James been about all this time? How has he gone on with his master, Mr. Cleghorn the haberdasher?

During the eighteen months that James had spent in Mr. Cleghorn's shop, he never gave his master the slightest reason to complain of him. On the contrary, this young man made his employer's interests his own, and consequently completely deserved his confidence. It was not, however, always easy to deal with Mr. Cleghorn, for he dreaded to be flattered, yet could not bear to be contradicted. James was very near losing his favour for ever, upon the following occasion:

One evening, when it was nearly dusk, and James was just shutting up shop, a strange-looking man, prodigiously corpulent, and with huge pockets to his coat, came in. He leaned his elbows on the counter, opposite to James, and stared him full in the face without speaking. James swept some loose money off the counter into the till. The stranger smiled, as if purposely to show him that this did not escape his quick eye. There was in his countenance an expression of roguery and humour: the humour seemed to be affected, the roguery natural. "What are you pleased to want, sir?" said James.

"A glass of brandy and your master."

"My master is not at home, sir, and we have no brandy. You will find brandy, I believe, at the house over the way."

"I believe I know where to find brandy a little better than you do; and better brandy than you ever tasted, or the devil's in it," replied the stranger. "I want none of your brandy. I only asked for it to try what sort of a chap you were. So you don't know who I am?"

"No, sir, not in the least."

"No! Never heard of Admiral Tipsey! Where do you come from? Never heard of Admiral Tipsey! whose noble paunch is worth more than a Laplander could reckon," cried he, striking the huge rotundity he praised. "Let me into this back parlour; I'll wait there till your master comes home."

"Sir, you cannot possibly go into that parlour; there is a young lady, Mr. Cleghorn's daughter, sir, at tea in that room; she must not be disturbed," said James, holding the lock of the parlour door. He thought the stranger was either drunk or pretending to be drunk, and contended with all his force to prevent him from getting into the parlour.

Whilst they were struggling, Mr. Cleghorn came home. "Heyday! what's the matter? Oh, admiral! is it you?" said Mr. Cleghorn, in a voice of familiarity that astonished James. "Let us by, James; you don't know the admiral."

Admiral Tipsey was a smuggler: he had the command of two or

three smuggling vessels, and thereupon created himself an admiral, a dignity which few dared to dispute with him whilst he held his oak stick in his hand. As to the name of Tipsey, no one could be so unjust as to question his claim to it, for he was never known to be perfectly sober during a whole day, from one year's end to another. To James's great surprise, the admiral, after he had drunk one dish of tea, unbuttoned his waistcoat from top to bottom, and deliberately began to unpack his huge false corpulence ! Round him were wound innumerable pieces of lace, and fold after fold of fine cambric. When he was completely unpacked, it was difficult to believe that he was the same person, he looked so thin and shrunk. He then called for some clean straw, and began to stuff himself out again to what he called "a passable size." "Did not I tell you, young man, I carried that under my waistcoat which would make a fool stare ? The lace that's on the floor, to say nothing of the cambric, is worth full twice the sum for which you shall have it, Cleghorn. Good night. I'll call again to-morrow to settle our affairs ; but don't let your young man here shut the door, as he did to-day, in the admiral's face. Here is a cravat for you, notwithstanding," continued he, turning to James, and throwing him a piece of very fine cambric. "I must 'list you in Admiral Tipsey's service."

James followed him to the door, and returned the cambric, in despite of all the entreaties that he would "wear it, or sell it, for the admiral's sake."

"So James," said Mr. Cleghorn, when the smuggler was gone, "you do not seem to like our admiral."

"I know nothing of him, sir, except that he is a smuggler ; and for that reason I do not wish to have anything to do with him."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Cleghorn, with a mixture of shame and anger in his countenance. "My conscience is as nice as other people's ; and yet I have a notion I shall have something to do with him, though he is a smuggler ; and if I am not mistaken, shall make a deal of money by him. I have not had anything to do with smugglers yet ; but I see many in Monmouth who are making large fortunes by their assistance. There is our neighbour Mr. Raikes : what a rich man he is become ! And why should I, or why should you, be more scrupulous than others ? Many gentlemen—ay, gentlemen—in the country are connected with them ; and why should a shopkeeper be more conscientious than they ? Speak ; I must have your opinion."

With all the respect due to his master, James gave it as his opinion that it would be best to have nothing to do with Admiral Tipsey, or any of the smugglers. He observed that men who carried on an illicit trade, and who were in the daily habits of cheating or of taking false oaths, could not be safe partners. Even putting morality out of the question, he remarked that the smuggling trade was a sort of gaming, by which one year a man might make a deal of money, and another might be ruined.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Cleghorn, in an ironical tone, "you talk very wisely for so young a man ! Pray, where did you learn all this wisdom ?"

"From my father, sir, from whom I learned everything that I know

—everything that is good, I mean. I had an uncle once, who was ruined by his dealings with smugglers, and who would have died in jail if it had not been for my father. I was but a young lad at the time this happened ; but I remember my father saying to me, the day my uncle was arrested, when my aunt and all the children were crying, ‘Take warning by this, my dear James : you are to be in trade, some day or other, yourself : never forget that honesty is the best policy. The fair trader will always have the advantage in the long run.’”

“Well, well, no more of this,” interrupted Mr. Cleghorn. “Good night to you. You may finish the rest of your sermon against smugglers to my daughter there, whom it seems to suit better than it pleases me.”

The next day, when Mr. Cleghorn went into the shop, he scarcely spoke to James, except to find fault with him. This he bore with patience, knowing that he meant well, and that his master would recover his temper in time.

“So the parcels were all sent, and the bills made out, as I desired,” said Mr. Cleghorn. “You are not in the wrong there. You know what you are about, James, very well ; but why should not you deal openly by me, according to your father’s maxim, that ‘Honesty is the best policy’? Why should not you fairly tell me what were your secret views in the advice you gave me about Admiral Tipsey and the smugglers?”

“I have no secret views, sir,” said James, with a look of such sincerity that his master could not help believing him ; “nor can I guess what you mean by *secret views*. If I consulted my own advantage instead of yours, I should certainly use all my influence with you in favour of this smuggler ; for here is a letter which I received from him this morning, ‘hoping for my friendship,’ and enclosing a ten-pound note, which I returned to him.”

Mr. Cleghorn was pleased by the openness and simplicity with which James told him all this, and immediately throwing aside the reserve of his manner, he said “James, I beg your pardon : I see I have misunderstood you. I am convinced you were not acting like a double-dealer in the advice you gave me last night. It was my daughter’s colouring so much that led me astray. I did, to be sure, think you had an eye to her more than to me in what you said ; but if you had, I am sure you would tell me so fairly.”

James was at a loss to comprehend how the advice that he gave concerning Admiral Tipsey and the smugglers could relate to Miss Cleghorn, except so far as it related to her father. He waited in silence for a further explanation.

“You don’t know, then,” continued Mr. Cleghorn, “that Admiral Tipsey, as he calls himself, is able to leave his nephew, young Raikes, more than I can leave my daughter? It is his whim to go about dressed in that strange way in which you saw him yesterday, and it is his diversion to carry on the smuggling trade by which he has made so much ; but he is in reality a rich old fellow, and has proposed that I should marry my daughter to his nephew. Now you begin to understand, I see. The lad is a smart lad. He is to come here this evening. Don’t prejudice my girl against him. Not a word more against smugglers before her, I beg.”

"You shall be obeyed, sir," said James. His voice altered and he turned pale as he spoke, circumstances which did not escape Mr. Cleghorn's observation.

Young Raikes and his uncle, the rich smuggler, paid their visit. Miss Cleghorn expressed a decided dislike to both uncle and nephew. Her father was extremely provoked, and in the height of his anger declared he believed she was in love with James Frankland ; that he was a treacherous rascal ; and that he should leave the house within three days, if his daughter did not before that time consent to marry the man he had chosen for her husband. It was in vain that his daughter endeavoured to soften her father's rage, and to exculpate poor James, by protesting he had never, directly or indirectly, attempted to engage her affections, neither had he ever said one syllable that could prejudice her against the man whom her father recommended. Mr. Cleghorn's high notions of subordination applied, on this occasion, equally to his daughter and to his foreman. He considered them both as presumptuous and ungrateful, and said to himself, as he walked up and down the room in a rage, "My foreman to preach to me, indeed ! I thought what he was about all the time ! But it shan't do !—it shan't do ! My daughter shall do as I bid her, or I'll know why ! Have not I been all my life making a fortune for her ? and now she won't do as I bid her ! She would if this fellow was out of the house ; and out he shall go, in three days, if she does not come to her senses. I was cheated by my last shopman out of my money : I won't be duped by this fellow out of my daughter ! No, no ; off he shall trudge ! A shopman, indeed, to think of his master's daughter without his consent !—what insolence ! What are the times come to ? Such a thing could not have been done in my days ! I never thought of my master's daughter, I'll take my oath ! And then the treachery of the rascal, to carry it on so slyly ! I could forgive him anything but that ; for that he shall go out of this house in three days, as sure as he and I are alive, if his young lady does not give him up before that time."

Passion so completely deafened Mr. Cleghorn, that he would not listen to James, who assured him he had never for one moment aspired to the honour of marrying his daughter. "Can you deny that you love her ? Can you deny," cried Mr. Cleghorn, "that you turned pale yesterday when you said I should be obeyed ?"

James could not deny either of these charges ; but he firmly persisted in asserting that he had been guilty of no treachery ; that he had never attempted secretly to engage the young lady's affections ; and that, on the contrary, he was sure she had no suspicion of his attachment. "It is easy to prove all this to me by persuading my girl to do as I bid her. Prevail on her to marry Mr. Raikes, and all is well."

"That is out of my power, sir," replied James. "I have no right to interfere, and will not. Indeed, I am sure I should betray myself if I were to attempt to say a word to Miss Cleghorn in favour of another man. That is a task I could not undertake, even if I had the highest opinion of this Mr. Raikes ; but I know nothing concerning him, and therefore should do wrong to speak in his favour merely to please you. I am sorry, very sorry, sir, that you have not the confidence in me which

"I hoped I had deserved ; but the time will come when you will do me justice. The sooner I leave you now, I believe, the better you will be satisfied ; and, far from wishing to stay three days, I do not desire to stay three minutes in your house, sir, against your will."

Mr. Cleghorn was touched by the feeling and honest pride with which James spoke. "Do as I bid you, sir," said he, "and neither more nor less. Stay out your three days, and maybe in that time this saucy girl may come to reason. If she does not know you love her, you are not *so much* to blame."

The three days passed away, and the morning came on which James was to leave his master. The young lady persisted in her resolution not to marry Mr. Raikes, and expressed much concern at the injustice with which James was treated on her account. She offered to leave home, and spend some time with an aunt who lived in the north of England. She did not deny that James appeared to her the most agreeable young man she had seen ; but added she could not possibly have any thoughts of marrying him, because he had never given her the least reason to believe that he was attached to her. Mr. Cleghorn was agitated, yet positive in his determination that James should quit the house. James went into his master's room to take leave of him. "So, then, you are really going?" said Mr. Cleghorn. "You have buckled that portmantau of yours like a blockhead. I'll do it better. Stand aside. So you are positively going? Why, this is a sad thing ! but then it is a thing, as your own sense and honour tell you,—it is a thing—" (Mr. Cleghorn took snuff at every pause in his speech ; but even this could not carry him through it when he pronounced the words)—"it is a thing that must be done." The tears fairly started from his eyes. "Now, this is ridiculous," resumed he. "In my days—in my younger days, I mean—a man could part with his foreman as easily as he could take off his glove. I am sure my master would as soon have thought of turning bankrupt as of shedding a tear at parting with me ; and yet I was as good a foreman, in my day, as another : not so good a one as you are, to be sure. But it is no time now to think of your goodness. Well ! what do we stand here for? When a thing is to be done, the sooner it is done the better. Shake hands before you go."

Mr. Cleghorn put into James's hand a fifty-pound note and a letter of recommendation to a Liverpool merchant. James left the house without taking leave of Miss Cleghorn, who did not think the worse of him for his want of gallantry. His master had taken care to recommend him to an excellent house in Liverpool, where his salary would be nearly double that which he had hitherto received ; but James was, notwithstanding, very sorry to leave Monmouth, where his dear brother, sister, and father lived,—to say nothing of Miss Cleghorn.

Late at night, James was going to the inn at which the Liverpool stage set up, where he was to sleep. As he passed through a street that leads down to the river Wye, he heard a great noise of men quarrelling violently. The moon shone bright, and he saw a party of men who appeared to be fighting in a boat that was just come to shore. He asked a person who came out of the public house, and who seemed to have nothing to do with the fray, what was the matter. "Only some smug-

glers who are quarrelling with one another about the division of their booty," said the passenger, who walked on, eager to get out of their way. James also quickened his pace, but presently heard the cry of "Murder! murder! Help! help!" and then all was silence. A few seconds afterwards he thought that he heard groans. He could not forbear going to the spot from whence the groans proceeded, in hopes of being of some service to a fellow-creature. By the time he got thither the groans had ceased. He looked about, but could only see the men in the boat, who were rowing fast down the river. As he stood on the shore listening, he for some minutes heard no sound but that of their oars, but afterward a man in the boat exclaimed, with a terrible oath, "There he is! —there he is!—all alive again! We have not done his business! d—n it, he'll do ours!" The boatmen rowed faster away, and James again heard the groans, though they were now much feebler than before. He searched, and found the wounded man, who, having been thrown overboard, had with great difficulty swum to shore, and fainted with the exertion as soon as he reached the land. When he came to his senses, he begged James, for mercy's sake, to carry him into the next public house, and to send for a surgeon to dress his wounds. The surgeon came, examined them, and declared his fears that the poor man could not live four-and-twenty hours. As soon as he was able to speak intelligibly, he said he had been drinking with a party of smugglers who had just brought in some fresh brandy, and that they had quarrelled violently about a keg of contraband liquor. He said that he could swear to the man who gave him the mortal wound.

The smugglers were pursued immediately, and taken. When they were brought into the sick man's room, James beheld amongst them three persons whom he little expected to meet in such a situation: Idle Isaac, Wild Will, and Bullying Bob. The wounded man swore positively to their persons. Bullying Bob was the person who gave him the fatal blow; but Wild Will began the assault, and Idle Isaac shoved him overboard. They were all implicated in the guilt, and, instead of expressing any contrition for their crime, began to dispute about which was most to blame. They appealed to James, and as he would be subpoenaed on their trial, each endeavoured to engage him in their favour. Idle Isaac took him aside, and said to him, "You have no reason to befriend my brothers. I can tell you a secret: they are the greatest enemies your family ever had. It was they who set fire to your father's hay-rick. Will was provoked by your sister Fanny's refusing him, so he determined, as he told me, to carry her off; and he meant to have done so in the confusion that was caused by the fire, but Bob and he quarrelled the very hour that she was to have been carried off; so that part of the scheme failed. Now, I had no hand in all this, being fast asleep in my bed; so I have more claim to your good word, at any rate, than my brothers can have; and so, when we come to trial, I hope you'll speak to my character."

Wild Will next tried his eloquence. As soon as he found that his brother Isaac had betrayed the secret, he went to James and assured him the mischief that had been done was a mere accident; that it was true he had intended, for the frolic's sake, to raise a cry of fire, in order

to draw Fanny out of the house, but that he was shocked when he found how the jest ended. As to Bullying Bob, he brazened the matter out, declaring he had been affronted by the Franklands, and that he was glad he had taken his revenge of them ; that if the thing was to be done over again, he would do it ; that James might give him what character he pleased upon trial, as a man could be hanged but once. Such were the absurd bravadoing speeches he made whilst he had an alehouse audience round him to admire his spirit ; but a few hours changed his tone. He and his brothers were taken before a magistrate. Till the committal was actually made out, they had hopes of being bailed. They had dispatched a messenger to Admiral Tipsey, whose men they called themselves, and expected he would offer bail for them to any amount ; but the bail of their friend Admiral Tipsey was not deemed sufficient by the magistrate.

"In the first place, I could not bail these men ; and if I could, do you think it possible," said the magistrate, "I could take the bail of such a man as that?"

"I understood he was worth a deal of money," whispered James.

"You are mistaken, sir," said the magistrate : "he is, what he deserves to be, a ruined man. I have good reasons for knowing this. He has a nephew, a Mr. Raikes, who is a gamester. Whilst the uncle has been carrying on the smuggling trade here, at the hazard of his life, the nephew, who was bred up at Oxford to be a fine gentleman, has gamed away all the money his uncle has made during twenty years by his contraband traffic. In the long run, these fellows never thrive. Tipsey is not worth a groat."

James was much surprised by this information, and resolved to return immediately to Mr. Cleghorn, to tell him what he had heard, and put him on his guard. Early in the morning he went to his house. "You look as if you were not pleased to see me again," said he to Mr. Cleghorn ; "and perhaps you will impute what I am going to say to bad motives ; but my regard for you, sir, determines me to acquaint you with what I have heard : you will make what use of the information you please." James then related what had passed at the magistrate's ; and when Mr. Cleghorn had heard all that James had to say, he thanked him in the strongest manner for this instance of his regard, and begged he would remain in Monmouth a few days longer.

Alarmed by the information he received from James, Mr. Cleghorn privately made inquiries concerning young Raikes and his uncle. The distress into which the young man had plunged himself by gambling had been kept a profound secret from his relations. It was easy to deceive them as to his conduct, because his time had been spent at a distance from them. He was but just returned home after *completing his education*.

The magistrate from whom James first heard of his extravagance happened to have a son at Oxford, who gave him this intelligence. He confirmed all that he had said to Mr. Cleghorn, who trembled at the danger to which he had exposed his daughter. The match with young Raikes was immediately broken off, and all connection with Admiral Tipsey and the smugglers was for ever dissolved by Mr. Cleghorn.

His gratitude to James was expressed with all the natural warmth of his character. "Come back and live with me," said he; "you have saved me and my daughter from ruin. You shall not be my shopman any longer: you shall be my partner; and you know, when you are my partner there can be nothing said against your thinking of my daughter. But all in good time. I would not have seen the girl again if she had married my shopman, but my partner will be quite another thing. You have worked your way up in the world by your own deserts, and I give you joy. I believe, now it's over, it would have gone nigh to break my heart to part with you; but you must be sensible I was right to keep up my authority in my own family. Now things are changed—I give my consent; nobody has a right to say a word. When I am pleased with my daughter's choice, that is enough. There's only one thing that goes against my pride. Your father——"

"Oh, sir!" interrupted James, "if you are going to say anything disrespectful of my father, do not say it to me, I beseech you do not, for I cannot bear it. Indeed I cannot, and will not. He is the best of fathers."

"I am sure he has the best of children, and a greater blessing there cannot be in this world. I was not going to say anything disrespectful of him; I was only going to lament that he should be in an almshouse," said Mr. Cleghorn.

"He has determined to remain there," said James, "till his children have earned money enough to support him without hurting themselves. I, my brother, and both my sisters are to meet at the almshouse on the first day of next month, which is my father's birthday. Then we shall join all our earnings together and see what can be done."

"Remember, you are my partner," said Mr. Cleghorn. "On that day you must take me along with you. My goodwill is part of your earnings, and my goodwill shall never be shown merely in words."

CHAPTER X.

NO SELFISHNESS CAN BE MORE ODIOUS THAN THAT OF LEGACY-HUNTERS.

IT is now time to give some account of the Bettsworth family. The history of their indolence, extravagance, quarrels, and ruin shall be given as shortly as possible.

The fortune left to them by Captain Bettsworth was nearly twenty thousand pounds. When they got possession of this sum, they thought it could never be spent, and each of the family had separate plans of extravagance, for which they required separate supplies. Old Bettsworth in his youth had seen a house of Squire Somebody's, which had struck his imagination, and he resolved he would build just such another. This was his favourite scheme, and he was delighted with the thoughts that it would be realized. His wife and his sons opposed the plan, merely because it was his; and consequently he became more obstinately bent upon having his own way, as he said, for once in his life. He was totally ignorant of building, and no less incapable, from his habitual indolence, of managing workmen. The house might have

been finished for one thousand five hundred pounds—it cost him two thousand pounds; and when it was done, the roof let in the rain in sundry places. The new ceilings and cornices were damaged, so that repairs and a new roof, with leaden gutters, cost him some additional hundreds. The furnishing of the house Mrs. Bettesworth took upon herself, and Saucy Sally *took upon herself* to find fault with every article that her mother bought. The quarrels were loud, bitter, and at last irreconcilable. There was a looking-glass which the mother wanted to have in one room, and the daughter insisted on putting it in another: the looking-glass was broken in the heat of battle. The blame was laid on Sally, who, in a rage, declared she would not, and could not, live in the house with her mother. Her mother was rejoiced to get rid of her, and she went to live with a lieutenant's lady in the neighbourhood, with whom she had been acquainted three weeks and two days. Half by scolding, half by cajoling her father, she prevailed on him to give her two thousand pounds for her fortune, promising never to trouble him any more for anything.

As soon as she was gone Mrs. Bettesworth gave a housewarming, as she called it, to all her acquaintance—a dinner, a ball, and a supper in her new house. The house was not half dry, and all the company caught cold. Mrs. Bettesworth's cold was the most severe. It happened at this time to be the fashion to go almost without clothes, and as this lady was extremely vain and fond of dress, she would absolutely appear in the height of fashion. The Sunday after her ball, whilst she had still the remains of a bad cold, she positively would go to church equipped in one petticoat and a thin muslin gown, that she might look as young as her daughter Jesse. Everybody laughed, and Jesse laughed more than any one else; but in the end it was no laughing matter: Mrs. Bettesworth “caught her death of cold.” She was confined to her bed on Monday, and was buried the next Sunday.

Jesse, who had a great notion that she should marry a lord, if she could but once get into company with one, went to live with blind Mrs. Cheviott, where, according to her mother's instructions, “she laid herself out for goodness.” She also took two thousand pounds with her, upon her promise never to trouble her father more.

Her brothers perceived how much was to be gained by tormenting a father who gave from weakness and not from a sense of justice or a feeling of kindness, and they soon rendered themselves so troublesome that he was obliged to buy off their reproaches. Idle Isaac was a sportsman, and would needs have a pack of hounds—they cost him two hundred a year. Then he would have race-horses, and by them he soon lost some thousands. He was arrested for the money, and his father was forced to pay it. Bullying Bob and Wild Will soon afterwards began to think “it was very hard that so much was to be done for Isaac and nothing for them.” Wild Will kept harriers, and Bullying Bob was a cockfighter: their demands for money were frequent and unconscionable; and their continual plea was, “Why, Isaac lost thousands by his race-horses, and why should not we have our share?” The harriers and the cock-pit had their share, and the poor old father at last had only one thousand left. He told his sons this, with tears in

his eyes : " I shall die in a jail, after all ! " said he. They listened not to what he said, for they were intent upon the bank-notes of this last thousand, which were spread upon the table before him. Wild Will, half in jest, half in earnest, snatched up a parcel of notes, and Bullying Bob insisted on dividing the treasure. Will fled out of the house, Bob pursued him, and they fought at the end of their own avenue.

This was on the day that Frankland and his family were returning from poor George's funeral, and saw the battle betwixt the brothers. They were shamed into a temporary reconciliation, and soon afterwards united against their father, whom they represented to all the neighbours as the most cruel and the most avaricious of men, because he would not part with the very means of subsistence to supply their profligacy.

Whilst their minds were in this state, Will happened to become acquainted with a set of smugglers, whose disorderly life struck his fancy. He persuaded his brothers to leave home with him, and to 'list in the service of Admiral Tipsey. Their manners then became more brutal ; and they thought, felt, and lived like men of desperate fortunes. The consequence we have seen. In a quarrel about a keg of brandy, at an ale-house, their passions got the better of them, and on entering their boat they committed the offence for which they were now imprisoned.

Mr. Barlow was the attorney to whom they applied, and they endeavoured to engage him to manage their cause on their trial, but he absolutely refused. From the moment he heard from James that Wild Will and Bullying Bob were the persons who set fire to Frankland's hay-stack, he urged Frank to prosecute them for this crime. " When you only suspected them, my dear Frank, I strongly dissuaded you from going to law, but now you cannot fail to succeed, and you will recover ample damages."

" That is impossible, my dear sir," replied Frank, " for the Betteworths, I understand, are ruined."

" I am sorry for that on your account ; but I still think you ought to carry on this prosecution, for the sake of public justice. Such pests of society should not go unpunished."

" They will probably be punished sufficiently for this unfortunate assault, for which they are now to stand their trial. I cannot in their distress revenge either my own or my father's wrongs. I am sure he would be sorry if I did, for I have often and often heard him say—' Never trample upon the fallen.' "

" You are a good, generous young man," cried Mr. Barlow, " and no wonder you love the father who inspired you with such sentiments and taught you such principles. But what a shame it is that such a father should be in an almshouse ! You say he will not consent to be dependent upon any one, and that he will not accept of relief from any but his own children. This is pride—but it is an honourable species of pride, fit for an English yeoman. I cannot blame it. But, my dear Frank, tell your father he must accept of your friend's credit as well as of yours. Your credit with me is such that you may draw upon me for five hundred pounds whenever you please.—No thanks, my boy ; half the money I owe you for your services as my clerk, and the other half

is well secured to me by the certainty of your future diligence and success in business. You will be able to pay me in a year or two, so I put you under no obligation, remember. I will take your bond for half the money, if that will satisfy you and your proud father."

The manner in which this favour was conferred touched Frank to the heart. He had a heart which could be strongly moved by kindness. He was beginning to express his gratitude, when Mr. Barlow interrupted him with, "Come, come! Why do we waste our time here talking sentiment, when we ought to be writing law? Here is work to be done which requires some expedition—a marriage settlement to be drawn. Guess for whom."

Frank guessed all the probable matches amongst his Monmouth acquaintance; but he was rather surprised when told that the bridegroom was to be young Mr. Folingsby, as it was scarcely two months since this gentleman was in love with Fanny Frankland. Frank proceeded to draw the settlement.

Whilst he and Mr. Barlow were writing, they were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Josiah Crumpe. He came to announce Mrs. Crumpe's death, and to request Mr. Barlow's attendance at the opening of her will. This poor lady had lingered out many months longer than it was thought she could possibly live; and during all her sufferings Patty, with indefatigable goodness and temper, bore with the caprice and peevishness of disease. Those who thought she acted merely from interested motives expected to find she had used her power over her mistress's mind entirely for her own advantage. They were certain a great part of the fortune would be left to her. Mrs. Crumpe's relations were so persuaded of this, that when they were assembled to hear her will read by Mr. Barlow, they began to say to one another in whispers, "We'll set the will aside; we'll bring her into the courts. Mrs. Crumpe was not in her right senses when she made this will. She had received two paralytic strokes—we can prove that: we can set aside the will." Mr. Josiah Crumpe was not one of those whisperers; he sat apart from them, leaning on his oaken stick, in silence.

Mr. Barlow broke the seals of the will, opened it, and read it to the eager company. They were much astonished when they found that the whole fortune was left to Mr. Josiah Crumpe. The reason for this bequest was given in these words: "Mr. Josiah Crumpe being the only one of my relations who did not torment me for my money, even upon my death-bed. I trust that he will provide suitably for that excellent girl Patty Frankland. On this head he knows my wishes. By her own desire I have not myself left her anything; I have only bequeathed fifty pounds for the use of her father."

Mr. Josiah Crumpe was the only person who heard unmoved the bequest that was made to him. The rest of the relations were clamorous in their reproaches or hypocritical in their congratulations. All thoughts of setting aside the will were, however, abandoned. Every legal form had been observed, and with a technical nicety that precluded all hopes of successful litigation.

Mr. Crumpe arose, as soon as the tumult of disappointment had somewhat subsided, and counted with his oaken stick the numbers that

were present. "Here are ten of you, I think. Well, you, every soul of you, hate me; but that is nothing to the purpose. I shall keep up to the notion I have of the character of a true British merchant for my own sake—not for yours. I don't want this woman's money; I have enough of my own, and of my own honest making, without legacy-hunting. Why did you torment the dying woman? You would have been better off if you had behaved better—but that's over now. A thousand pounds apiece you shall have from me, deducting fifty pounds, which you must each of you give to that excellent girl Patty Frankland. I am sure you must be all sensible of your injustice to her."

Fully aware that it was their interest to oblige Mr. Crumpe, they now vied with each other in doing justice to Patty. Some even declared they had never had any suspicions of her, and others laid the blame on the false representations and information which they said they had received from the mischief-making Mrs. Martha. They most willingly accepted of a thousand pounds apiece; and the fifty pound deduction was paid as a tax by each to Patty's merit.

Mistress now of five hundred pounds, she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear father! you shall no longer live in an almshouse! To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life! I don't know how to thank you as I ought, sir," continued she, turning to her benefactor.

"You have thanked me as you ought, and as I like best," said this plain-spoken merchant; "and now let us say no more about it."

CHAPTER XI.

NO PLEASURE CAN EXCEED THE GENERAL APPLAUSE WHICH THE WISE AND GOOD BESTOW.

IN obedience to Mr. Crumpe's commands, Patty said no more to him; but she was impatient to tell her brother Frank and her lover Mr. Mason of her good fortune. She therefore returned to Monmouth with Mr. Barlow, in hopes of seeing them immediately.

"You will find your brother," said Mr. Barlow, "very busy looking over parchments, in order to draw a marriage settlement. You must keep your good news till he has done his business, or he will make as many blunders as our friend Mason once made in the preamble of Mrs. Crumpe's will. I believe I must forbid you, Patty Frankland," continued Mr. Barlow, smiling, "to come near my clerks, for I find they always make mistakes when you are within twenty yards of them."

Frank was not at work at the marriage settlements. Soon after Mr. Barlow left him, he was summoned to attend the trial of the Bettesworths. These unfortunate young men, depending on Frank's good-nature, well knowing he had refused to prosecute them for setting fire to his father's hay-rick, thought they might venture to call upon him to give them a good character. "Consider, dear Frank," said Will Bettesworth, "a good word from one of your character might do a great deal for us. You were so many years our neighbour! If you would only just say that we were never counted wild, idle, quarrelsome fellows, to your knowledge. Will you?"

"How can I do that?" said Frank, "or how could I be believed if I

did, when it is so well known in the country?—forgive me : at such a time as this I cannot mean to taunt you—but it is well known in the country that you were called Wild Will, Bullying Bob, and Idle Isaac.”

“There’s the rub !” said the attorney who was employed for the Bettesworths. “This will come out in open court, and the judge and jury will think a great deal of it.”

“Oh, Mr. Frank, Mr. Frank,” cried old Bettesworth, “have pity upon us ! Speak in favour of these boys of mine ! Think what a disgrace it is to me, in my old age, to have my sons brought this way to a public trial ! And if they should be transported ! Oh, Frank, say what you can for them ! You were always a good young man, and a good-natured one.”

Frank was moved by the entreaties and tears of this unhappy father, but his good-nature could not make him consent to say what he knew to be false. “Do not call me to speak to their characters upon this trial,” said he. “I cannot say anything that would serve them : I shall do them more harm than good.”

Still they had hopes his good-nature would at the last moment prevail over his sense of justice, and they summoned him.

“Well, sir,” said Bettesworth’s counsel, “you appear in favour of the prisoners. You have known them, I understand, from their childhood, and your own character is such that whatever you say in their favour will doubtless make a weighty impression upon the jury.”

The court was silent, in expectation of what Frank should say. He was so much embarrassed betwixt his wish to serve his old neighbours and playfellows, and his dread of saying what he knew to be false, that he could not utter a syllable. He burst into tears.

“This evidence is most strongly against the prisoners,” whispered a jurymen to his fellows.

The verdict was brought in at last—Guilty ! Sentence—transportation. As the judge was pronouncing this sentence, old Bettesworth was carried out of the court : he had dropped senseless. Ill as his sons had behaved to him, he could not sustain the sight of their utter disgrace and ruin. When he recovered his senses he found himself sitting on the stone bench before the courthouse, supported by Frank. Many of the townspeople had gathered round ; but, regardless of everything but his own feelings, the wretched father exclaimed in a voice of despair, “I have no children left me in my old age ! My sons are gone ! and where are my daughters ? At such a time as this, why are not they near their poor old father ? Have they no touch of natural affection in them ? No ! they have none. And why should they have any for me ? I took no care of them when they were young ; no wonder they take none of me now I am old. Ay ! neighbour Frankland was right : he brought up his children ‘in the way they should go.’ Now he has the credit and the comfort of them ; and see what mine are come to ! They bring their father’s grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.” The old man wept bitterly ; then, looking round him, he again asked for his daughters. “Surely they are in the town, and it cannot be much trouble to them to come to me ! Even these strangers, who have never seen me before, pity me. But *my own* have no feeling ; no, not for one another ! Do

these girls know the sentence that has been passed upon their brothers? Where are they? where are they? Jesse, at least, might be near me at such a time as this! I was always an indulgent father to Jesse."

There were people present who knew what was become of Jesse; but they would not tell the news to her father at this terrible moment. Two of Mrs. Cheviott's servants were in the crowd, and one of them whispered to Frank, "You had best, sir, prevail on this poor old man to go to his home, and not to ask for his daughter: he will hear the bad news soon enough."

Frank persuaded the father to go home to his lodgings, and did everything in his power to comfort him. But, alas! the old man said too truly, "There is no happiness left for me in this world! What a curse it is to have bad children! My children have broken my heart! And it is all my own fault: I took no care of them when they were young, and they take no care of me now I am old. But tell me, have you found out what is become of my daughters?"

Frank evaded the question, and begged the old man to rest in peace this night. He seemed quite exhausted by grief, and at last sank into a sort of stupefaction—it could hardly be called sleep. Frank was obliged to return home to proceed with his business for Mr. Barlow, and he was glad to escape from the sight of misery which, however he might pity it, he could not relieve. It was happy indeed for Frank that he had taken his father's advice, and had early broken off all connection with Jilting Jesse. After duping others, she at length had become a greater dupe. She had this morning gone off with a common serjeant, with whom she had fallen suddenly and desperately in love. He cared for nothing but her two thousand pounds, and, to complete her misfortune, was a man of bad character, whose extravagance and profligacy had reduced him to the sad alternative of either marrying for money or going to jail.

As for Sally, she was at this instant far from all thoughts either of her father or her brothers: she was in the heat of a scolding match, which terminated rather unfortunately for her matrimonial schemes. Ensign Bloomington had reproached her with having forced him into his aunt's room when she had absolutely refused to see him, and of thus being the cause that he had lost a handsome legacy. Irritated by this charge, the lady replied in no very gentle terms. Words ran high, and so high at last that the gentleman finished by swearing he would sooner marry the devil than such a vixen! The match was thus broken off, to the great amusement of all Saucy Sally's acquaintance. Her ill-humour had made her hated by all the neighbours, so that her disappointment at the loss of the ensign was embittered by their malicious raillery, and by the prophecy which she heard more than whispered from all sides, that she would never have another admirer, either for "love or money." Ensign Bloomington was deaf to all overtures of peace: he was rejoiced to escape from this virago; and as we presume that none of our readers are much interested in her fate, we shall leave her to wear the willow without following her history farther.

Let us return to Mr. Barlow, whom we left looking over Mr. Folingsby's marriage settlements. When he had seen that they were rightly drawn,

he sent Frank with them to Folingsby Hall. Mr. Folingsby was alone when Frank arrived. "Sit down, if you please, sir," said he. "Though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before, your name is well known to me. You are a brother of Fanny Frankland's. She is a charming and excellent young woman! You have reason to be proud of your sister, and I have reason to be obliged to her."

He then adverted to what had formerly passed between them at Mrs. Hungerford's, and concluded by saying it would give him real satisfaction to do any service to him or his family. "Speak, and tell me what I can do for you."

Frank looked down and was silent, for he thought Mr. Folingsby must recollect the injustice that he or his agent had shown in turning old Frankland out of his farm. He was too proud to ask favours where he had a claim to justice.

In fact, Mr. Folingsby had, as he said, "left everything to his agent;" and so little did he know either of the affairs of his tenants, their persons, or even their names, that he had not at this moment the slightest idea that Frank was the son to one of the oldest and the best of them. He did not know that old Frankland had been reduced to take refuge in an almshouse in consequence of his agent's injustice. Surprised by Frank's cold silence, he questioned him more closely, and it was with astonishment and shame that he heard the truth.

"Good heavens!" cried he, "has my negligence been the cause of all this misery to your father?—to the father of Fanny Frankland? I remember, now that you recall it to my mind, something of an old man with fine grey hair coming to speak to me about some business, just as I was setting off for Ascot races. Was that your father? I recollect I told him I was in a great hurry, and that Mr. Deal, my agent, would certainly do him justice. In this I was grossly mistaken, and I have suffered severely for the confidence I had in that fellow. Thank God, I shall now have my affairs in my own hands. I am determined to look into them immediately. My head is no longer full of horses, and gigs, and curricles. There is a time for everything. My giddy days are over. I only wish that my thoughtlessness had never hurt any one but myself.

"All I can now do," continued Mr. Folingsby, "is to make amends as fast as possible for the past. To begin with your father, most fortunately I have the means in my power. His farm is come back into my hands, and it shall to-morrow be restored to him. Old Bettesworth was with me scarcely an hour ago, to surrender the farm, on which there is a prodigious arrear of rent; but I understand that he has built a good house on the farm, and I am extremely glad of it, for your father's sake. Tell him it shall be his. Tell him I am ready—I am eager—to put him in possession of it, and to repair the injustice I have done, or which, at least, I have permitted to be done in my name."

Frank was so overjoyed that he could scarcely utter one word of thanks. On his way home he called at Mrs. Hungerford's, to tell the good news to his sister Fanny. This was the eve of their father's birthday, and they agreed to meet at the almshouse in the morning. The happy morning came. Old Frankland was busy in his little garden when he heard the voices of his children, who were coming towards

him. "Fanny! Patty! James! Frank! Welcome, my children! welcome! I knew you would be so kind as to come to see your old father on this day; so I was picking some of my currants for you, to make you as welcome as I can. But I wonder you are not ashamed to come to see me in an almshouse. Such gay lads and lasses! I well know I have reason to be proud of you all. Why, I think I never saw you, one and all, look so well in my whole life!"

"Perhaps, father," said Frank, "because you never saw us, one and all, so happy! Will you sit down, dear father, here in your arbour? and we will all sit upon the grass at your feet, and each tell you our stories, and all the good news."

"My children," said he, "do what you will with me. It makes my old heart swim with joy to see you all again around me, looking so happy."

The father sat down in his arbour, and his children placed themselves at his feet. First his daughter Patty spoke, and then Fanny, then James, and at last Frank. When they had all told their little histories, they offered to their father in one purse their common riches—the rewards of their own good conduct.

"My beloved children!" said Frankland, overpowered with his tears, "this is too much joy for me! this is the happiest moment of my life! None but the father of such children can know what I feel. Your success in the world delights me ten times the more, because I know it is all owing to yourselves."

"Oh, no, my dear father!" cried they with one accord. "No, dear, dear father; our success is all owing to you. Everything we have is owing to you—to the care you took of us from our infancy upward. If you had not watched for our welfare, and taught us so well, we should not now all be so happy.—Poor Bettesworth!"

Here they were interrupted by Hannah, the faithful maid-servant, who had always lived with old Frankland. She came running down the garden so fast that, when she reached the arbour, she was so much out of breath she could not speak. "Dear heart! God bless you all!" cried she, as soon as she recovered breath. "But it is no time to be sitting here. Come in, sir, for mercy's sake!" said she, addressing herself to her old master. "Come in, to be ready; come in, all of you, to be ready."

"Ready! ready for what?"

"Oh! ready for fine things, fine doings. Only come in, and I'll tell you as we go along. How I have torn all my hand with this gooseberry-bush! But no matter for that. So then you have not heard a word of what is going on? No; how could you? And you did not miss me when you first came into the house?"

"Forgive us for that, good Hannah; we were in such a hurry to see my father, we thought of nothing and nobody else."

"Very natural. Well, Miss Fanny, I've been up at the great house with your lady, Mrs. Hungerford. A better lady cannot be! Do you know, she sent for me on purpose to speak to me; and I know things that you are not to know yet. But this much I may tell you: there's a carriage coming here to carry my master away to his new house; and there's horses and side-saddles beside for you, and you, and you, and

me. And Mrs. Hungerford is coming in her own coach, and young Mr. Folingsby is coming in his carriage, and Mr. Barlow in Mr. Josiah Crumpe's carriage, and Mr. Cleghorn and his pretty daughter in the gig, and—and—and heaps of carriages besides, friends of Mrs. Hungerford's! And there's such crowds gathering in the streets! And I'm going on to get breakfast."

"Oh, my dear father," cried Frank, "make haste and take off this badge-coat before they come! We have brought proper clothes for you."

Frank pulled off the badge-coat, as he called it, and flung it from him, saying, "My father shall never wear you more."

Fanny had just tied on her father's clean neckcloth, and Patty had smoothed his reverend grey locks, when the sound of the carriages was heard. All that Hannah had told them was true. Mrs. Hungerford had engaged all her friends, and all who were acquainted with the good conduct of the Franklands, to attend her on this joyful occasion.

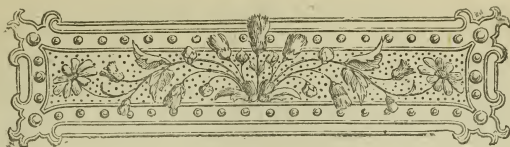
"Triumphal cavalcades and processions," said she, "are in general foolish things—mere gratifications of vanity; but this is not in honour of vanity, but in honour of virtue. We shall do good in the country by showing that we respect and admire it, in whatever station it is to be found. Here is a whole family who have conducted themselves uncommonly well, who have exerted themselves to relieve their aged father from a situation to which he was reduced without any fault or imprudence of his own. Their exertions have succeeded. Let us give them what they will value more than money, SYMPATHY."

Convinced or persuaded by what Mrs. Hungerford said, all her friends and acquaintance attended her this morning to the almshouse. Crowds of people followed; and old Frankland was carried in triumph by his children to his new habitation.

The happy father lived many years to enjoy the increasing prosperity of his family. His daughters Patty and Fanny were soon united to their lovers: James, with Mr. Cleghorn's consent, married Miss Cleg-horn; and Frank did not become an old bachelor, but married an amiable girl, who was ten times prettier than Jilting Jesse, and of whom he was twenty times as fond.

May every good father have as grateful children!





THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

IN the island of Jamaica there lived two planters, whose methods of managing their slaves were as different as possible. Mr. Jefferies considered the negroes as an inferior species, incapable of gratitude, disposed to treachery, and to be roused from their natural indolence only by force. He treated his slaves—or rather suffered his overseer to treat them—with the greatest severity.

Jefferies was not a man of a cruel temper, but he was thoughtless and extravagant. He was of such a sanguine disposition that he always calculated upon having a fine season and fine crops on his plantation, and he never had the prudence to make allowance for unfortunate accidents. He required from his overseer, as he said, produce and not excuses. Durant, the overseer, did not scruple to use the most cruel and barbarous methods of forcing the slaves to exertions beyond their strength. Complaints of his brutality from time to time reached his master's ears; but, though Mr. Jefferies was moved to momentary compassion, he shut his heart against conviction: he hurried away to the jovial banquet, and drowned all painful reflections in wine. He was this year much in debt, and therefore, being more than usually anxious about his crop, he pressed his overseer to exert himself to the utmost.

The wretched slaves upon his plantation thought themselves still more unfortunate when they compared their condition with that of the negroes on the estate of Mr. Edwards. This gentleman treated his slaves with all possible humanity and kindness. He wished that there was no such thing as slavery in the world, but he was convinced, by the arguments of those who have the best means of obtaining information, that the sudden emancipation of the negroes would rather increase than diminish their miseries. His benevolence, therefore, confined itself within the bounds of reason. He adopted those plans for the amelioration of the state of the slaves which appeared to him most likely to succeed without producing any violent agitation or revolution. For instance, his negroes had reasonable and fixed daily tasks, and when these were finished they were permitted to employ their time for their own advantage or amusement. If they chose to employ themselves longer for their master, they were paid regular wages for their extra work. This reward—for such it was considered—operated most power-

fully upon the slaves : those who are animated by hope can perform what would seem impossibilities to those who are under the depressing influence of fear. The wages which Mr. Edwards promised he took care to see punctually paid. He had an excellent overseer, of the name of Abraham Bayley—a man of a mild but steady temper, who was attached not only to his master's interests, but to his virtues, and who, therefore, was more intent upon seconding his humane views than upon squeezing from the labour of the negroes the utmost produce. Each negro had a portion of land near his cottage called his provision-ground, and one day in the week was allowed for its cultivation.

It is common in Jamaica for the slaves to have provision-grounds, which they cultivate for their own advantage ; but it too often happens that, when a good negro has successfully improved his little spot of land, when he has built himself a house, and begins to enjoy the fruits of his industry, his acquired property is seized upon by the sheriff's officer for the payment of his master's debts ; he is forcibly separated from his wife and children, dragged to public auction, purchased by a stranger, and perhaps sent to terminate his miserable existence in the mines of Mexico, excluded for ever from the light of heaven ; and all this without any crime or imprudence on his part, real or pretended. He is punished because his master is unfortunate. To this barbarous injustice the negroes on Mr. Edwards's plantation were never exposed. He never exceeded his income ; he engaged in no wild speculations ; he contracted no debts ; and his slaves, therefore, were in no danger of being seized by a sheriff's officer. Their property was secured to them by the prudence as well as by the generosity of their master.

One morning, as Mr. Edwards was walking in that part of his plantation which joined to Mr. Jefferies' estate, he thought he heard the voice of distress at some distance. The lamentations grew louder and louder as he approached a cottage which stood upon the borders of Jefferies' plantation. This cottage belonged to a slave of the name of Cæsar, the best negro in Mr. Jefferies' possession. Such had been his industry and exertion, that, notwithstanding the severe tasks imposed by Durant the overseer, Cæsar found means to cultivate his provision-ground to a degree of perfection nowhere else to be seen on this estate. Mr. Edwards had often admired this poor fellow's industry, and now hastened to inquire what misfortune had befallen him. When he came to the cottage he found Cæsar standing with his arms folded and his eyes fixed upon the ground. A young and beautiful female negro was weeping bitterly as she knelt at the feet of Durant the overseer, who, regarding her with a sullen aspect, repeated, "He must go. I tell you, woman, he must go. What signifies all this nonsense?"

At the sight of Mr. Edwards the overseer's countenance suddenly changed, and assumed an air of obsequious civility. The poor woman retired to the farther corner of the cottage, and continued to weep. Cæsar never moved. "Nothing is the matter, sir," said Durant, "but that Cæsar is going to be sold. That is what the woman is crying for. They were to be married ; but we'll find Clara another husband, I tell her ; and she'll get the better of her grief, you know, sir, as I tell her, in time."

"Never! never!" said Clara.

"To whom is Cæsar going to be sold, and for what sum?"

"For what can be got for him," replied Durant, laughing, "and to any one who will buy him. The sheriff's officer is here, who has seized him for debt, and must make the most of him at market."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Edwards; "and must he leave this cottage which he has built, and these bananas which he has planted?"

Cæsar now for the first time looked up, and fixing his eyes upon Mr. Edwards for a moment, advanced with an intrepid rather than an imploring countenance, and said, "Will you be my master?—will you be her master? Buy both of us. You shall not repent of it. Cæsar will serve you faithfully."

On hearing these words, Clara sprang forward, and, clasping her hands together, repeated, "Cæsar will serve you faithfully."

Mr. Edwards was moved by their entreaties; but he left them without declaring his intentions. He went immediately to Mr. Jefferies, whom he found stretched on a sofa, drinking coffee. As soon as Mr. Edwards mentioned the occasion of his visit, and expressed his sorrow for Cæsar, Jefferies exclaimed, "Yes, poor devil! I pity him from the bottom of my soul. But what can I do? I leave all those things to Durant. He says the sheriff's officer has seized him, and there's an end of the matter. You know, money must be had. Besides, Cæsar is not worse off than any other slave sold for debt. What signifies talking about the matter, as if it was something that never happened before? Is not it a case that occurs every day in Jamaica?"

"So much the worse," replied Mr. Edwards.

"The worse for them, to be sure," said Jefferies. "But, after all, they are slaves, and used to be treated as such; and they tell me the negroes are a thousand times happier here, with us, than they ever were in their own country."

"Did the negroes tell you so themselves?"

"No; but people better informed than negroes have told me so; and after all, slaves there must be; for indigo, and rum, and sugar we must have."

"Granting it to be physically impossible that the world should exist without rum, sugar, and indigo, why could they not be produced by free-men, as well as by slaves? If we hired negroes for labourers, instead of purchasing them for slaves, do you think they would not work as well as they do now? Does any negro, under the fear of the overseer, work harder than a Birmingham journeyman or a Newcastle collier, who toil for themselves and their families?"

"Of that I don't pretend to judge. All I know is, that the West India planters would be ruined if they had no slaves, and I am a West India planter."

"So am I; yet I do not think they are the only people whose interest ought to be considered in this business."

"Their interests, luckily, are protected by the laws of the land; and though they are rich men, and white men, and freemen, they have as good a claim to their right as the poorest black slave on any of our plantations."

"The law, in our case, seems to make the right, and the very reverse ought to be done : the right should make the law."

"Fortunately for us planters, we need not enter into such nice distinctions. You could not, if you would, abolish the trade. Slaves would be smuggled into the islands."

"What, if nobody would buy them ! You know that you cannot smuggle slaves into England. The instant a slave touches English ground he becomes free. Glorious privilege ! Why should it not be extended to all her dominions ? If the future importation of slaves into these islands were forbidden by law, the trade must cease. No man can either sell or possess slaves without its being known : they cannot be smuggled like lace or brandy."

"Well, well !" retorted Jefferies, a little impatiently, "as yet the law is on our side. I can do nothing in this business, nor you either."

"Yes, we can do something ; we can endeavour to make our negroes as happy as possible."

"I leave the management of these people to Durant."

"That is the very thing of which they complain. Forgive me for speaking to you with the frankness of an old acquaintance."

"Oh, you can't oblige me more. I love frankness of all things. To tell you the truth, I have heard complaints of Durant's severity ; but I make it a principle to turn a deaf ear to them, for I know nothing can be done with these fellows without it. You are partial to negroes ; but even you must allow they are a race of beings naturally inferior to us. You may in vain think of managing a black as you would a white. Do what you please for a negro, he will cheat you the first opportunity he finds. You know what their maxim is : 'God gives black men what white men forget.'"

To these commonplace desultory observations Mr. Edwards made no reply ; but recurred to poor Cæsar, and offered to purchase both him and Clara at the highest price the sheriff's officer could obtain for them at market. Mr. Jefferies, with the utmost politeness to his neighbour, but with the most perfect indifference to the happiness of those whom he considered of a different species from himself, acceded to this proposal. "Nothing could be more reasonable," he said, "and he was happy to have it in his power to oblige a gentleman for whom he had such a high esteem." The bargain was quickly concluded with the sheriff's officer, for Mr. Edwards willingly paid several dollars more than the market price for the two slaves. When Cæsar and Clara heard that they were not to be separated, their joy and gratitude were expressed with all the ardour and tenderness peculiar to their different characters. Clara was an Eboe, Cæsar a Koromantyn negro. The Eboes are soft, languishing, and timid. The Koromantyns are frank, fearless, martial, and heroic.

Mr. Edwards carried his new slaves home with him, desired Bayley, his overseer, to mark out a provision-ground for Cæsar, and to give him a cottage which happened at this time to be vacant.

"Now, my good friend," said he to Cæsar, "you may work for yourself, without fear that what you earn may be taken from you, or that you should ever be sold to pay your master's debts. If he does not

understand what I am saying," continued Mr. Edwards, turning to his overseer, "you will explain it to him."

Cæsar perfectly understood all that Mr. Edwards said, but his feelings were at this instant so strong that he could not find expression for his gratitude: he stood like one stupefied. Kindness was new to him; it overpowered his manly heart; and at hearing the words "my good friend," the tears gushed from his eyes—tears which no torture could have extorted. Gratitude swelled in his bosom, and he longed to be alone, that he might freely yield to his emotions. He was glad when the conch-shell sounded to call the negroes to their daily labour, that he might relieve the sensations of his soul by bodily exertion. He performed his task in silence, and an inattentive observer might have thought him sullen. In fact, he was impatient for the day to be over, that he might get rid of a heavy load which weighed upon his mind.

The cruelties practised by Durant, the overseer of Jefferies' plantation, had exasperated the slaves under his dominion. They were all leagued together in a conspiracy, which was kept profoundly secret. Their object was to extirpate every white man, woman, and child in the island. Their plans were laid with consummate art, and the negroes were urged to execute them by all the courage of despair. The confederacy extended to all the negroes in the island of Jamaica, excepting those on the plantation of Mr. Edwards. To them no hint of the dreadful secret had yet been given; their countrymen, knowing the attachment they felt to their master, dared not trust them with these projects of vengeance.

Hector, the negro who was at the head of the conspirators, was the particular friend of Cæsar, and had imparted to him all his designs. These friends were bound to each other by the strongest ties. Their slavery and their sufferings began in the same hour; they were both brought from their own country in the same ship. This circumstance alone forms amongst the negroes a bond of connection not easily to be dissolved. But the friendship of Cæsar and Hector commenced even before they were united by the sympathy of misfortune: they were both of the same nation, both Koromantyns. In Africa they had both been accustomed to command, for they had signalized themselves by superior fortitude and courage. They respected each other for excelling in all which they had been taught to consider as virtuous, and with them revenge was a virtue. Revenge was the ruling passion of Hector; in Cæsar's mind it was rather a principle instilled by education. The one considered it as a duty, the other felt it as a pleasure. Hector's sense of injury was acute in the extreme—he knew not how to forgive. Cæsar's sensibility was yet more alive to kindness than to insult. Hector would sacrifice his life to extirpate an enemy. Cæsar would devote himself for the defence of a friend, and Cæsar now considered a white man as his friend. He was now placed in a painful situation. All his former friendships, all the solemn promises by which he was bound to his companions in misfortune, forbade him to indulge that delightful feeling of gratitude and affection which for the first time he experienced for one of that race of beings whom he had hitherto considered as detestable tyrants—objects of implacable and just revenge!

Cæsar was most impatient to have an interview with Hector, that he might communicate his new sentiments, and dissuade him from those schemes of destruction which he meditated. At midnight, when all the slaves, except himself, were asleep, he left his cottage and went to Jefferies' plantation, to the hut in which Hector slept. Even in his dreams Hector breathed vengeance. "Spare none! sons of Africa, spare none!" were the words he uttered in his sleep as Cæsar approached the mat on which he lay. The moon shone full upon him. Cæsar contemplated the countenance of his friend, fierce in sleep. "Spare none? Oh, yes! There is one that must be spared. There is one for whose sake all must be spared." He awakened Hector by this exclamation.

"Of what were you dreaming?" said Cæsar.

"Of that which, sleeping or waking, fills my soul—revenge. Why did you awaken me from my dream? It was delightful! The whites were weltering in their blood! But silence! we may be overheard."

"No; every one sleeps but ourselves," replied Cæsar. "I could not sleep without speaking to you on a subject that weighs upon my mind. You have seen Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes; he that is now your master."

"He that is now my benefactor, my friend."

"Friend! Can you call a white man friend?" cried Hector, starting up with a look of astonishment and indignation.

"Yes," replied Cæsar, with firmness. "And you would speak, ay, and would feel as I do, Hector, if you knew this white man. Oh, how unlike he is to all of his race that we have ever seen! Do not turn from me with so much disdain. Hear me with patience, my friend."

"I cannot," replied Hector, "listen with patience to one who, between the rising and the setting sun, can forget all his resolutions, all his promises; who, by a few soft words, can be so wrought upon as to forget all the insults, all the injuries he has received from this accursed race, and can even call a white man friend!"

Cæsar, unmoved by Hector's anger, continued to speak of Mr. Edwards with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and finished by declaring he would sooner forfeit his life than rebel against such a master. He conjured Hector to desist from executing his designs. But all was in vain; Hector sat with his elbows fixed upon his knees, leaning his head upon his hands in gloomy silence.

Cæsar's mind was divided between love for his friend and gratitude to his master: the conflict was violent and painful. Gratitude at last prevailed: he repeated his declaration, that he would rather die than continue in a conspiracy against his benefactor.

Hector refused to except him from the general doom. "Betray us if you will!" cried he. "Betray our secrets to him whom you call your benefactor—to him whom a few hours has made your friend! To him sacrifice the friend of your youth, the companion of your better days, of your better self! Yes, Cæsar, deliver me over to the tormentors: I can endure more than they can inflict. I shall expire without a sigh, without a groan. Why do you linger here, Cæsar? why do you hesitate? Hasten this moment to your master; claim your reward for delivering into his power hundreds of your countrymen! Why do you hesitate?"

Away ! the coward's friendship can be of use to none. Who can value his gratitude ? who can fear his revenge ?”

Hector raised his voice so high as he pronounced these words, that he awakened Durant, the overseer, who slept in the next house. They heard him call out suddenly, to inquire who was there ; and Cæsar had but just time to make his escape before Durant appeared. He searched Hector's cottage ; but finding no one, again retired to rest. This man's tyranny made him constantly suspicious : he dreaded that the slaves should combine against him, and he endeavoured to prevent them, by every threat and every stratagem he could devise, from conversing with each other.

They had, however, taken their measures hitherto so secretly that he had not the slightest idea of the conspiracy which was forming in the island. Their schemes were not yet ripe for execution ; but the appointed time approached. Hector, when he coolly reflected on what had passed between him and Cæsar, could not help admiring the frankness and courage with which he had avowed his change of sentiments. By his avowal Cæsar had in fact exposed his own life to the most imminent danger, from the vengeance of the conspirators, who might be tempted to assassinate him who had their lives in his power. Notwithstanding the contempt with which, in the first moment of passion, he had treated his friend, he was extremely anxious that he should not break off all connection with the conspirators. He knew that Cæsar possessed both intrepidity and eloquence, and that his opposition to their schemes would perhaps entirely frustrate their whole design. He therefore determined to use every possible means to bend him to their purposes. He resolved to have recourse to one of those persons who, amongst the negroes, are considered as sorceresses.* Esther, an old

* The enlightened inhabitants of Europe may, perhaps, smile at the superstitious credulity of the negroes, who regard those ignorant beings, called *Obeah* people, with the most profound respect and dread—who believe that they hold in their hands the power of good and evil fortune, of health and sickness, of life and death. The instances which are related of their power over the minds of their countrymen are so wonderful that none but the most unquestionable authority could make us think them credible. The following passage, from “Edwards's History of the West Indies,” is inserted to give an idea of this strange infatuation :

“In the year 1760, when a very formidable insurrection of the Koromantyn or Gold Coast negroes broke out in the parish of St. Mary, and spread through almost every other district of the island, an old Koromantyn negro, the chief instigator and oracle of the insurgents in that parish, who had administered the fetish, or solemn oath, to the conspirators, and furnished them with a magical preparation which was to render them invulnerable, was fortunately apprehended, convicted, and hung up, with all his feathers and trumperies about him ; and his execution struck the insurgents with a general panic, from which they never afterwards recovered. The examinations which were taken at that period first opened the eyes of the public to the very dangerous tendency of the *Obeah* practice, and gave birth to the law, which was then enacted, for their suppression and punishment ; but neither the terror of this law, the strict investigation which has since been made after the professors of *Obi*, nor the many examples of those who from time to time have been hanged or transported, have hitherto produced the desired effect. A gentleman, on his returning to Jamaica, in the year 1775, found that a great many of his negroes had died during his absence, and that of such as remained alive at least one-half were debilitated, bloated, and in a very deplorable condition. The mortality continued after his arrival, and two or three were frequently buried in one day ; others were taken ill and began to decline under the same symptoms. Every means were tried, by medicine and the most careful nursing, to preserve the lives of the feeblest ; but, in spite of all his endeavours, this depopulation went on for a twelvemonth longer, with more or less intermission, and without his being able to ascertain the real cause, though the *Obeah* practice was strongly suspected, as well by himself as by the doctor and other white persons upon the plantation, as it was known to have been very common in that part of the island, and particularly among the negroes of

Koromantyn negress, had obtained by her skill in poisonous herbs and her knowledge of venomous reptiles, a high reputation amongst her countrymen. She soon taught them to believe her to be possessed of supernatural powers, and she then worked up their imagination to what pitch and purpose she pleased. She was the chief instigator of this intended rebellion. It was she who had stimulated the revengeful temper of Hector almost to frenzy. She now promised him that her arts should be exerted over his friend, and it was not long before he felt their influence. Cæsar soon perceived an extraordinary change in the countenance and manner of his beloved Clara. A melancholy hung over her, and she refused to impart to him the cause of her dejection. Cæsar was indefatigable in his exertions to cultivate and embellish the ground near his cottage, in hopes of making it an agreeable habitation for her; but she seemed to take no interest in anything. She would stand beside him immovable, in a deep reverie; and, when he inquired whether she was ill, she would answer no, and endeavour to assume an air of gaiety; but this cheerfulness was transient; she soon relapsed into despondency. At length she endeavoured to avoid her lover, as if she feared his further inquiries.

Unable to endure this state of suspense, he one evening resolved to bring her to an explanation. "Clara," said he, "you once loved me: I have done nothing, have I, to forfeit your confidence?"

"I once loved you!" said she, raising her languid eyes, and looking at him with reproachful tenderness. "And can you doubt my constancy? Oh, Cæsar, you little know what is passing in my heart! You are the cause of my melancholy."

She paused and hesitated, as if afraid that she had said too much; but Cæsar urged her with so much vehemence and so much tenderness to open to him her whole soul, that, at last, she could not resist his eloquence. She reluctantly revealed to him that secret of which she could not think without horror. She informed him that, unless he complied with what was required of him by the sorceress Esther, he was devoted to die. What it was that Esther required of him Clara knew not: she knew nothing of the conspiracy. The timidity of her character was ill suited to such a project, and everything relating to it had been concealed

the *Popaw* or *Popo* country. Still he was unable to verify his suspicions, because the patients constantly denied their having anything to do with persons of that order, or any knowledge of them. At length a negress, who had been ill for some time, came and informed him that, feeling it was impossible for her to live much longer, she thought herself bound in duty, before she died, to impart a very great secret, and acquaint him with the true cause of her disorder, in hopes that the disclosure might prove the means of stopping that mischief which had already swept away such a number of her fellow-slaves. She proceeded to say that her stepmother, a woman of the *Popo* country, above eighty years old, but still hale and active, had put *Obi upon her*, as she had upon those who had lately died, and that the old woman had practised *Obi* for as many years past as she could remember. The other negroes of the plantation no sooner heard of this impeachment than they ran in a body to their master and confirmed the truth of it. . . . Upon this, he repaired directly, with six white servants, to the old woman's house, and forcing open the door, observed the whole inside of the roof, which was of thatch, and every crevice of the wall, stuck with the implements of her trade, consisting of rags, feathers, bones of cats, and a thousand other articles. . . . The house was instantly pulled down, and with the whole of its contents committed to the flames, amidst the general acclamations of all his other negroes. . . . From the moment of her departure his negroes seemed all to be animated with new spirits, and the malady spread no farther among them. The total of his losses in the course of about fifteen years preceding the discovery, and imputable solely to the *Obeah practice*, he estimates at least at one hundred negroes."

from her with the utmost care. When she explained to Cæsar the cause of her dejection, his natural courage resisted these superstitious fears, and he endeavoured to raise Clara's spirits. He endeavoured in vain : she fell at his feet, and with tears and the most tender supplications, conjured him to avert the wrath of the sorceress by obeying her commands, whatever they might be.

"Clara," replied he, "you know not what you ask !"

"I ask you to save your life !" said she. "I ask you, for my sake, to save your life, while yet it is in your power !"

"But would you, to save my life, Clara, make me the worst of criminals? Would you make me the murderer of my benefactor?" Clara started with horror. "Do you recollect the day, the moment, when we were on the point of being separated for ever, Clara? Do you remember the white man's coming to my cottage? Do you remember his look of benevolence? his voice of compassion? Do you remember his generosity? Oh, Clara, would you make me the murderer of this man?"

"Heaven forbid !" said Clara. "This cannot be the will of the sorceress !"

"It is," said Cæsar. "But she shall not succeed, even though she speak with the voice of Clara. Urge me no further ; my resolution is fixed. I should be unworthy of your love if I were capable of treachery and ingratitude."

"But is there no means of averting the wrath of Esther?" said Clara. "Your life——"

"Think, first, of my honour," interrupted Cæsar. "Your fears deprive you of reason. Return to this sorceress, and tell her that I dread not her wrath. My hands shall never be imbrued in the blood of my benefactor. Clara, can you forget his look when he told us that we should never more be separated?"

"It went to my heart," said Clara, bursting into tears. "Cruel, cruel Esther ! why do you command us to destroy such a generous master?"

The conch sounded to summon the negroes to their morning's work. It happened, this day, that Mr. Edwards, who was continually intent upon increasing the comforts and happiness of his slaves, sent his carpenter, while Cæsar was absent, to fit up the inside of his cottage ; and when Cæsar returned from work, he found his master pruning the branches of a tamarind-tree that overhung the thatch. "How comes it, Cæsar," said he, "that you have not pruned these branches?"

Cæsar had no knife. "Here is mine for you," said Mr. Edwards. "It is very sharp," added he, smiling ; "but I am not one of those masters who are afraid to trust their negroes with sharp knives."

These words were spoken with perfect simplicity. Mr. Edwards had no suspicion, at this time, of what was passing in the negro's mind. Cæsar received the knife without uttering a syllable ; but no sooner was Mr. Edwards out of sight than he knelt down, and in a transport of gratitude swore that with this knife he would stab himself to the heart sooner than betray his master !

The principle of gratitude conquered every other sensation. The mind of Cæsar was not insensible to the charms of freedom. He knew the negro conspirators had so taken their measures that there was the

greatest probability of their success. His heart beat high at the idea of recovering his liberty ; but he was not to be seduced from his duty, not even by this delightful hope ; nor was he to be intimidated by the dreadful certainty that his former friends and countrymen, considering him as a deserter from their cause, would become his bitterest enemies. The loss of Hector's esteem and affection was deeply felt by Cæsar. Since the night that the decisive conversation relative to Mr. Edwards passed, Hector and he had never exchanged a syllable. This visit proved the cause of much suffering to Hector and to several of the slaves on Jefferies' plantation.

We mentioned that Durant had been awakened by the raised voice of Hector. Though he could not find any one in the cottage, yet his suspicions were not dissipated, and an accident nearly brought the whole conspiracy to light. Durant had ordered one of the negroes to watch a boiler of sugar. The slave was overcome by the heat, and fainted. He had scarcely recovered his senses when the overseer came up, and found that the sugar had fermented, by having remained a few minutes too long in the boiler. He flew into a violent passion, and ordered that the negro should receive fifty lashes. His victim bore them without uttering a groan ; but when his punishment was over, and when he thought the overseer was gone, he exclaimed, "It will soon be our turn !"

Durant was not out of hearing. He turned suddenly, and observed that the negro looked at Hector when he pronounced these words, and this confirmed the suspicion that Hector was carrying on some conspiracy. He immediately had recourse to that brutality which he considered as the only means of governing black men. Hector and three other negroes were lashed unmercifully ; but no confessions could be extorted.

Mr. Jefferies might perhaps have forbidden such violence to be used, if he had not been at the time carousing with a party of jovial West Indians, who thought of nothing but indulging their appetites in all the luxuries that art and nature could supply. The sufferings which had been endured by many of the wretched negroes, to furnish out this magnificent entertainment, were never once thought of by these selfish epicures. Yet so false are the general estimates of character, that all these gentlemen passed for men of great feeling and generosity ! The human mind, in certain situations, becomes so accustomed to ideas of tyranny and cruelty, that they no longer appear extraordinary or detestable ; they rather seem part of the necessary and immutable order of things.

Mr. Jefferies was stopped, as he passed from his dining-room into his drawing-room, by a little negro child of about five years old, who was crying bitterly. He was the son of one of the slaves who were at this moment under the torturer's hand. "Poor little devil !" said Mr. Jefferies, who was more than half intoxicated. "Take him away ; and tell Durant, some of ye, to pardon his father—if he can."

The child ran eagerly to announce his father's pardon ; but he soon returned, crying more violently than before. Durant would not hear the boy ; and it was now no longer possible to appeal to Mr. Jefferies,

for he was in the midst of an assembly of fair ladies, and no servant belonging to the house dared to interrupt the festivities of the evening. The three men who were so severely flogged, to extort from them confessions, were perfectly innocent. They knew nothing of the confederacy; but the rebels seized the moment when their minds were exasperated by this cruelty and injustice, and they easily persuaded them to join the league. The hopes of revenging themselves upon the overseer was a motive sufficient to make them brave death in any shape.

Another incident, which happened a few days before the time destined for the revolt of the slaves, determined numbers who had been undecided. Mrs. Jefferies was a languid beauty, or rather a languid fine lady who had been a beauty, and who spent all that part of the day which was not devoted to the pleasures of the table, or in reclining on a couch, to dress. She was one day extended on a sofa, fanned by four slaves, two at her head and two at her feet, when news was brought that a large chest, directed to her, was just arrived from London. This chest contained various articles of dress of the newest fashions. The Jamaica ladies carry their ideas of magnificence to a high pitch. They willingly give a hundred guineas for a gown, which they perhaps wear but once or twice. In the elegance and variety of her ornaments, Mrs. Jefferies was not exceeded by any lady in the island, except by one who had lately received a cargo from England. She now expected to outshine her competitor, and desired that the chest should be unpacked in her presence. In taking out one of the gowns, it caught on a nail in the lid, and was torn. The lady, roused from her natural indolence by this disappointment to her vanity, instantly ordered that the unfortunate female slave should be severely chastised. The woman was the wife of Hector; and this fresh injury worked up his temper, naturally vindictive, to the highest point. He ardently longed for the moment when he might satiate his vengeance.

The plan the negroes had laid was to set fire to the canes, at one and the same time, on every plantation; and when the white inhabitants of the island should run to put out the fire, the blacks were to seize this moment of confusion and consternation to fall upon them, and make a general massacre. The time when this scheme was to be carried into execution was not known to Cæsar, for the conspirators had changed their day as soon as Hector told them that his friend was no longer one of the confederacy. They dreaded he should betray them; and it was determined that he and Clara should both be destroyed unless they could be prevailed upon to join the conspiracy. Hector wished to save his friend; but the desire of vengeance overcame every other feeling. He resolved, however, to make an attempt, for the last time, to change Cæsar's resolution. For this purpose Esther was the person he employed. She was to work upon his mind by means of Clara. On returning to her cottage one night, she found suspended from the thatch one of those strange fantastic charms with which the Indian sorceresses terrify those whom they have proscribed. Clara, unable to conquer her terror, repaired again to Esther, who received her at first in mysterious silence; but after she had implored her forgiveness for the past, and with all possible humility conjured her to grant her future protection.

the sorceress deigned to speak. Her commands were that Clara should prevail upon her lover to meet her on this awful spot the ensuing night.

Little suspecting what was going forward on the plantation of Jefferies, Mr. Edwards that evening gave his slaves a holiday. He and his family came out at sunset, when the fresh breeze had sprung up, and seated themselves under a spreading palm-tree, to enjoy the pleasing spectacle of this negro festival. His negroes were all well clad, their turbans were of the gayest colours, and their merry countenances suited the gaiety of their dress. Whilst some were dancing and some playing on the tambourine, others appeared among the distant trees, bringing baskets of avocado pears, grapes, and pineapples, the produce of their own provision-grounds; while some of them were employed in spreading their clean trenchers, or the calabashes, which served for plates and dishes. The negroes continued to dance and divert themselves till late in the evening. When they separated and retired to rest, Cæsar, recollecting his promise to Clara, repaired secretly to the habitation of the sorceress. It was situated in the recess of a thick wood. When he arrived there he found the door fastened, and he was obliged to wait some time before it was opened by Esther.

The first object he beheld was his beloved Clara stretched on the ground, apparently a corpse! The sorceress had thrown her into a trance by a preparation of deadly nightshade. The hag burst into an infernal laugh when she beheld the despair that was painted in Cæsar's countenance. "Wretch!" cried she, "you have defied my power: behold its victim!"

Cæsar, in a transport of rage, seized her by the throat; but his fury was soon checked.

"Destroy me," said the fiend, "and you destroy your Clara. She is not dead; but she lies in the sleep of death, into which she has been thrown by magic art, and from which no power but mine can restore her to the light of life. Yes, look at her, pale and motionless! Never will she rise from the earth, unless within one hour you obey my commands. I have administered to Hector and his companions the solemn Fetish oath, at the sound of which every negro in Africa trembles! You know my object."

"Fiend, I do!" replied Cæsar, eyeing her sternly; "but while I have life it shall never be accomplished."

"Look yonder," cried she, pointing to the moon. "In a few minutes that moon will set. At that hour Hector and his friends will appear. They come armed—armed with weapons which I shall steep in poison for their enemies. Themselves I will render invulnerable. Look again!" continued she. "If my dim eyes mistake not, yonder they come. Rash man, you die if they cross my threshold!"

"I wish for death," said Cæsar. "Clara is dead."

"But you can restore her to life by a single word."

Cæsar at this moment seemed to hesitate.

"Consider! Your heroism is in vain," continued Esther. "You will have the knives of fifty of the conspirators in your bosom if you do not join them; and after you have fallen, the death of your master is inevitable. Here is the bowl of poison in which the negro knives are to

be steeped. Your friends—your former friends—your countrymen, will be in arms in a few minutes, and they will bear down everything before them ! Victory, wealth, freedom, and revenge will be theirs !”

Cæsar appeared to be more and more agitated. His eyes were fixed upon Clara. The conflict in his mind was violent, but his sense of gratitude and of duty could not be shaken by hope, fear, or ambition, nor could it be vanquished by love. He determined, however, to appear to yield. As if struck with panic at the approach of the confederate negroes, he suddenly turned to the sorceress, and said, in a tone of feigned submission, “It is in vain to struggle with fate. Let my knife too be dipped in your magic poison.”

The sorceress clapped her hands, with infernal joy in her countenance. She bade him instantly give her his knife, that she might plunge it to the hilt in the bowl of poison, to which she turned with savage impatience. His knife was left in his cottage, and, under pretence of going in search of it, he escaped. Esther promised to prepare Hector and all his companions to receive him with their ancient cordiality on his return. Cæsar ran with the utmost speed along a bye-path out of the wood, met none of the rebels, reached his master’s house, scaled the wall of his bed-chamber, got in at the window, and wakened him, exclaiming, “Arm ! arm yourself, my dear master ! Arm all your slaves ! They will fight for you, and die for you ; as I will the first. The Koromantyn yell of war will be heard in Jefferies’ plantation this night ! Arm ! arm yourself, my dear master ! and let us surround the rebel leaders while it is yet time. I will lead you to the place where they are all assembled, on condition that their chief, who is my friend, shall be pardoned.”

Mr. Edwards armed himself and the negroes on his plantation, as well as the whites : they were all equally attached to him. He followed Cæsar into the recesses of the wood. They proceeded with all possible rapidity, but in perfect silence, till they reached Esther’s habitation, which they surrounded completely before they were perceived by the conspirators. Mr. Edwards looked through a hole in the wall ; and, by the blue flame of a cauldron, over which the sorceress was stretching her shrivelled hands, he saw Hector and five stout negroes standing, intent upon her incantations. These negroes held knives in their hands, ready to dip them into the bowl of poison. It was proposed by one of the whites to set fire immediately to the hut, and thus to force the rebels to surrender. The advice was followed ; but Mr. Edwards charged his people to spare their prisoners. The moment the rebels saw that the thatch of the hut was in flames, they set up the Koromantyn yell of war, and rushed out with frantic desperation.

“Yield ! you are pardoned, Hector,” cried Mr. Edwards, in a loud voice.

“You are pardoned, my friend !” repeated Cæsar.

Hector, incapable at this instant of listening to anything but revenge, sprang forwards and plunged his knife into the bosom of Cæsar. The faithful servant staggered back a few paces, and his master caught him in his arms. “I die content,” said he. “Bury me with Clara.” He swooned from loss of blood, as they were carrying him home ; but

when his wound was examined it was found not to be mortal. As he recovered from his swoon, he stared wildly round him, trying to recollect where he was and what had happened. He thought that he was still in a dream, when he saw his beloved Clara standing beside him. The opiate, which the pretended sorceress had administered to her, had ceased to operate ; she awoke from her trance just at the time the Koromantyn yell commenced. Cæsar's joy !—that we must leave to the imagination. In the meantime what became of the rebel negroes and Mr. Edwards?

Taking the chief conspirators prisoners did not prevent the negroes upon Jefferies' plantation from insurrection. The moment they heard the war-whoop, the signal agreed upon, they rose in a body ; and, before they could be prevented, either by the whites on the estate or by Mr. Edwards's adherents, they had set fire to the overseer's house and to the canes. The overseer was the principal object of their vengeance. He died in tortures inflicted by the hands of those who had suffered most by his cruelties. Mr. Edwards, however, quelled the insurgents before rebellion spread to any other estates in the island. The influence of his character and the effect of his eloquence upon the minds of the people were astonishing. Nothing but his interference could have prevented the total destruction of Mr. Jefferies and his family, who, as it was computed, lost this night upward of fifty thousand pounds. He was never afterwards able to recover his losses, or to shake off his constant fear of a fresh insurrection among his slaves. At length he and his lady returned to England, where they were obliged to live in obscurity and indigence. They had no consolation in their misfortunes but that of railing at the treachery of the whole race of slaves.

Our readers, we hope, will think that at least one exception may be made in favour of THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.





TO-MORROW.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY CONSEQUENCES OF A BAD HABIT.



It has long been my intention to write my own history, and I am determined to begin it to-day, for half the good intentions of my life have been frustrated by my unfortunate habit of putting things off till to-morrow.

When I was a young man I used to be told that this was my only fault. I believed it; and my vanity or laziness persuaded me that this fault was but small, and that I should easily cure myself of it in time. That time, however, has not yet arrived; and at my advanced time of life I must give up all thoughts of amendment, hoping, however, that sincere repentance may stand instead of reformation.

My father was an eminent London bookseller. He happened to be looking over a new biographical dictionary on the day when I was brought into the world; and at the moment when my birth was announced to him, he had his finger upon the name *Basil*; he read aloud — “*Basil*, canonized Bishop of Cæsarea, a theological, controversial, and moral writer.’ My boy,” continued my father, “shall be named after this great man, and I hope and believe that I shall live to see him either a celebrated logical, controversial, and moral author, or a bishop: I am not so sanguine as to expect that he should be both these good things.”

I was christened Basil according to my father’s wishes, and his hopes of my future celebrity and fortune were confirmed, during my childhood, by instances of wit and memory which were not perhaps greater than what could have been found in my little contemporaries, but which appeared to the vanity of parental fondness extraordinary, if not supernatural. My father declared that it would be a sin not to give me a learned education, and he went even beyond his means to procure for me all the advantages of the best modes of instruction. I was stimulated, even when a boy, by the idea that I should become a great man, and my masters had for some time reason to be satisfied; but what they called *the quickness of my parts* continually retarded my progress. The facility with which I learned my lessons encouraged me to put off learning them till the last moment; and this habit of procrastinating, which was begun in presumption, ended in disgrace.

When I was sent to a public school I found among my companions so many temptations to idleness, that, notwithstanding the quickness of my parts, I was generally flogged twice a week. As I grew older my reason might perhaps have taught me to correct myself, but my vanity was excited to persist in idleness by certain imprudent sayings or whisperings of my father. When I came home from school at the holidays, and when complaints were preferred against me in letters from my schoolmaster, my father, even while he affected to scold me for my negligence, flattered me in the most dangerous manner by adding, *aside*, to some friend of the family, "My Basil is a strange fellow—can do anything he pleases—all his masters say so; but he is a sad idle dog—all your men of genius are so; puts off business always to the last moment—all your men of genius do so. For instance, there is —, whose third edition of odes I have just published—what an idle dog he is! Yet who makes such a noise in the world as he does?—puts off everything till *to-morrow*, like my Basil—but can do more at the last moment than any man in England—that is, if the fit seizes him—for he does nothing but by fits—has no application—none—says it would 'petrify him to a dunce.' I never knew a man of genius who was not an idle dog."

Not a syllable of such speeches was lost upon me: the ideas of a man of genius and of an idle dog were soon so firmly joined together in my imagination that it was impossible to separate them, either by my own reason or by that of my preceptors. I gloried in the very habits which my tutors laboured to correct; and I never was seriously mortified by the consequences of my own folly till, at a public examination at Eton, I lost a premium by putting off, till it was too late, the finishing of a copy of verses. The lines which I had written were said by all my young and old friends to be beautiful. The prize was gained by one Johnson, a heavy lad, of no sort of genius, but of great perseverance. His verses were finished, however, at the stated time.

"For dulness ever must be regular!"

My fragment, charming as it was, was useless, except to hand about afterward among my friends, to prove what I might have done if I had thought it worth while.

My father was extremely vexed by my missing an opportunity of distinguishing myself at this public exhibition, especially as the king had honoured the assembly with his presence; and as those who had gained premiums were presented to his Majesty, it was supposed that their being thus early *marked* as lads of talents would be highly advantageous to their advancement in life. All this my father felt, and blaming himself for having encouraged in me *the indolence of genius*, he determined to counteract his former imprudence, and was resolved, he said, to cure me at once of my habit of procrastination. For this purpose he took down from his shelves Young's "Night Thoughts," from which he remembered a line, which has become a *stock* line among writing-masters' copies:

"*Procrastination is the thief of time.*"

He hunted the book for the words *Procrastination, Time, To-day*, and

To-morrow, and made an extract of seven long pages on the dangers of delay.

"And now, my dear Basil," said he, "this is what will cure you for life, and this you must get perfectly by heart before I give you one shilling more pocket-money."

The motive was all-powerful, and with pains, iteration, and grumblings, I fixed the heterogeneous quotations so well in memory that some of them have remained there to this day. For instance—

"*Time* destroyed
Is *suicide*, where more than blood is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,
Hell threatens."

"We push *Time* from us, and we wish him back."

"Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man too soon ;
In sad divorce this double flight must end ;
And then where are we ?"

"Be wise *to-day*, 't is madness to defer,
Next day the fatal precedent will plead," &c.

"Lorenzo—Oh for *yesterdays* to come !
To-day is *yesterday* returned ; returned,
Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate,
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool."

"Where shall I find him ? Angels, tell me where :
You know him ; he is near you ; point him out ;
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow ?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers ?
Your golden wings *now* hov'ring o'er him shed
Protection ; now are wav'ring in applause
To that blessed son of foresight ! lord of fate !
That awful independent on *to-morrow* !
Whose *work is done* ; who triumphs in the past ;
Whose *yesterdays* look backward with a smile."

I spare you the rest of my task, and earnestly hope, my dear reader, that these citations may have a better effect upon you than they had upon me. With shame I confess that, even with the addition of Shakespeare's eloquent "*To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow*," &c., which I learned by heart *gratis*, not a bit the better was I for all this poetical morality. What I wanted was not conviction of my folly, but resolution to amend. When I say that I was not a bit the better for these documents, I must not omit to observe to you that I was very near being four hundred pounds a year the better for them.

Being obliged to learn so much of Young's "*Night Thoughts*" by rote, I was rather disgusted, and my attention was roused to criticise the lines which had been forced upon my admiration. Afterward, when I went to college, I delighted to maintain, in opposition to some of my companions, who were enthusiastic admirers of Young, that he was no poet. The more I was ridiculed the more I persisted. I talked myself into notice ; I became acquainted with several of the literary men at Cambridge ; I wrote in defence of my opinion, or, as some called it, my heresy. I maintained that what all the world had mistaken for sublimity was bombast ; that the "*Night Thoughts*" were fuller of witty conceits than of poetical images. I drew a parallel between Young and Cowley,

and I finished by pronouncing Young to be the Cowley of the eighteenth century. To do myself justice, there was much ingenuity and some truth in my essay; but it was the declamation of a partisan, who can think only on one side of a question, and who, in the heat of controversy, says more than he thinks, and more than he originally intended.

It is often the fortune of literary partisans to obtain a share of temporary celebrity far beyond their deserts, especially if they attack any writer of established reputation. The success of my essay exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I began to think that my father was right—that I was born to be a great genius and a great man. The notice taken of me by a learned prelate, who piqued himself upon being considered as the patron of young men of talents, confirmed me at once in my self-conceit and my hopes of preferment.

I mentioned to you that my father, in honour of my namesake, Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea, and to verify his own *presentiments*, had educated me for the church. My present patron, who seemed to like me the better the oftener I dined with him, gave me reason to hope that he would provide for me handsomely. I was not yet ordained when a living of four hundred pounds per annum fell into his gift: he held it over for some months, as it was thought, on purpose for me. In the meantime he employed me to write a charity sermon for him, which he was to preach, as it was expected, to a crowded congregation. None but those who are themselves slaves to the habit of procrastination will believe that I could be so foolish as to put off writing this sermon till the Saturday evening before it was wanted. Some of my young companions came unexpectedly to sup with me. We sat up late. In the vanity of a young author who glories in the rapidity of composition, I said to myself that I could finish my sermon in an hour's time. But, alas! when my companions at length departed, they left me in no condition to complete a sermon. I fell fast asleep, and was awakened in the morning by the bishop's servant. The dismay I felt is indescribable: I started up—it was nine o'clock. I began to write, but my hand and my mind trembled, and my ideas were in such confusion that I could not, great genius as I was, produce a beginning sentence in a quarter of an hour. I kept the bishop's servant forty minutes by his watch; wrote and re-wrote two pages, and walked up and down the room; tore my two pages; and at last, when the footman said he could wait no longer, was obliged to let him go with an awkward note, pleading sudden sickness for my apology. It was true that I was sufficiently sick at the time when I penned this note. My head ached terribly, and I kept my room, reflecting upon my own folly, the whole of the day. I foresaw the consequences. The living was given away by my patron the next morning, and all hopes of future favour were absolutely at an end.

My father overwhelmed me with reproaches, and I might perhaps have been reformed by this disappointment, but an unexpected piece of good fortune, or what I then thought good fortune, was my ruin.

Among the multitude of my college friends was a young gentleman whose father was just appointed to go out upon the *famous* embassy to China. He came to our shop to buy Du Halde, and upon hearing me express an enthusiastic desire to visit China, he undertook to apply to

his father to take me in the ambassador's suite. His representation of me as a young man of talents and literature, and the view of some botanical drawings, which I executed upon the spur of the occasion with tolerable neatness, procured me the favour which I so ardently desired.

My father objected to my taking this voyage. He was vexed to see me quit the profession for which I had been educated, and he could not, without a severe struggle, relinquish his hopes of seeing me a bishop. But I argued that, as I had not yet been ordained, there could be no disgrace or impropriety in my avoiding a mode of life which was not suited to my *genius*. This word *genius* had now, as upon all other occasions, a mighty effect upon my father; and observing this, I declared further, in a high tone of voice, that, from the experience I had already had, I was perfectly certain that the drudgery of sermon-writing would *paralyse my genius*, and that, to expand and invigorate my intellectual powers, it was absolutely necessary that I should, to use a great author's expression, "view in foreign countries varied modes of existence."

My father's hopes that one-half of his prophecy would at least be accomplished, and that I should become a great author, revived, and he consented to my going to China upon condition that I should promise to write a history of my voyage and journey, in two volumes octavo, or one quarto, with a folio of plates. This promise was readily made, for in the plenitude of confidence in my own powers, octavos and quartos shrank before me, and a folio appeared too small for the varied information and the useful reflections which a voyage to China must supply.

Full of expectations and projects, I talked from morning till night of my journey; but notwithstanding my father's hourly remonstrances, I deferred my preparations till the last week. Then all was hurry and confusion. Tailors and sempstresses, portmanteaus and trunks, portfolios and drawing-boxes, water-colours, crayons, and note-books wet from the stationer's, crowded my room. I had a dozen small note-books, and a huge commonplace-book, which was to be divided and kept in the manner recommended by the judicious and immortal Locke.

In the midst of the last day's bustle I sat down at the corner of a table with compass, ruler, and red ink, to divide and rule my best of all possible commonplace-books; but the red ink was too thin, and the paper was not well sized, and it blotted continually, because I was obliged to turn over the pages rapidly; and ink will not dry nor blotting-paper suck it up more quickly for a *genius* than for any other man. Besides, my attention was much distracted by the fear that the sempstress should not send home my dozen of new shirts, and that a vile *procrastinating* bootmaker would never come with my boots. Every rap at the door I started up to inquire whether *that* was the shirts or the boots; thrice I overturned the red, and twice the black ink-bottles by these starts; and the execrations which I bestowed upon those tradespeople who will put off everything to the last moment were innumerable. I had orders to set off in the mail coach for Portsmouth, to join the rest of the ambassador's suite. The provoking watchman cried "past eleven o'clock" before I had half finished ruling my commonplace-book; my shirts and my boots were not come: the mail coach, as you may guess, set off without me. My poor father was in a terrible tremor, and walked

from room to room, reproaching me and himself; but I persisted in repeating that Lord M. would not set out the day he had intended; that nobody, since the creation of the world, ever set out upon a long journey the day he first appointed. Besides, there were at least a hundred chances in my favour that his lordship would break down on his way to Portsmouth; that the wind would not be fair when he arrived there; that half the people in his suite would not be more punctual than myself, &c. By these arguments, or by mere dint of assertion, I quieted my father's apprehensions and my own, and we agreed that, as it was now impossible to go to-day, it was best to stay till to-morrow.

CHAPTER II.

THE INCONVENIENCES OF ANY GREAT DEFECT ARE INNUMERABLE.

UPON my arrival at Portsmouth, the first thing I heard was that the "Lion" and "Hindostan" had sailed, some hours before, with the embassy for China. Despair deprived me of utterance. A charitable waiter at the inn, however, seeing my consternation and absolute inability to think or act for myself, ran to make further inquiries, and brought me back the joyful tidings that the "Jackal" brig, which was to carry out the remainder of the ambassador's suite, was not yet under way; that a gentleman who was to go in the "Jackal" had dined at a hotel in the next street, and that he had gone to the waterside but ten minutes ago. I hurried after him. The boat was gone. I paid another exorbitantly to take me and my goods to the brig, and reached the "Jackal" just as she was weighing anchor. Bad education for me! The moment I felt myself safe on board, having recovered breath to speak, I exclaimed, "Here am I, safe and sound, just as well as if I had been here yesterday—better, indeed. Oh, after this I shall always trust to my own good fortune. I knew I should not be too late."

When I came to reflect coolly, however, I was rather sorry that I had missed my passage in the "Lion," with my friend and protector, and with most of the learned and ingenious men of the ambassador's suite, to whom I had been introduced, and who had seemed favourably disposed toward me. All the advantage I might have derived from their conversation during this long voyage was lost by my own negligence. The "Jackal" lost company of the "Lion" and "Hindostan" in the channel. As my friends afterwards told me, they waited for us five days in Praya Bay; but as no "Jackal" appeared, they sailed again without her. At length, to our great joy, we descried, on the beach of Sumatra, a board nailed to a post, which our friends had set up there, with a written notice to inform us that the "Lion" and "Hindostan" had touched on this shore on such a day, to point out to us the course that we should keep in order to join them.

At the sight of this writing my spirits revived. The wind favoured us; but, alas! in passing the Straits of Banka, we were damaged so that we were obliged to return to port to refit and to take in fresh provisions. Not a soul on board but wished it had been their fate to have had a berth in other ships, and I more loudly than any one else expressed this wish twenty times a day. When my companions heard

that I was to have sailed in the ambassador's ship if I had been time enough at Spithead, some pitied and some rallied me ; but most said I deserved to be punished for my negligence. At length we joined the "Lion" and "Hindustan" at North Island. Our friends had quite given up all hopes of ever seeing us again, and had actually bought at Batavia a French brig to supply the place of the "Jackal." To my great satisfaction I was now received on board the "Lion," and had an opportunity of conversing with the men of literature and science from whom I had been so unluckily separated during the former part of the voyage. Their conversation soon revived and increased my regret when they told me of all that I had missed seeing at the various places where they had touched. They talked to me with provoking fluency of the culture of manioc ; of the root of cassada, of which tapioca is made ; of the shrub called the cactus, on which the cochineal insect swarms and feeds ; and of the ipecacuanha plant—all of which they had seen at Rio Janeiro, besides eight paintings representing the manner in which the diamond and gold-mines in the Brazils are worked. Indeed, upon cross-examination, I found that these pictures were miserably executed, and scarcely worth seeing. I regretted more the fine pine-apples, which my companion assured me were in such abundance that they cleaned their swords in them, as being the cheapest acid that could be there procured. But far beyond these vulgar objects of curiosity, I regretted not having learned anything concerning the celebrated upas-tree. I was persuaded that if I had been at Batavia I should have extracted some information more precise than these gentlemen obtained from the keepers of the medical garden.

I confess that my mortification at this disappointment did not arise solely from the pure love of natural history. The upas-tree would have made a conspicuous figure in my quarto volume. I consoled myself, however, by the determination to omit nothing that the vast empire of China could afford to render my work entertaining, instructive, interesting, and sublime. To a man of genius, objects and occurrences the most familiar and trivial present new aspects, or lead to important conclusions. What then may be expected from his powers when a vast empire is presented to his view, whose inhabitants, in their modes of life, customs, laws, and morals, differ essentially from those of any other nations on the face of the globe ! What philosophical observations and rich discoveries in ethics, physics, and metaphysics !—what lessons of policy and legislation may the world reasonably hope, in such circumstances, to receive from the pen of a great genius !

I delighted myself with the notion that the world should not be disappointed in their expectations. I anticipated the pride with which I should receive the compliments of my friends and the public upon my *valuable and incomparable work*. I anticipated the pleasure with which my father would exult in the celebrity of his son, and in the accomplishment of his own prophecies ; and with these thoughts full in my mind we landed at Mettow, in China.

I sat up late at night writing a sketch of my preface, and notes for the heads of chapters. I was tired, fell into a profound sleep, dreamed I was teaching the Emperor of China to pronounce Chrononhonton-

thologos, and in the morning was wakened by the sound of the gong—the signal that the accommodation junks were ready to sail with the embassy to Pekin. I hurried on my clothes, and was in the junk before the gong had done beating. I gloried in my celerity; but before we had gone two leagues up the country, I found reason to repent of my precipitation. I wanted to note down my first impressions on entering the Chinese territories; but, alas! I felt in vain in my pocket for my pencil and note-book. I had left them both behind me on my bed—not only one note-book, but my whole dozen, which on leaving London I had stuffed into a bag with my nightgown. Bag, nightgown, note-books—all were forgotten!

However trifling it may appear, this loss of the little note-books was of material consequence. To be sure, it was easy to procure paper and make others; but, because it was so easy, it was delayed from hour to hour and from day to day; and I went on writing my most important remarks on scraps of paper which were always to be copied to-morrow into a note-book that was then to be made.

We arrived at Pekin, and were magnificently lodged in a palace in the city of Pekin; but here we were so strictly guarded that we could not stir beyond the courts of the palace. You will say that in this confinement I had leisure sufficient to make a note-book and to copy my notes. So I had, and it was my firm intention so to have done; but I put it off, because I thought it would take up but a few hours' time, and it could be done any day. Besides, the weather was so excessively hot, that for the first week I could do nothing but unbutton my waistcoat and drink sherbet. Visits of ceremony from mandarins took up much of our time. They spoke and moved like machines, and it was with much difficulty that our interpreter made us understand the meaning of their formal sentences, which were seldom worth the trouble of deciphering. We saw them fan themselves, drink tea, eat sweetmeats and rice, and chew betel; but it was scarcely worth while to come all the way from Europe to see this, especially as any common Chinese paper or screen would give an adequate idea of these figures in their accustomed attitudes. I spent another week in railing at these abominably stupid or unnecessarily cautious creatures of ceremony, and made memorandums for an eloquent chapter in my work.

One morning we were agreeably surprised by a visit from a mandarin of a very different description. We were astonished to hear a person in the habit of a Chinese, and bearing the title of a mandarin, address us in French. He informed us that he was originally a French Jesuit, and came over to China with several missionaries from Paris; but as they were prohibited from promulgating their doctrines in this country, most of them had returned to France. A few remained, assumed the dress and manners of the country, and had been elevated to the rank of mandarins as a reward for their learning. The conversation of our Chinese Jesuit was extremely entertaining and instructive. He was delighted to hear news from Europe, and we were eager to obtain from him information respecting China. I paid particular attention to him, and I was so fortunate as to win his confidence, as far as the confidence of a Jesuit can be won. He came frequently to visit me, and did me the honour to spend some hours in my apartment.

As he had made it understood that these were literary visits, and as his character for propriety was well established with the government, he excited no suspicion, and we spent our time most delightfully between books and conversation. He gave me, by his anecdotes and descriptions, an insight into the characters and domestic lives of the inhabitants of Pekin, which I could not otherwise have obtained. His talent for description was admirable, and his characters were so new to me, that I was in continual ecstasy. I called him the Chinese La Bruyère, and anticipating the figure which his portraits would make in my future work, thought that I could never sufficiently applaud his eloquence. He was glad to lay aside the solemn gravity of a Chinese mandarin, and to indulge the vivacity of a Frenchman. His vanity was gratified by my praises, and he exerted himself to the utmost to enhance my opinion of his talents.

At length we had notice that it was the emperor's pleasure to receive the embassy at his imperial residence in Tartary, at Jehol,—“*The Seat of Grateful Coolness, the Garden of Innumerable Trees.*” From the very name of this place I augured that it would prove favourable to the inspirations of genius, and determined to date at least one of the chapters or letters of my future work from this delightful retreat, the Sans-Souci of China. Full of this intention, I set out upon our expedition into Tartary.

My good friend the Jesuit, who had a petition to present to the emperor relative to some Chinese manuscripts, determined, to my infinite satisfaction, to accompany us to Jehol; and our conducting mandarin, Van-Tadge, arranged things so upon our journey, that I enjoyed as much of my friend's conversation as possible. European travelling in these countries never had such advantages as mine. I had a companion who was able and willing to instruct me in every minute particular of the manners, and every general principle of the government and policy, of the people. I was in no danger of falling into the ridiculous mistakes of travellers, who, having but a partial view of things and persons, argue absurdly, and grossly misrepresent while they intend to be accurate. Many people, as my French mandarin observed, reason like Voltaire's famous traveller, who, happening to have a drunken landlord and a red-haired landlady at the first inn where he stopped in Alsace, wrote down among his memorandums—“All the men of Alsace drunkards; all the women red haired.”

When we arrived at Jehol, the hurry of preparing for our presentation to the emperor, the want of a convenient writing-table, and perhaps my habit of procrastination, prevented my writing the chapter for my future work, or noting down any of the remarks which the Jesuit had made upon our journey. One morning when I collected my papers and the scraps of memorandums with which the pockets of all my clothes were stuffed, I was quite terrified at the heap of confusion, and thrust all these materials for my quarto into a canvas bag, purposing to lay them smooth in a portfolio the next day. But the next day I could do nothing of this sort, for we had the British presents to unpack, which had arrived from Pekin; the day after was taken up with our presentation to the emperor; and the day after that I had a new scheme in my head. The emperor, with much solemnity, presented a casket to our

ambassador with his own hand, which he said was the most valuable present he could make to the King of England. It contained the miniature pictures of the emperor's ancestors, with a few lines of poetry annexed to each, describing the character and recording the principal events of each monarch's reign. It occurred to me that a set of similar portraits and poetical histories of the Kings of England would be a proper and agreeable offering to the Emperor of China. I consulted my friend the French mandarin, and he encouraged me by assurances that, as far as he could pretend to judge, it would be a present peculiarly suited to the emperor's taste, and that in all probability I should be distinguished by some mark of his approbation, or some munificent reward. My friend promised to have the miniatures varnished for me in the Chinese taste, and he undertook to present the work to the emperor when it should be finished. As it was supposed that the embassy would spend the whole winter in Pekin, I thought that I should have time enough to complete the whole series of British sovereigns. It was not necessary to be very scrupulous as to the resemblance of my portraits, as the Emperor of China could not easily detect any errors of this nature. Fortunately, I had brought with me from London striking likenesses of all the Kings of England, with the principal events of their reign, in one large sheet of paper, which belonged to a joining-map of one of my little cousins. In the confusion of my packing up, I had put it into my trunk instead of a sheet-almanack which lay on the same table. In the course of my life many lucky accidents have happened to me, even in consequence of my own carelessness; yet that carelessness has afterward prevented my reaping any permanent advantage from my good fortune. Upon this occasion I was, however, determined that no laziness of mine should deprive me of an opportunity of making my fortune. I set to work immediately, and astonished my friend by the facility with which I made verses. It was my custom to retire from the noisy apartments of our palace to a sort of alcove at the end of a long gallery in one of the outer courts, where our corps of artillery used to parade. After their parade was over the place was perfectly quiet and solitary for the remainder of the day and night. I used to sit up late, writing; and one fine moonlight night I went out of my alcove to walk in the gallery, while I composed some lines on our great Queen Elizabeth. I could not finish the last couplet to my fancy. I sat down upon an artificial rock which was in the middle of the court, leaned my head upon my hand, and while searching for an appropriate rhyme to *glory* I fell fast asleep. A noise like that of a most violent clap of thunder awakened me. I was thrown with my face flat upon the ground.

When I recovered my senses the court was filled with persons, some Europeans, some Chinese, seemingly just risen from their beds, with lanterns and torches in their hands, all of them with faces of consternation, asking one another what had happened. The ground was covered with scattered fragments of wooden pillars, mats, and bamboo cane-work. I looked and saw that one end of the gallery in which I had been walking and the alcove were in ruins. There was a strong smell of gunpowder. I now recollected that I had borrowed a powder-horn from one of the soldiers in the morning, and that I had intended to

load my pistols, but I delayed doing so. The horn, full of gunpowder, lay upon the table in the alcove all day, along with the pistols out of which I had shaken the old priming. When I went out to walk in the gallery I left the candle burning, and I suppose a spark fell upon the loose gunpowder, set fire to that in the horn, and blew up the alcove. It was built of light wood and cane, and communicated only with a cane-work gallery, otherwise the mischief would have been more serious. As it was, the explosion had alarmed not only all the ambassador's suite, who lodged in the palace, but many of the Chinese in the neighbourhood, who could not be made to comprehend how the accident had happened.

Reproaches from all our own people were poured upon me without mercy, and in the midst of my contrition I had not for some time leisure to lament the loss of all my Kings of England: no vestige of them remained, and all the labour that I had bestowed upon their portraits and their poetical histories was lost to the Emperor of China and to myself. What was still worse, I could not even utter a syllable of complaint, for nobody would sympathize with me, all my companions being so much provoked by my negligence, and so apprehensive of the bad consequences which might ensue from this accident. The Chinese, who had been alarmed, and who departed evidently dissatisfied, would certainly mention what had happened to the mandarins of the city, and they would report it to the emperor.

I resolved to apply for advice to my friend the Jesuit, but he increased instead of diminishing our apprehensions. He said that the affair was much talked of and misrepresented in Peking, and that the Chinese, naturally timid and suspicious of strangers, could not believe that no injury was intended to them, and that the explosion was accidental. A child had been wounded by the fall of some of the ruins of the alcove, which were thrown with great violence into a neighbouring house. The butt-end of one of my pistols was found in the street, and had been carried to the magistrate by the enraged populace as evidence of our evil designs. My Jesuit observed to me that there was no reasoning with the prejudices of any nation, and he confessed he expected that this unlucky accident would have the most serious consequences. He told me in confidence a circumstance that tended much to confirm this opinion. A few days before, when the emperor went to examine the British presents of artillery, and when the brass mortars were tried, though he admired the ingenuity of these instruments of destruction, yet he said that he deprecated the spirit of the people who employed them, and could not reconcile their improvements in the arts of war with the mild precepts of the religion which they professed.

My friend the mandarin promised he would do all in his power to make the exact truth known to the emperor, and to prevent the evil impressions which the prejudices of the populace, and perhaps the designing misrepresentations of the city mandarins, might tend to create. I must suppose that the good offices of my Jesuit were ineffectual, and that he either received a positive order to interfere no more in our affairs, or that he was afraid of being implicated in our disgrace if he continued his intimacy with me, for this was the last visit I ever received from him.

CHAPTER III.

MEN THINK THEIR CONTINUAL FAULTS THEIR CONTINUAL MISFORTUNES.

IN a few days the embassy had orders to return to Pekin. The ambassador's palace was fitted up for his winter residence, and after our arrival he was arranging his establishment when, by a fresh mandate from the emperor, we were required to prepare with all possible expedition for our departure from the Chinese dominions. On Monday we received an order to leave Pekin the ensuing Wednesday, and all our remonstrances could procure only a delay of two days. Various causes were assigned for this peremptory order, and among the rest my unlucky accident was mentioned. However improbable it might seem that such a trifle could have so great an effect, the idea was credited by many of my companions, and I saw that I was looked upon with an evil eye. I suffered extremely. I have often observed that even remorse for my past negligence has tended to increase the original defect of my character. During our whole journey from Pekin to Canton my sorrow for the late accident was an excuse to myself for neglecting to make either notes or observations. When we arrived at Canton my time was taken up with certain commissions for my friends at home, which I had delayed to execute while at Pekin, from the idea that we should spend the whole winter there. The trunks were on board before all my commissions were ready, and I was obliged to pack up several toys and other articles in a basket. As to my papers, they still remained in the canvas bag into which I had stuffed them at Jehol; but I was certain of having leisure during our voyage home to arrange them, and to post my notes into Locke's commonplace-book.

At the beginning of the voyage, however, I suffered much from seasickness. Toward the middle of the time I grew better, and indulged myself in the amusement of fishing while the weather was fine. When the weather was not inviting to idleness, innumerable other petty causes of delay occurred. There was so much eating and drinking, so much singing and laughing, and such frequent card-playing in the cabin, that though I produced my canvas bag above a hundred times, I never could accomplish the sorting of its contents. Indeed, I seldom proceeded further than to untie the strings.

One day I had the state cabin fairly to myself, and had really begun my work, when the steward came to let me know that my Chinese basket was just washed overboard. In this basket were all the presents and commissions which I had bought at Canton for my friends at home. I ran to the cabin window, and had the mortification to see all my beautiful scarlet calibash-boxes, the fan for my Cousin Lucy, and the variety of toys which I had bought for my little cousins, all floating on the sea far out of my reach. I had been warned before that the basket would be washed overboard, and had intended to put it in a safe place; but unluckily I delayed to do so. I was so much vexed by this accident that I could not go on with my writing. If it had not been for this interruption, I do believe that I should that day have accomplished my long-postponed task. I will not—indeed I cannot—record all the

minute causes which afterward prevented my executing my intentions. The papers were still in the same disorder, stuffed into the canvas bag, when I arrived in England. I promised myself that I would sort them the very day after I got home; but visits of congratulation from my friends, upon my return, induced me to delay doing anything for the first week. The succeeding week I had a multiplicity of engagements. All my acquaintance, curious to hear a man converse who was fresh from China, invited me to dinner and tea-parties; and I could not possibly refuse these kind invitations, and shut myself up in my room, like a hackney author, to write. My father often urged me to begin my quarto, for he knew that other gentlemen who went out with the embassy designed to write the history of the voyage, and he, being a bookseller and used to the ways of authors, foresaw what would happen. A fortnight after we came home, the following advertisement appeared in the papers: "Now in the press, and speedily will be published, a Narrative of the British Embassy to China, containing the various circumstances of the Embassy: with Accounts of the Customs and Manners of the Chinese, and a Description of the Country, Towns, Cities, &c., &c."

I never saw my poor father turn so pale or look so angry as when he saw this advertisement. He handed it across the breakfast-table to me. "There, Basil," cried he, "I told you what would happen, and you would not believe me. But this is the way you have served me all your life, and this is the way you will go on to the day of your death, putting things off till to-morrow! This is the way you have lost every opportunity of distinguishing yourself,—every chance, and you have had many, of advancing yourself in the world! What signifies all I have done for you, or all you can do for yourself? Your genius and education are of no manner of use! Why, there is that heavy dog, as you used to call him at Eton, Johnson: look how he is getting on in the world, by mere dint of application and sticking steadily to his profession. He will beat you at everything, as he beat you at Eton in writing verses."

"Only in copying them, sir. My verses, everybody said, were far better than his; only, unluckily, I had not mine finished and copied out in time."

"Well, sir, and that is the very thing I complain of. I suppose you will tell me that your 'Voyage to China' will be far better than this which is advertised this morning."

"To be sure it will, father; for I have had opportunities, and collected materials, which this man, whoever he is, cannot possibly have obtained. To say nothing of my own abilities, I have had such assistance, such information from my friend the missionary——"

"But what signifies your missionary, your information, your abilities, and your materials?" cried my father, raising his voice: "your book is not out, your book will never be finished; or it will be done too late, and nobody will read it, and then you may throw it into the fire. Here you have an opportunity of establishing your fame, and making yourself a great author at once; and if you throw it away, Basil, I give you fair notice I never will pardon you."

I promised my father that I would set about my work *to-morrow*,

and pacified him by repeating that this hasty publication, which had just been advertised, must be a catchpenny, and that it would serve only to stimulate instead of satisfying the public curiosity. My quarto, I said, would appear afterward with a much better grace, and would be sought for by every person of science, taste, and literature. Soothed by these assurances, my father recovered his good humour, and trusted to my promise that I would commence my great work the ensuing day. I was fully in earnest. I went to my canvas bag to prepare my materials. Alas, I found them in a terrible condition ! The sea-water, somehow or other, had got to them during the voyage, and many of my most precious documents were absolutely illegible. The notes written in pencil were almost effaced, and when I had smoothed the crumpled scraps, I could make nothing of them. It was with the utmost difficulty I could read even those that were written in ink, they were so villanously scrawled and so terribly blotted. When I had made out the words, I was often at a loss for the sense, because I had trusted so much to the excellence of my memory that my notes were never either sufficiently full or accurate. Ideas which I had thought could never be effaced from my mind were now totally forgotten, and I could not comprehend my own mysterious elliptical hints and memoranda. I remember spending two hours in trying to make out what the following words could mean : *Hoy—alla—hoya ;—hoya, hoy, —hoy—waudi-hoya*. At last I recollected they were merely the sounds of the words used by the Chinese sailors in towing the junks, and I was much provoked at having wasted my time in trying to remember what was not worth recording. Another day I was puzzled by the following memorandum : “W : C : 30 f. h.—24 b—I,200 m—l—mandarin—C. tradition—2,000—200 before J. C.—” which, after three-quarters of an hour’s study, I discovered to mean that the wall of China is 30 feet high, 24 feet broad, and 1,200 miles long ; and that a mandarin told me that, according to Chinese tradition, this wall had been built above 2,000 years ; that is, 200 before the birth of our Saviour. On another scrap of paper, at the very bottom of the bag, I found the words, “Wheazou—Chanchin—Cuaboocow—Caungchunifoa — Callachottueng — Quanshanglin — Callachotreshansu,” &c., all which I found to be a list of towns and villages through which we had passed or places that we had seen ; but how to distinguish these asunder I knew not, for all recollection of them was obliterated from my mind, and no further notes respecting them were to be found.

After many day’s tiresome attempts, I was obliged to give up all hopes of deciphering the most important of my notes—those which I had made from the information of the French missionary. Most of what I had trusted so securely to my memory was defective in some slight circumstances, which rendered the whole useless. My materials for my quarto shrank into a very small compass. I flattered myself, however, that the elegance of my composition, and the moral and political reflections with which I intended to intersperse the work, would compensate for the paucity of facts in my narrative. That I might devote my whole attention to the business of writing, I determined to leave London, where I met with so many temptations to idleness, and set off to pay a visit to my Uncle Lowe, who lived in the country in a retired part of England.

He was a farmer—a plain, sensible, affectionate man ; and as he had often invited me to come and see him, I made no doubt that I should be an agreeable guest. I had intended to have written a few lines the week before I set out, to say that I was coming ; but I put it off, till at last I thought that it would be useless, because I should get there as soon as my letter. I had soon reason to regret that I had been so negligent, for my appearance at my uncle's, instead of creating that general joy which I had expected, threw the whole house into confusion. It happened that there was company in the house, and all the beds were occupied. While I was taking off my boots, I had the mortification to hear my Aunt Lowe say, in a voice of mingled distress and reproach, "Come, is he?—My goodness! what shall we do for a bed? How could he think of coming without writing a line beforehand? My goodness! I wish he was a hundred miles off, I'm sure."

My uncle shook hands with me, and welcomed me to old England again, and to his house, which, he said, should always be open to all his relations. I saw that he was not pleased ; and, as he was a man who, according to the English phrase, scorned *to keep a thing long upon his mind*, he let me know, before he had finished his first glass of ale to my good health, that he was *inclined to take it very unkind indeed* that, after all he had said about my writing a letter now and then, just to say how I did and how I was going on, I had never put pen to paper to answer one of his letters since the day I first promised to write, which was the day I went to Eaton School, till this present time of speaking. I had no good apology to make for myself, but I attempted all manner of excuses—that I had put off writing from day to day, and from year to year, till I was ashamed to write at all ; that it was not from want of affection, &c., &c., &c.

My uncle took up his pipe and puffed away while I spoke ; and when I had said all that I could devise, I sat silent, for I saw by the looks of all present that I had not mended the matter. My aunt pursed up her mouth, and "wondered, if she must tell the plain truth, that so great a scholar as Mr. Basil could not, when it must give him so little trouble to indite a letter, write a few lines to an uncle who had begged it so often, and who had ever been a good friend."

"Say nothing of that," said my uncle : "I scorn to have that put into account. I loved the boy, and all I could do was done of course : that's nothing to the purpose ; but the longest day I have to live I'll never trouble him with begging a letter from him any more. For now I see he does not care a fig for me, and of course I do not care a fig for him. Lucy, hold up your head, girl, and don't look as if you were going to be hanged."

My Cousin Lucy was the only person present who seemed to have any compassion for me, and, as I lifted up my eyes to look at her when her father spoke, she appeared to me quite beautiful. I had always thought her a pretty girl, but she never struck me as anything very extraordinary till this moment. I was very sorry that I had offended my uncle : I saw he was seriously displeased, and that his pride, of which he had a large portion, had conquered his affection for me. "'T is easier to lose a friend than gain one, young man," said he ; "and take my word

for it, as this world goes, 't is a foolish thing to lose a friend for want of writing a letter or so. Here's seven years I have been begging a letter, now and then, and could not get one. Never wrote a line to me before you went to China; should not have known a word about it but for my wife, who met you by mere chance in London, and gave you some little commissions for the children, which it seems you forgot till it was too late. Then, after you came back, never wrote to me."

"And even not to write a line to give one notice of his coming here to-night!" added my aunt.

"Oh, as to that," replied my uncle, "he can never find our larder at a nonplus: we have no dishes for him dressed Chinese fashion; but as to roast beef of old England, which, I take it, is worth all the foreign meats, he is welcome to it, and to as much of it as he pleases. I shall always be glad to see him as an acquaintance, and so forth, as a good Christian ought; but not as the favourite he used to be—that is out of the question; for things cannot be both done and undone, and time that's past cannot come back again, that is clear; and cold water thrown on a warm heart puts it out; and there's an end of the matter. Lucy, bring me my nightcap."

Lucy, I think, sighed once, and I am sure I sighed above a dozen times; but my uncle put on his red nightcap, and heeded us not. I was in hopes that the next morning he would have been better disposed toward me, after having slept off his anger. The moment that I appeared in the morning, the children, who had been in bed when I arrived the preceding night, crowded round me; and one cried, "Cousin Basil, have you brought me the tumbler you promised me from China?"

"Cousin Basil, where's my boat?"

"Oh, Basil, did you bring me the calibash-box you promised me?"

"And pray," cried my aunt, "did you bring my Lucy the fan that she commissioned you to get?"

"No, I'll warrant," said my uncle. "He that cannot bring himself to write a letter in the course of seven years to his friends, will not be apt to trouble his head about their foolish commissions when he is in foreign parts."

Though I was abashed and vexed, I summoned sufficient courage to reply that I had not neglected to execute the commissions of any of my friends; but that, by an unlucky accident, the basket into which I had packed all their things was washed overboard.

"Hum!" said my uncle.

"And pray," said my aunt, "why were they all packed in a basket? Why were they not put into your trunks, where they might have been safe?"

I was obliged to confess that I had delayed to purchase them till after we left Pekin, and that the trunks were put on board before they were all procured at Canton. My vile habit of procrastination! how did I suffer for it at this moment! Lucy began to make excuses for me, which made me blame myself the more. She said that, as to her fan, it would have been of little or no use to her; that she was sure she should have broken it before it had been a week in her possession; and that therefore she was glad that she had it not. The children were clamorous in

their grief for the loss of the boat, the tumbler, and the calibash-boxes; but Lucy contrived to quiet them in time, and to make my peace with all the younger part of the family. To reinstate me in my uncle's good graces was impossible: he would only repeat to her—"The young man has lost my good opinion; he will never do any good. From a child upward he has always put off doing everything he ought to do. He will never do any good; he will never be anything."

My aunt was not my friend, because she suspected that Lucy liked me; and she thought her daughter might do much better than marry a man who had quitted the profession to which he was bred, and was, as it seemed, little likely to settle to any other. My pretensions to genius and my literary qualifications were of no advantage to me, either with my uncle or aunt; the one being *only* a good farmer, and the other *only* a good housewife. They contented themselves with asking me, coolly, what I had ever made by being an author? And when I was forced to answer, "Nothing," they smiled upon me in scorn. My pride was roused, and I boasted that I expected to receive at least £600 for my "Voyage to China," which I hoped to complete in a few weeks. My aunt looked at me in astonishment; and to prove to her that I was not passing the bounds of truth, I added that one of my travelling companions had, as I was credibly informed, received £1,000 for his narrative, to which mine would certainly be far superior.

"When it is done, and when you have the money in your hand to show us, I shall believe you," said my aunt; "and then, and not till then, you may begin to think of my Lucy."

"He shall never have her," said my uncle; "he will never come to good. He shall never have her."

The time which I ought to have spent in composing my quarto I now wasted in fruitless endeavours to recover the good graces of my uncle. Love, assisted as usual by the spirit of opposition, took possession of my heart; and how can a man in love write quartos? I became more indolent than ever, for I persuaded myself that no exertions could overcome my uncle's prejudice against me, and, without his approbation, I despaired of ever obtaining Lucy's hand.

During my stay at my uncle's I received several letters from my father, inquiring how my work went on, and urging me to proceed as rapidly as possible, lest another "Voyage to China," which it was reported was now composing by a gentleman of high reputation, should come out and preclude mine for ever. I cannot account for my folly: the power of habit is imperceptible to those who submit passively to its tyranny. From day to day I continued procrastinating and sighing, till at last the fatal news came that Sir George Staunton's "History of the Embassy to China," in two volumes quarto, was actually published. There was an end of all my hopes. I left my uncle's house in despair: I dreaded to see my father. He overwhelmed me with well-merited reproaches. All his expectations of my success in life were disappointed; he was now convinced that I should never make my talents useful to myself or my family. A settled melancholy appeared in his countenance; he soon ceased to urge me to any exertion, and I idled away my time, deploring that I could not marry my Lucy, and resolving upon a thousand schemes for advancing myself, but always delaying their execution till to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RESOLUTION THAT CONQUERS A BAD HABIT MUST BE UNCOMMONLY STRONG.

TWO years passed away in this manner, about the end of which time my poor father died. I cannot describe the mixed sensations of grief and self-reproach which I felt at his death. I knew that I had never fulfilled his sanguine prophecies, and that disappointment had long preyed upon his spirits. This was a severe shock to me. I was roused from a state of stupefaction by the necessity of acting as my father's executor. Among his bequests was one which touched me particularly, because I was sensible that it was made from kindness to me. "I give and bequeath the full-length picture of my son Basil, taken when a boy (a very promising boy) at Eton School, to my brother Lowe : I should say to my sweet niece Lucy Lowe, but am afraid of giving offence." I sent the picture to my Uncle Lowe, with a copy of the words of the will, and a letter written in the bitterness of grief. My uncle, who was of an affectionate though positive temper, returned me the following answer :

"DEAR NEPHEW BASIL,—Taking it for granted you feel as much as I do, it being natural you should, and even more, I shall not refuse to let my Lucy have the picture bequeathed to me by my good brother, who could not offend me dying, never having done so living. As to you, Basil, this is no time for reproaches, which would be cruel ; but, without meaning to look back to the past, I must add that I mean nothing by giving the picture to Lucy but respect for my poor brother's memory. My opinions remaining as heretofore, I think it a duty to my girl to be steady in my determination ; convinced that no man (not meaning you in particular) of what I call a *putting-off* temper, could make her happy, she being too mild to scold and bustle, and do the man's business in a family. This is the whole of my mind without malice ; for how could I, if I were malicious, which I am not, bear malice, and at such a time as this, against my own nephew ? and as to anger, that is soon over with me ; and though I said I never would forgive you, Basil, for not writing to me for seven years, I do now forgive you with all my heart ; so let that be off your conscience. And now I hope we shall be very good friends all the rest of our lives ; that is to say, putting Lucy out of the question ; for, in my opinion, it is a disagreeable thing to have any bickerings between near relations. So, my dear nephew, wishing you all health and happiness, I hope you will now settle to business. My wife tells me she hears you are left in a good way by my poor brother's care and industry ; and she sends her love to you, in which all the family unites ; and hoping you will write from time to time, I remain, my dear Nephew Basil, your affectionate uncle,

"THOMAS LOWE."

My aunt added a postscript, inquiring more particularly into the state of my affairs. I answered by return of post, that my good father had left me much richer than I either expected or deserved. His credit as

a bookseller was extensive and well established : his shop was well furnished, and he had a considerable sum of money in his bank, beside many *good* debts due from authors to whom he had advanced cash.

My Aunt Lowe was governed by her interest as decidedly as my uncle was swayed by his humour and affection, and accordingly she became more favourable towards me when she found that my fortune was better than she had expected. She wrote to exhort me to attend to my business, and to prove to my uncle that I could cure myself of my negligent habits. She promised to befriend me, and to do everything to obtain my uncle's consent to my union with Lucy, upon condition that I would for six months steadily persevere, or, as she expressed herself, *show that I could come to good.*

The motive was powerful—sufficiently powerful to conquer the force of inveterate habit. I applied resolutely to business, and supported the credit which my father's punctuality had obtained from his customers. During the course of six entire months I am not conscious of having neglected or delayed to do anything of consequence that I ought to have done, except whetting my razor. My Aunt Lowe faithfully kept her word with me, and took every opportunity of representing in the most favourable manner to my uncle the reformation that love had wrought in my character.

I went to the country, full of hope, at the end of my six probationary months. My uncle, however, with a mixture of obstinacy and good sense, replied to my aunt in my presence : " This reformation that you talk of, wife, won't last. 'T was begun by love, as *you* say ; and will end with love, as *I* say. You and I know, my dear, love lasts little longer than the honeymoon ; and Lucy is not, or ought not to be, such a simpleton as to look only to what a husband will be for one short month of his life, when she is to live with him for twenty, thirty, maybe forty long years ; and no help for it, let him turn out what he will. I beg your pardon, Nephew Basil ; but, where my Lucy's happiness is at stake, I must speak my mind as a father should. My opinion, Lucy, is, that he is not a whit changed ; and so I now let you understand, if you marry the man, it must be without my consent."

Lucy turned exceedingly pale, and I grew extremely angry. My uncle had, as usual, recourse to his pipe ; and, to all the eloquence which love and indignation could inspire, he would only answer, between the whiffs of his smoking, " If my girl marries you, Nephew Basil, I say she must do so without my consent."

Lucy's affection for me struggled for some time with her sense of duty to her father. Her mother supported my cause with much warmth. Having once declared in my favour, she considered herself as bound to maintain her side of the question. It became a trial of power between my uncle and aunt, and their passions rose so high in the conflict that Lucy trembled for the consequences.

One day she took an opportunity of speaking to me in private. " My dear Basil," said she, " we must part. You see that I can never be yours with my father's consent ; and without it I could never be happy, even in being united to you. I will not be the cause of misery to all those whom I love best in the world. I will not set my father and

mother at variance. I cannot bear to hear the altercations which rise higher and higher between them every day. Let us part, and all will be right again."

It was in vain that I combated her resolution. I alternately resented and deplored the weakness which induced Lucy to sacrifice her own happiness and mine to the obstinate prejudices of a father; yet I could not avoid respecting her the more for adhering to what she believed to be her duty. The sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and filial piety, which she showed on this trying occasion, endeared her to me beyond expression.

Her father, notwithstanding his determination to be as immovable as a rock, began to manifest symptoms of internal agitation; and one night, after breaking his pipe, and throwing down the tongs and poker twice, which Lucy twice replaced, he exclaimed, "Lucy, girl, you are a fool! and, what is worse, you are grown into a mere shadow. You are breaking my heart. Why, I know this man, this Basil, this cursed nephew of mine, will never come to good. But cannot you marry him without my consent?"

Upon this hint Lucy's scruples vanished, and a few days afterwards we were married. Prudence, virtue, pride, love, every strong motive which can act upon the human mind, stimulated me to exert myself to prove that I was worthy of this most amiable woman. A year passed away, and my Lucy said that she had no reason to repent of her choice. She took the most affectionate pains to convince her father that she was perfectly happy, and that he had judged of me too harshly. His delight at seeing his daughter happy vanquished his reluctance to acknowledge that he had changed his opinion. I never shall forget the pleasure I felt at hearing him confess that he had been too positive, and that his Lucy had made a good match for herself. Alas! when I had obtained this testimony in my favour, when I had established a character for exertion and punctuality, I began to relax in my efforts to deserve it. I indulged myself in my old habits of procrastination. My customers and country correspondents began to complain that their letters were unanswered and that their orders were neglected. Their remonstrances became more and more urgent in process of time; and nothing but actually seeing the dates of their letters could convince me that they were in the right, and I was in the wrong. An old friend of my father's, a rich gentleman, who loved books and bought all that were worth buying, sent me in March an order for books to a considerable amount. In April he wrote to remind me of his first letter:

"April 3.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Last month I wrote to request that you would send me the following books: I have been much disappointed by not receiving them; and I request you will be so good as to forward them *immediately*.

"I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely, J. C."

In May he wrote to me again:

"DEAR SIR,—I am much surprised at not having yet received the books I wrote for last March; beg to know the cause of this delay, and am,

"Dear sir, yours, &c., J. C."

A fortnight afterwards, as I was packing up the books for this gentleman, I received the following :

"SIR,—As it is now above a quarter of a year since I wrote to you for books, which you have not yet sent to me, I have been obliged to apply to another bookseller. I am much concerned at being compelled to this. I had a great regard for your father, and would not willingly break off my connection with his son ; but really you have tried my patience too far. Last year I never had from you any one new publication, until it was in the hands of all my neighbours ; and I have often been under the necessity of borrowing books which I had bespoken from you months before. I hope you will take this as a warning, and that you will not use any of your other friends as you have used,

"Sir, your humble servant, J. C."

This reprimand had little effect upon me, because at the time when I received it I was intent upon an object in comparison with which the trade of a bookseller appeared absolutely below my consideration : I was inventing a set of new taxes for the minister, for which I expected to be liberally rewarded. Like many men of genius, I was always disposed to think that my fortune was to be made by some extraordinary exertion of talent, instead of the vulgar means of daily industry. I was ever searching for some *short cut* to the temple of fame, instead of following the beaten road. I was much encouraged, by persons intimately connected with those high in power, to hope that my new taxes would be adopted ; and I spent my time in attendance upon my patrons, leaving the care of my business to my foreman—a young man whose head the whole week was intent upon riding out on Sunday. With such a master and such a foreman affairs could not go on well.

My Lucy, notwithstanding her great respect for my abilities and her confidence in my promises, often hinted that she feared ministers might not at last make me amends for the time I devoted to my system of taxation. But notwithstanding I persisted. The file of unanswered letters was filled even to the top of the wire. The drawer of unsettled accounts made me sigh profoundly whenever it was accidentally opened. I soon acquired a horror of business, and practised all the arts of apology, evasion, and invisibility, to which procrastinators must sooner or later be reduced. My conscience gradually became callous, and without compunction I could promise with a face of truth to settle an account *to-morrow*, without having the slightest hope of keeping my word.

I was a publisher as well as a bookseller, and was assailed by a tribe of rich and poor authors. The rich complained continually of delays that affected their fame ; the poor of delays that concerned their interest, and sometimes their very existence. I was cursed with a compassionate as well as with a procrastinating temper ; and I frequently advanced money to my poor authors, to compensate for my neglect to settle their accounts, and to free myself from the torment of their reproaches. They soon learned to take a double advantage of my virtues and my vices. The list of my poor authors increased, for I was an encourager of genius. I trusted to my own judgment concerning every performance that was offered to me ; and I was often obliged to pay for

having neglected to read, or to send to press, these multifarious manuscripts. After having kept a poor devil of an author upon the tenter-hooks of expectation for an unconscionable time, I could not say to him, "Sir, I have never opened your manuscript: there it is, in that heap of rubbish; take it away for Heaven's sake." No; hardened as I was, I never failed to make some compliment or some retribution, and my compliments were often in the end the most expensive species of retribution.

My rich authors soon deserted me, and hurt my credit in the circles of literary fashion by their clamours. I had ample experience, yet I have never been able to decide whether I would rather meet the "desperate misery" of a famishing pamphleteer, or the exasperated vanity of a rich *amateur*. Every one of my authors seemed convinced that the fate of Europe, or the salvation of the world, depended upon the publication of their book on some particular day; while I, all the time, was equally persuaded that their works were mere trash in comparison with my new system of taxation; consequently I postponed their business, and pursued my favourite tax scheme.

I have the pride and pleasure to say that all my taxes were approved and adopted, and brought in an immense increase of revenue to the state; but I have the mortification to be obliged to add that I never, directly or indirectly, received the slightest pecuniary reward; and the credit of all I had proposed was snatched from me by a rogue, who had no other merit than that of being shaved sooner than I was one frosty morning. If I had not put off whetting my razor the preceding day, this would not have happened. To such a trifling instance of my unfortunate habit of procrastination must I attribute one of the most severe disappointments of my life. A rival financier, who laid claim to the prior invention and suggestion of my principal taxes, was appointed to meet me at the house of my great man at ten o'clock in the morning. My opponent was punctual; I was half an hour too late: his claims were established; mine were rejected, because I was not present to produce my proofs. When I arrived at my patron's door, the insolent porter shut the door in my face, and so ended all hopes from my grand system of taxation.

I went home, and shut myself up in my room to give vent to my grief at leisure; but I was not permitted to indulge my sorrow long in peace. I was summoned by my foreman to come downstairs to one of my enraged authors, who positively refused to quit the shop without seeing me. Of the whole irritable race, the man who was now waiting to see me was the most violent. He was a man of some genius and learning, with great pretensions and a vindictive spirit. He was poor, yet lived among the rich; and his arrogance could be equalled only by his susceptibility. He was known in our house by the name of *Thaumaturgos*, the *Retailer of Wonders*, because he had sent me a manuscript with this title; and once or twice a week we received a letter or message from him, to inquire when it would be published. I had unfortunately mislaid this precious manuscript. Under this circumstance, to meet the author was almost as dreadful as to stand the shot of a pistol. Downstairs I went, unprovided with any apology.

"Sir," cried my angry man, suppressing his passion, "as you do not

find it worth your while to publish *Thaumaturgos*, you will be so obliging as to let me have my manuscript." "Pardon me, my dear sir," interrupted I; "it shall certainly appear this spring." "Spring! Zounds, sir! don't talk to me of spring. Why, you told me it should be out at Christmas; you said it should be out last June; you promised to send it to press before Easter. Is this the way I am to be treated?"

"Pardon me, my dear sir. I confess I have used you and the world very ill; but the pressure of business must plead my apology."

"Look you, Mr. Basil Lowe, I am not come here to listen to commonplace excuses. I have been ill used, and know it; and the world shall know it. I am not ignorant of the designs of my enemies; but no cabal shall succeed against me. *Thaumaturgos* shall not be suppressed! *Thaumaturgos* shall see the light! *Thaumaturgos* shall have justice, in spite of all the machinations of malice. Sir, I demand my manuscript." "Sir, it shall be sent to you to-morrow." "To-morrow, sir, will not do for me. I have heard of to-morrow from you this twelvemonth past. I will have my manuscript to-day. I do not leave this spot without *Thaumaturgos*."

Thus driven to extremities, I was compelled to confess that I could not immediately lay my hand upon it; but I added that the whole house should be searched for it instantly. It is impossible to describe the indignation which my author expressed. I ran away to search the house. He followed me, and stood by while I rummaged in drawers and boxes full of papers, and tossed over heaps of manuscripts. No *Thaumaturgos* could be found. The author declared that he had no copy of the manuscript; that he had been offered £500 for it by another bookseller; and that, for his own part, he would not lose it for twice that sum. Lost, however, it evidently was. He stalked out of my house, bidding me prepare to abide by the consequences. I racked my memory in vain, to discover what I had done with this bundle of wonders. I could recollect only that I carried it a week in my great-coat-pocket, resolving every day to lock it up, and that I went to the Mount Coffee-house in this coat several times. These recollections were of little use. A suit was instituted against me for the value of *Thaumaturgos*, and the damages were modestly laid by the author at eight hundred guineas. The cause was highly interesting to all the tribe of London booksellers and authors. The court was crowded at an early hour. Several people of fashion, who were partisans of the plaintiff, appeared in the gallery. Many more, who were his enemies, attended on purpose to hear my counsel ridicule and abuse the pompous *Thaumaturgos*. I had great hopes myself that we might win the day, especially as the lawyer on the opposite side was my old competitor at Eton—that Johnson whom I had always considered as a mere laborious drudge and a very heavy fellow. How this heavy fellow got up in the world, and how he contrived to supply by dint of study the want of natural talents, I cannot tell; but this I know to my cost, that he managed his client's cause so ably, and made a speech so full of sound law and clear sense, as effectually to decide the cause against me. I was condemned to pay £500 damages and costs of suit. Five hundred pounds lost by delaying to lock up a bundle of papers! Everybody

pited me, because the punishment seemed so disproportioned to the offence. The pity of everybody, however, did not console me for the loss of my money.

CHAPTER V.

WHERE DECISION AND FIRMNESS ARE WANTING, GENIUS ITSELF IS OF LITTLE WORTH.

THE trial was published in the papers. My Uncle Lowe read it, and all my credit with him was lost for ever. Lucy did not utter a syllable of reproach or complaint; but she used all her gentle influence to prevail upon me to lay aside the various schemes which I had formed for making a rapid fortune, and urged me to devote my whole attention to my business.

The loss which I had sustained, though great, was not irremediable. I was moved more by my wife's kindness than I could have been by the most outrageous invective. But what is kindness, what is affection, what are the best resolutions, opposed to all-powerful habit? I put off settling my affairs till I had finished a pamphlet against government, which my friends and the critics assured me would make my fortune, by attaching to my shop all the opposition members. My pamphlet succeeded, was highly praised, and loudly abused. Answers appeared, and I was called upon to provide rejoinders. Time thus passed away, and while I was gaining fame I every hour lost money. I was threatened with bankruptcy. I threw aside my pamphlets, and, in the utmost terror and confusion, began too late to look into my affairs. I now attempted too much. I expected to repair by bustle the effects of procrastination. The nervous anxiety of my mind prevented me from doing anything well. Whatever I was employed about appeared to me of less consequence than a hundred other things which ought to be done. The letter that I was writing, or the account that I was settling, was but one of a multitude, all of which had equal claims to be expedited immediately. My courage failed; I abandoned my business in despair. A commission of bankruptcy was taken out against me; all my goods were seized, and I became a prisoner in the King's Bench. My wife's relations refused to give me any assistance; but her father offered to receive her and her little boy, on condition that she would part from me, and spend the remainder of her days with them. This she positively refused, and I never shall forget the manner of her refusal. Her character rose in adversity. With the utmost feminine gentleness and delicacy she had a degree of courage and fortitude which I have seldom seen equalled in any of my own sex. She followed me to prison, and supported my spirits by a thousand daily instances of kindness. During eighteen months that she passed with me in a prison, which we then thought must be my abode for life, she never, by word or look, reminded me that I was the cause of our misfortunes; on the contrary, she drove this idea from my thoughts with all the address of female affection. I cannot, even at this distance of time, recall these things to memory without tears.

What a woman, what a wife had I reduced to distress! I never saw her, even in the first months of our marriage, so cheerful and so tender as at this period. She seemed to have no existence but in me and in our little boy, of whom she was dotingly fond. He was at this time about four years old, just able to run about and talk. His playful caresses,

his thoughtless gaiety, and at times a certain tone of compassion for *poor papa*, were very touching. Alas! he little foresaw—— But let me go on with my history, if I can, without anticipation.

Among my creditors was a Mr. Nun, a paper-maker, who, from his frequent dealings with me, had occasion to see something of my character and of my wife's: he admired her and pitied me. He was in easy circumstances, and delighted in doing all the good in his power. One morning my Lucy came into my room with a face radiant with joy. "My love," said she, "here is Mr. Nun below, waiting to see you; but he says he will not see you till I have told you the good news. He has got all our creditors to enter into a compromise, and to set you at liberty."

I was transported with joy and gratitude. Our benevolent friend was waiting in a hackney coach to carry us away from prison. When I began to thank him, he stopped me with a blunt declaration that I was not a bit obliged to him; for that, if I had been a man of straw, he would have done just the same for the sake of my wife, whom he looked upon to be the best woman he had ever seen, Mrs. Nun always excepted. He proceeded to inform me how he had settled my affairs, and how he had obtained from my creditors a small allowance for the immediate support of myself and family. He had given up the third part of a considerable sum due to himself. As my own house was shut up, he insisted upon taking us home with him. "Mrs. Nun," he said, "had provided a good dinner, and he must not have her ducks and green peas upon the table, and no friends to eat them."

Never were ducks and green peas more acceptable; never was a dinner eaten with more appetite, or given with more goodwill. I have often thought of this dinner, and compared the hospitality of this simple-hearted man with the ostentation of great folks, who give splendid entertainments to those who do not want them. In trifles and in matters of consequence this Mr. Nun was one of the most liberal and unaffectedly generous men I ever knew; but the generous actions of men in middle life are lost in obscurity. No matter. They do not act from the love of fame; they act from a better motive, and they have their reward in their own hearts.

As I was passing through Mr. Nun's warehouse, I was thinking of writing something on this subject; but whether it should be a poetic effusion in the form of "An Ode to him who least expects it," or a prose work, under the title of "Modern Parallels," in the manner of Plutarch, I had not decided, when I was roused from my reverie by my wife, who, pointing to a large bale of paper that was directed to "Ezekiel Croft, Merchant, Philadelphia," asked me if I knew that this gentleman was a very near relation of her mother. "Is he, indeed?" said Mr. Nun; "then I can assure you that you have a relation of whom you have no occasion to be ashamed: he is one of the most respectable merchants in Philadelphia." "He was not very rich when he left this country about six years ago," said Lucy. "He has a very good fortune now," answered Mr. Nun. "And has he made this very good fortune in six years?" cried I. "My dear Lucy, I did not know that you had any relations in America. I have a great mind to go over there myself."

"Away from all our friends!" said Lucy.

"I shall be ashamed," replied I, "to see them after all that has hap-

pened. A bankrupt cannot have many friends. The best thing that I can possibly do is to go over to a new world, where I may establish a new character, and make a new fortune."

"But we must not forget," said Mr. Nun, "that in the New World, as in the old one, a character and a fortune must be made by much the same means. And, forgive me if I add, the same bad habits that are against a man in one country will be as much against him in another."

True, thought I, as I recollected at this instant my unfortunate "Voyage to China." But now that the idea of going to America had come into my mind, I saw so many chances of success in my favour, and I felt so much convinced I should not relapse into my former faults, that I could not abandon the scheme. My Lucy consented to accompany me. She spent a week in the country with her father and friends, by my particular desire; and they did all they could to prevail upon her to stay with them, promising to take the best possible care of her and her little boy during my absence; but she steadily persisted in her determination to accompany her husband. I was not too late in going on shipboard this time, and during the whole voyage I did not lose any of my goods; for, in the first place, I had very few goods to lose, and in the next, my wife took the entire charge of those few.

And now behold me safely landed at Philadelphia, with one hundred pounds in my pocket—a small sum of money; but many, from yet more trifling beginnings, had grown rich in America. My wife's relation, Mr. Croft, had not so much, as I was told, when he left England. Many passengers, who came over in the same ship with me, had not half so much; several of them were, indeed, wretchedly poor. Among others, there was an Irishman, who was known by the name of Barney, a contraction, I believe, for Barnaby. As to his surname, he could not undertake to spell it; but he assured me there was no better. This man, with many of his relatives, had come to England, according to their custom, during harvest-time, to assist in reaping, because they gain higher wages than in their own country. Barney heard that he should get still higher wages for labour in America, and accordingly he, and his two sons, lads of eighteen and twenty, took their passage for Philadelphia. A merrier mortal I never saw. We used to hear him upon deck, continually singing or whistling his Irish tunes; and I should never have guessed that this man's life had been a series of hardships and misfortunes. When we were leaving the ship I saw him, to my great surprise, crying bitterly; and upon inquiring what was the matter, he answered, that it was not for himself but for his sons he was grieving, because they were to be made *Redemption men*—that is, they were to be bound to work during a certain time, for the captain, or for whoever he pleased, till the money due for their passage should be paid. Though I was somewhat surprised at any one's thinking of coming on board a vessel without having one farthing in his pocket, yet I could not forbear paying the money for this poor fellow. He dropped down on the deck upon his knees as suddenly as if he had been shot, and, holding up his hands to heaven, prayed, first in Irish and then in English, with fervent fluency, that "I and mine might never want; that I might live long to reign over him; that success might attend my honour wherever I went; and that I might enjoy for evermore all sorts of blessings and crowns of

glory." As I had an English prejudice in favour of silent gratitude, I was rather disgusted by all this eloquence ; I turned away abruptly, and got into the boat which waited to carry me to shore. As we rowed away, I looked at my wife and child, and reproached myself with having indulged in the luxury of generosity perhaps at their expense.

My wife's relation, Mr. Croft, received us better than she expected, and worse than I hoped. He had the face of an acute money-making man ; his manners were methodical ; caution was in his eye, and prudence in all his motions. In our first half-hour's conversation he convinced me that he deserved the character he had obtained, of being upright and exact in all his dealings. His ideas were just and clear, but confined to the objects immediately relating to his business. As to his heart, he seemed to have no notion of general philanthropy, but to have perfectly learned by rote his duty to his neighbour. He appeared disposed to do charitable and good-natured actions from reason, and not from feeling ; because they were proper, not merely because they were agreeable. I felt that I should respect but never love him, and that he would never either love or respect me, because the virtue which he held in the highest veneration was that in which I was most deficient—punctuality. But I will give, as nearly as I can, my first conversation with him ; and from that a better idea of his character may be formed than I can afford by any description.

I presented to him Mr. Nun's letter of introduction, and mentioned that my wife had the honour of being related to him. He perused Mr. Nun's letter very slowly. I was determined not to leave him in any doubt respecting who and what I was, and I briefly told him the particulars of my history. He listened with immovable attention ; and when I had finished he said, "You have not yet told me what your views are in coming to America." I replied, "that my plans were not yet fixed."

"But of course," said he, "you cannot have left home without forming some plan for the future. May I ask what line of life you mean to pursue?" I answered, "that I was undetermined, and meant to be guided by circumstances." "Circumstances!" said he ; "may I request you to explain yourself more fully? for I do not precisely understand to what circumstances you allude."

I was provoked with the man for being so slow of apprehension ; but, when driven to the necessity of explaining, I found that I did not myself understand what I meant. I changed my ground ; and, lowering my tone of confidence, said that, as I was totally ignorant of the country, I should wish to be guided by the advice of better-informed persons, and that I begged leave to address myself to him, as having had the most successful experience.

After a considerable pause he replied, "it was a hazardous thing to give advice ; but that, as my wife was his relation, and as he held it a duty to assist his relations, he should not decline giving me—all the advice in his power." I bowed, and felt chilled all over by his manner. "And not only my advice," continued he, "but my assistance—in reason."

I said, "I was much obliged to him."

"Not in the least, young man ; you are not in the least obliged to me yet, for I have done nothing for you."

This was true ; and not knowing what to say, I was silent.

"And that which I may be able to do for you in future must depend as much upon yourself as upon me. In the first place, before I can give advice, I must know what you are worth in the world?"

My worth in money, I told him with a forced smile, was but very trifling indeed. With some hesitation I named the sum.

"And you have a wife and child to support!" said he, shaking his head. "And your child is too young and your wife too delicate to work. They will be sad burdens upon your hands: these are not the things for America. Why did you bring them with you? But as that is done, and cannot be mended," continued he, "we must make the best of it and support them. You say you are ignorant of the country. I must explain to you, then, how money is to be made here, and by whom. The class of labourers make money readily, if they are industrious, because they have high wages and constant employment. Artificers and mechanics, carpenters, shipwrights, wheelwrights, smiths, bricklayers, masons, get rich here, without difficulty, from the same causes; but all these things are out of the question for you. You have head, not hands, I perceive. Now mere head, in the line of bookmaking or bookselling, brings in but poor profit in this country. The sale for imported books is extensive, and our printers are doing something by subscription here in Philadelphia, and in New York, they tell me. But London is the place for a good bookseller to thrive; and you come from London, where you tell me you were a bankrupt.—I would not advise you to have anything more to do with bookselling or bookmaking. Then, as to becoming a planter—our planters, if they are skilful and laborious, thrive well; but you have not capital sufficient to clear land and build a house, or hire servants to do the work for which you are not yourself sufficiently robust. Besides, I do not imagine you know much of agricultural concerns or country business; and even in the duties of overseeing and guiding others, experience is necessary. The life of a back settler I do not advise, because you and your wife are not equal to it. You are not accustomed to live in a log house, or to feed upon raccoons and squirrels; not to omit the constant dread, if not imminent danger, of being burned in your beds, or scalped by the Indians, with whom you would be surrounded. Upon the whole, I see no line of life that promises well for you but that of a merchant; and I see no means of your getting into this line without property and without credit, except by going into some established house as a clerk. You are a good penman and ready accountant, I think you tell me, and I presume you have sufficient knowledge of book-keeping. With sobriety, diligence, and honesty, you may do well in this way, and may look forward to being a partner, and in a lucrative situation, some years hence. This is the way I managed, and rose myself by degrees to what you see. It is true I was not at first encumbered with a wife and young child. In due time I married my master's daughter, which was a great furtherance to me; but then, on the other hand, your wife is my relation; and to be married to the relation of a rich merchant is next best to not being married at all, in your situation. I told you I thought it my duty to proffer assistance as well as advice; so take up your abode with me for a fortnight. In that time I shall be able to judge whether you are capable of being a clerk; and if you and I should suit, we will talk further. You

understand that I enter into no engagement and make no promises, but shall be glad to lodge you, and your wife, and little boy, for a fortnight ; and it will be your own fault, and must be your own loss, if the visit turns out waste of time. I cannot stay to talk to you any longer at present," added he, pulling out his watch, "for I have business, and business waits for no man. Go back to your inn for my relation and her little one. We dine at two precisely."

I left Mr. Croft's house with a vague indescribable feeling of dissatisfaction and disappointment ; but when I arrived at my inn and repeated all that had passed to my wife, she seemed quite surprised and delighted by the civil and friendly manner in which this gentleman had behaved. The reception he had given me was much warmer than she had expected, and much cooler than I had hoped it would have been. She reasoned the matter with me, but there is no reasoning with imagination.

The fact was, Mr. Croft had destroyed certain vague and visionary ideas that I had indulged of making, by some unknown means, a rapid fortune in America ; and to be reduced to real life, and sink into a clerk in a merchant's counting-house, was mortification and misery. Lucy in vain dwelt upon the advantage of having found immediately upon my arrival in Philadelphia a certain mode of employment, and a probability of rising to be a partner in one of the first mercantile houses, if I went on steadily for a few years. I was forced to acknowledge that her relation was very good ; that I was certainly very fortunate, and that I ought to think myself very much obliged to Mr. Croft. But, after avowing all this, I walked up and down the room in melancholy reverie for a considerable length of time. My wife reminded me repeatedly that Mr. Croft said he dined precisely at two o'clock ; that he was a very punctual man ; that it was a long walk, as I had found it, from the inn to his house ; that I had better dress myself for dinner, and that my clean shirt and cravat were ready for me. I still walked up and down the room in reverie till my wife was completely ready, had dressed the child, and held up my watch before my eyes to show me that it wanted but ten minutes of two. I then began to dress in the greatest hurry imaginable, and unluckily, as I was pulling on my silk stockings, I tore a hole in the leg, or, as my wife expressed it, a stitch dropped, and I was forced to wait while she repaired the evil. Certainly this operation of *taking up a stitch*, as I am instructed to call it, is one of the slowest operations in nature, or rather one of the most tedious and teasing manœuvres of art. Though the most willing and the most dexterous fingers that ever touched a needle were employed in my service, I thought the work would never be finished. At last I was *hosed* and shod, and out we set. It struck a quarter past two as we left the house ; we came to Mr. Croft's in the middle of dinner. He had a large company at table. Everybody was disturbed. My Lucy was a stranger to Mrs. Croft, and was to be introduced, and nothing could be more awkward and embarrassing than our *entrée* and introduction. There were such compliments and apologies, such changing of places, such shuffling of chairs, and running about of servants, that I thought we should never be seated.

In the midst of the bustle my little chap began to roar most horribly, and to struggle to get away from a black servant who was helping him

up on his chair. The child's terror at the sudden approach of the negro could not be conquered, nor could he by any means be quieted. Mrs. Croft at last ordered the negro out of the room; the roaring ceased, and nothing but the child's sobs were heard for some instants. The guests were all silent and had ceased eating. Mrs. Croft was vexed because *everything was cold*. Mr. Croft looked much discomfited, and said not a syllable more than was absolutely necessary as master of the house. I never ate, or rather I was never at, a more disagreeable dinner. I was in pain for Lucy, as well as for myself; her colour rose up to her temples. I cursed myself a hundred times for not having gone to dress in time.

At length, to my great relief, the cloth was taken away; but even when we came to the wine after dinner, the cold formality of my host continued unabated, and I began to fear that he had taken an insurmountable dislike to me, and that I should lose all the advantages of his protection and assistance—advantages which rose considerably in my estimation when I apprehended I was upon the point of losing them.

Soon after dinner a young gentleman of the name of Hudson joined the company: his manners and appearance were prepossessing; he was frank and wellbred, and the effect of his politeness was soon felt as if by magic, for everybody became at their ease; his countenance was full of life and fire, and, though he said nothing that showed remarkable abilities, everything he said pleased. As soon as he found that I was a stranger, he addressed his conversation principally to me. I recovered my spirits, exerted myself to entertain him, and succeeded. He was delighted to hear news from England, and especially from London, a city which he said he had an ardent desire to visit. When he took leave of me in the evening, he expressed very warmly the wish to cultivate my acquaintance, and I was the more flattered and obliged by this civility because I was certain that he knew exactly my situation and circumstances, Mrs. Croft having explained them to him very fully even in my hearing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROMISES OF UNMERITED PATRONAGE ARE BANEFUL DELUSIONS.

IN the course of the ensuing week young Mr. Hudson and I saw one another almost every day, and our mutual liking for each other's company increased. He introduced me to his father, who had been a planter, and having made a large fortune, came to reside at Philadelphia to enjoy himself, as he said, for the remainder of his days. He lived in what the sober Americans called a most luxurious and magnificent style. The best company in Philadelphia met at his house, and he delighted particularly in seeing those who had convivial talents, and who could supply him with wit and gaiety, in which he was naturally rather deficient.

On my first visit I perceived that his son had boasted of me as one of the best companions in the world, and I determined to support the character that had been given of me. I told two or three good stories, and sung two or three good songs. The company were charmed with me; old Mr. Hudson was particularly delighted. He gave me a pressing general invitation to his house, and most of the principal guests followed his example. I was not a little elated by this success.

Mr. Croft was with me at this entertainment, and I own I was peculiarly gratified by feeling that I at once became conspicuous by my talents in a company where he was apparently of no consequence, notwithstanding all his wealth and prudence. As we went home together, he said to me very gravely, "I would not advise you, Mr. Basil Lowe, to accept of all these invitations, nor to connect yourself intimately with young Hudson. The society at Mr. Hudson's is very well for those who have made a fortune and want to spend it; but for those who have a fortune to make, in my opinion, it is not only useless, but dangerous."

I was in no humour at this moment to profit by this sober advice, especially as I fancied it might be dictated, in some degree, by envy of my superior talents and accomplishments. My wife, however, supported his advice by many excellent and kind arguments. She observed that these people, who invited me to their houses as a good companion, followed merely their own pleasure, and would never be of any real advantage to me; that Mr. Croft, on the contrary, showed from the first hour when I applied to him a desire to serve me; that he had pointed out the means of establishing myself, and that in the advice he gave me he could be actuated only by a wish to be of use to me; that it was more reasonable to suspect him of despising than of envying talents which were not directed to the grand object of gaining money.

Good sense from the lips of a woman whom a man loves has a mighty effect upon his understanding, especially if he sincerely believes that the woman has no desire to rule. This was my singular case. I promised Lucy I would refuse all invitations for the ensuing fortnight, and devote myself to whatever business Mr. Croft might devise. No one could be more assiduous than I was for ten days, and I perceived that Mr. Croft, though it was not his custom to praise, was well satisfied with my diligence. Unluckily on the eleventh day I put off in the morning making out an invoice which he left for me to do, and I was persuaded in the evening to go out with young Mr. Hudson. I had expressed in conversation with him some curiosity about the American *frog concerts*, of which I had read, in modern books of travel, extraordinary accounts.* Mr. Hudson persuaded me to accompany him to a swamp at some miles' distance from Philadelphia, to hear one of these concerts. The performance lasted some time, and it was late before we returned to town. I went to bed tired, and waked in the morning with a cold, which I had caught by standing so long in the swamp. I lay an hour after I was called, in hopes of getting rid of my cold. When I was at last up and dressed, I recollected my invoice, and resolved to do it the first thing after breakfast; but unluckily I put it off till I had looked for

* "I confess the first *frog concert* I heard in America was so much beyond anything I could conceive of the powers of these musicians that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the night of the 18th of April, in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers, and, I really believe, not two *exactly* in the same pitch. . . . I have been since informed by an *amateur*, who resided many years in this country, and made this species of *music* his peculiar study, that on these occasions the *treble* is performed by the tree-frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket. The next size is our *counter-tenors*; they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing *tenor*; and the *under-part* is supported by the bull-frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the *bass* in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name."—" *Travels in the United States of America, by William Priest.*"

some lines in Homer's "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." There was no Homer, as you may guess, in Mr. Croft's house, and I went to a book-seller's to borrow one. He had Pope's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," but no "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." I walked over half the town in search of it. At length I found it, and was returning in triumph with Homer in each pocket, when at the door of Mr. Croft's house I found half a dozen porters with heavy loads upon their backs.

"Where are you going, my good fellows?" said I.

"To the quay, sir, with the cargo for the 'Betsey'."

"My God!" cried I; "stop. Can't you stop a minute? I thought the 'Betsey' was not to sail till to-morrow. Stop one minute!"

"No, sir," said they, "that we can't, for the captain bade us make what haste we could to the quay to load her."

I ran into the house. The captain of the "Betsey" was bawling in the hall, with his hat on the back of his head; Mr. Croft on the landing-place of the warehouse stairs, with open letters in his hand; and two or three of the under-clerks were running different ways, with pens in their mouths.

"Mr. Basil, the invoice!" exclaimed all the clerks at once, the moment I made my appearance.

"Mr. Basil Lowe, the invoice and the copy, if you please," repeated Mr. Croft. "We have sent three messengers after you. Very extraordinary to go out at this time of day, and not even to leave word where you were to be found. Here's the captain of the 'Betsey' has been waiting this half-hour for the invoice. Well, sir! will you go for it now? And at the same time bring me the copy, to enclose in this letter to our correspondent by post."

I stood petrified. "Sir, the invoice, sir! Good heavens! I forgot it entirely!"

"You remember it now, sir, I suppose. Keep your apologies till we have leisure. The invoices, if you please."

"The invoices! My God, sir! I beg ten thousand pardons! They are not drawn out!"

"Not drawn out!—impossible!" said Mr. Croft.

"Then I'm off!" cried the captain with a tremendous oath. "I can't wait another tide for any clerk breathing."

"Send back the porters, captain, if you please," said Mr. Croft, coolly. "The whole cargo must be unpacked. I took it for granted, Mr. Basil, that you had drawn the invoice, according to order, yesterday morning; and of course the goods were packed in the evening. I was certainly wrong in taking it for granted that you would be punctual. A man of business should take nothing for granted. This is a thing that will not occur to me again as long as I live."

I poured forth expressions of contrition; but, apparently unmoved by them, and without anger or impatience in his manner, he turned from me as soon as the porters came back with the goods, and ordered them all to be unpacked and replaced in the warehouse. I was truly concerned.

"I believe you spent your evening yesterday with young Mr. Hudson?" said he, turning to me.

"Yes, sir. I am sincerely sorry——"

"Sorrow in these cases does no good, sir," interrupted he. "I thought I had sufficiently warned you of the danger of forming that intimacy. Midnight carousing will not do for men of business."

"Carousing, sir!" said I. "Give me leave to assure you that we were not carousing. We were only at a *frog concert*."

Mr. Croft, who had at least suppressed his displeasure till now, looked absolutely angry. He thought I was making a joke of him. When I convinced him that I was in earnest, he changed from anger to astonishment, with a large mixture of contempt in his nasal muscles.

"A frog concert!" repeated he. "And is it possible that any man could neglect an invoice merely to go to hear a parcel of frogs croaking in a swamp? Sir, you will never do in a mercantile house." He walked off to the warehouse, and left me half mortified and half provoked.

From this time forward all hopes from Mr. Croft's friendship were at an end. He was coldly civil to me during the few remaining days of the fortnight that we stayed at his house. He took the trouble, however, of looking out for a cheap and tolerably comfortable lodging for my wife and boy, the rent of which he desired to pay for his relation, he said, as long as I should remain in Philadelphia, or till I should find myself in some eligible situation. He seemed pleased with Lucy, and said she was a very properly-conducted, well-disposed, prudent young woman, whom he was not ashamed to own for a cousin. He repeated, at parting, that he should be happy to afford me every assistance, *in reason*, toward pursuing any feasible plan of advancing myself; but it was his decided opinion that I could never succeed in a mercantile line.

I never liked Mr. Croft; he was much too *punctual*—too much of an automaton—for me; but I should have felt more regret at leaving him and losing his friendship, and should have expressed more gratitude for his kindness to Lucy and my boy, if my head had not at the time been full of young Hudson. He professed the warmest regard for me, congratulated me on getting free from old Croft's mercantile clutches, and assured me that such a man as I was could not fail to succeed in the world by my own talents and the assistance of friends and good connections.

I was now almost every day at his father's house, in company with numbers of rich and gay people, who were all *my friends*. I was the life of society, was invited everywhere, and accepted every invitation, because I could not offend Mr. Hudson's intimate acquaintance.

From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, I went on in this style. I was old Hudson's grand favourite, and everybody told me he could do anything he pleased for me. I had formed a scheme—a bold scheme—of obtaining from government a large tract of territory in the ceded lands of Louisiana, and of collecting a subscription in Philadelphia, among *my friends*, to make a settlement there; the subscribers to be paid by instalments, so much the first year, so much the second, and so onward, till the whole should be liquidated. I was to collect hands from the next ships, which were expected to be full of emigrants from Ireland and Scotland. I had soon a long list of subscribers, who gave me their names always after dinner or after supper. Old Hudson wrote his name at the head of the list, with an ostentatiously large sum opposite to it.

As nothing could be done till the ensuing spring, when the ships were expected, I spent my time in the same convivial manner. The spring came, but there was no answer obtained from government respecting the ceded territory, and a delay of a few months was necessary. Mr. Hudson, the father, was the person who had undertaken to apply for the grant, and he spoke always of the scheme, and of his own powers of carrying it into effect, in the most confident manner. From his conversation anybody would have supposed that the mines of Peru were upon his plantation, and that, in comparison with his, the influence of the President of the United States was nothing. I was a full twelvemonth before I was convinced that he was a boaster and a *fabulist*, and I was another twelvemonth before I could persuade myself that he was one of the most selfish, indolent, and obstinate of human beings. He was delighted to have me always at his table to entertain him and his guests, but he had not the slightest real regard for me or care for my interests. He would talk to me as long as I pleased of his possessions, and his improvements, and his wonderful crops; but the moment I touched upon any of my own affairs he would begin to yawn, throw himself upon a sofa, and seem going to sleep. Whenever I mentioned his subscription, he would say, with a frown, "We will talk of that, Basil, *to-morrow*."

Of my whole list of subscribers not above four ever paid a shilling into my hands: their excuse always was—"When government has given an answer about the ceded territory, we will pay the subscriptions;" and the answer of government always was—"When the subscriptions are paid, we will make out a grant of the land." I was disgusted and out of spirits; but I thought all my chance was to persevere, and to keep *my friends* in good humour; so that I was continually under the necessity of appearing the same jovial companion, laughing, singing, and drinking, when, Heaven knows, my heart was heavy enough.

At the end of the second year of promises, delays, and disappointments, my Lucy, who had always foretold how things would turn out, urged me to withdraw myself from this idle society, to give up my scheme, and to take the management of a small plantation in conjunction with the brother of Mr. Croft. His regard for my wife, who had won much upon this family by her excellent conduct, induced him to make me this offer; but I considered so long, and hesitated so much, whether I should accept of this proposal, that the time for accepting it passed away.

I had still hopes that my friend, young Hudson, would enable me to carry my grand project into execution. He had a considerable plantation in Jamaica, left him by his grandfather on the mother's side. He was to be of age and to take possession of it the ensuing year, and he proposed to sell it and to apply some of the purchase-money to our scheme, of the success of which he had as sanguine expectations as I had myself. He was of a most enthusiastic, generous temper. I had obtained the greatest influence over him, and I am convinced, at this time, there was nothing in the world he would not have sacrificed for my sake. All that he required from me was to be his constant companion. He was extravagantly fond of field sports; and, though a Londoner, I was a good huntsman, a good shot, and a good angler;

for, during the time I was courting Lucy, I found it necessary to make myself a sportsman to win the favour of her brothers. With these accomplishments my hold upon the esteem and affections of my friend was all-powerful. Every day in the season we went out hunting, or shooting, or fishing together; then, in the winter-time, we had various employments—I mean various excuses for idleness. Hudson was a great skater, and he had infinite diversion in teaching me to skate, at the hazard of my skull. He was also to initiate me in the American pastime of *sleighbing* or sledging. Many a desperately cold winter's day have I submitted to be driven in his sledge, when I would much rather, I own, have been safe and snug by my own fireside, with my wife.

Poor Lucy spent her time in a disagreeable and melancholy way during these three years; for, while I was out almost every day and all day long, she was alone in her lodging for numberless hours. She never repined, but always received me with a good-humoured countenance when I came home, even after sitting up half the night to wait for my return from Hudson's suppers. It grieved me to the heart to see her thus seemingly deserted; but I comforted myself with the reflection that this way of life would last but for a short time; that my friend would soon be of age, and able to fulfil all his promises; and that we should then all live together in happiness. I assured Lucy that the present idle, if not dissipated, manner in which I spent my days was not agreeable to my taste; that I was often extremely melancholy, even when I was forced to appear in the highest spirits; and that I often longed to be quietly with her, when I was obliged to sacrifice my time to friendship.

It would have been impossible that she and my child could have subsisted all this time independently, but for her steadiness and exertions. She would not accept of any pecuniary assistance except from her relation Mr. Croft, who regularly paid the rent of her lodgings. She undertook to teach some young ladies, whom Mrs. Croft introduced to her, various kinds of fine needlework, in which she excelled; and for this she was well paid. I know that she never cost me one farthing during the three years and three months that we lived in Philadelphia. But even for this I do not give her so much credit as for her sweet temper during these trials, and her great forbearance in never reproaching or disputing with me. Many wives, who are called excellent managers, make their husbands pay tenfold in suffering what they save in money. This was not my Lucy's way; and therefore, with my esteem and respect, she ever had my fondest affection. I was in hopes that the hour was just coming when I should be able to prove this to her, and when we should no longer be doomed to spend our days asunder; but, alas! her judgment was better than mine.

My friend Hudson was now within six weeks of being of age, when, unfortunately, there arrived in Philadelphia a company of players from England. Hudson, who was eager for everything that had the name of pleasure, insisted upon my going with him to their first representation. Among the actresses there was a girl of the name of Marion, who seemed to be ordinary enough, just fit for a company of strolling players; but she danced passably well, and danced a great deal between the acts

that night. Hudson clapped his hands till I was quite out of patience. He was in raptures, and the more I depreciated, the more he extolled the girl. I wished her in Nova Zembla, for I saw he was falling in love with her, and had a kind of presentiment of all that was to follow. To tell the matter briefly—for what signifies dwelling upon past misfortunes?—the more young Hudson's passion increased for this dancing-girl, the more his friendship for me declined; for I had frequent arguments with him upon the subject, and did all I could to open his eyes. I saw that the damsel had art, that she knew the extent of her power, and that she would draw her infatuated lover in to marry her. He was headstrong and violent in all his passions; he quarrelled with me, carried the girl off to Jamaica, married her the day he was of age, and settled upon his plantation. There was an end of all my hopes about the ceded territory.

Lucy, who was always my resource in misfortune, comforted me by saying I had done my duty in combating my friend's folly at the expense of my own interest; and that, though he had quarrelled with me, she loved me the better for it. All things considered, I would not have exchanged feelings and situations with him.

Reflecting upon my own history and character, I have often thought it a pity that, with certain good qualities, and I will add talents, which deserved a better fate, I should have never succeeded in anything I attempted, because I could not conquer one seemingly slight defect in my disposition, which had grown into a habit. Thoroughly determined, by Lucy's advice, to write to Mr. Croft, to request he would give me another trial, I put off sending the letter till the next day; and that very morning Mr. Croft set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to see a daughter who was newly married. I was vexed, and, from a want of something better to do, went out a-shooting, to get rid of disagreeable thoughts. I shot several pheasants, and when I came home carried them, as was my custom, to old Mr. Hudson's kitchen, and gave them to the cook. I happened to stay in the kitchen to feed a favourite dog while the cook was *preparing* the birds I had brought. I observed in the crop of one of the pheasants some bright green leaves and some buds, which I suspected to be the leaves and buds of the *Kalmia latifolia*, a poisonous shrub. I was not quite certain, for I had almost forgotten the little botany which I knew before I went to China. I took the leaves home with me to examine them at leisure, and to compare them with the botanical description, and I begged that the cook would not dress the birds till she saw or heard from me again. I promised to see her or send to her the next day. But the next day, when I went to the library to look into a book of botany, my attention was caught by some new reviews, which were just arrived from London. I put off the examination of the *Kalmia latifolia* till the day after. "To-morrow," said I, "will do just as well, for I know the cook will not dress the pheasants to-day. Old Hudson does not like them till they have been kept a day or two."

To-morrow came, and the leaves were forgotten till evening, when I saw them lying on my table, and put them out of the way, lest my little boy should find and eat them. I was sorry that I had not examined

them this day ; but I satisfied myself in the same way as I had done before. "To-morrow will do as well : the cook will not dress the pheasants to-day ; old Hudson thinks them the better for being kept *two or three days*."

To-morrow came ; but as the leaves of the *Kalmia latifolia* were out of my sight, they went out of my mind. I was invited to an entertainment this day at the mayor's. There was a large company ; and after dinner I was called upon, as usual, for a song—the favourite song of

"Dance and sing, Time's on the wing,
Life never knows return of spring,"

when a gentleman came in, pale and breathless, to tell us that Mr. Hudson and three gentlemen who had been dining with him were suddenly seized with convulsions after eating of a pheasant, and that they were not expected to live. My blood ran cold. I exclaimed, "My God ! I am answerable for this !" On my making this exclamation, there was immediate silence in the room, and every eye turned upon me with astonishment and horror. I fell back in my chair, and what passed afterwards I know not ; but when I came to myself, I found two men in the room with me, who were set to guard me. The bottles and glasses were still upon the table, but the company had all dispersed ; and the mayor, as my guards informed me, was gone to Mr. Hudson's, to take his dying deposition.

In this instance, as in all cases of sudden alarm, report had exaggerated the evil. Mr. Hudson, though extremely ill, was not dying. His three guests, after some hours' illness, had perfectly recovered. Mr. Hudson, who had eaten the most plentifully of the pheasant, was not *himself*, as he said, for two days. The third day he was able to see company at dinner as usual, and my mind was relieved from an insupportable state of anxiety.

Upon examination, the mayor was convinced that I was perfectly innocent. The cook told the exact truth, blamed herself for not sending to me before she dressed the birds, but said that she concluded I had found the leaves I took home were harmless, as I never came to tell her the contrary. I was liberated, and went home to my wife. She clasped me in her arms, but could not articulate a syllable. By her joy at seeing me again, she left me to judge of what she must have suffered during this terrible interval.

For some time after this unfortunate accident happened, it continued to be the subject of general conversation in Philadelphia. The story was told a thousand different ways, and the comments upon it were in various ways injurious to me. Some blamed me, for what I indeed deserved to be most severely blamed—my delaying one hour to examine the leaves found in the crop of the pheasant ; others affected to think it absolutely impossible that any human being could be so dilatory or negligent where the lives of fellow-creatures and *friends*—and friends by whom I had been treated with the utmost hospitality for years—were concerned ; others, still more malicious, hinted that, though I had been favoured by the mayor, and perhaps by the goodness of poor Mr. Hudson, there must be something more than had come to light in the business ; and some boldly pronounced that the story of the leaves of

the *Kalmia latifolia* was a mere blind, for that the pheasant could not have been poisoned by such means.*

That a motive might not be wanting for the crime, it was whispered that old Hudson had talked of leaving me a considerable legacy, which I was impatient to touch, that I might carry my adventuring schemes into execution. I was astonished as much as shocked at the sudden alteration in the manners of all my acquaintance. The tide of popularity changed, and I was deserted. That those who had lived with me so long in convivial intimacy; that those who had courted, admired, flattered me; those who had so often professed themselves my friends, could suddenly, without the slightest probability, believe me capable of the most horrible crime, appeared to me scarcely credible. In reality, many would not give themselves the trouble to *think* about the matter, but were glad of a pretence to shake off the acquaintance of a man of whose stories and songs they began to be weary, and who had put their names to a subscription which they did not wish to be called upon to pay. Such is the world! Such is the fate of all *good fellows* and excellent bottle companions!—certain to be deserted by their dear friends at the least reverse of fortune.

CHAPTER VII.

MORAL HABITS SELDOM CHANGED BY CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

MY situation in Philadelphia was now so disagreeable, and my disgust and indignation were so great, that I determined to quit the country. My real friend, Mr. Croft, was absent all this time from town. I am sure, if he had been at home, he would have done me justice; for though he never liked me, he was a just, slow-judging man, who would not have been run away with by the hurry of popular prejudice. I had other reasons for regretting his absence: I could not conveniently quit America without money, and he was the only person to whom I could or would apply for assistance. We had not many debts, for which I must thank my excellent wife; but when everything to the last farthing was paid, I was obliged to sell my watch and some trinkets to get money for our voyage. I was not accustomed to such things, and I was ashamed to go to the pawnbroker's, lest I should be met and recognized by some of my friends. I wrapped myself up in an old surtout and slouched my hat over my face.

As I was crossing the quay, I met a party of gentlemen walking arm-in-arm. I squeezed past them, but one stopped to look after me; and though I turned down another street to escape him, he dodged me unperceived. Just as I came out of the pawnbroker's shop, I saw him posted opposite to me: I brushed by; I could with pleasure have knocked him down for his impertinence. By the time that I had reached

* "In the severe winter of the years 1790 and 1791, there appeared to be such unequivocal reasons for believing that several persons in Philadelphia had died in consequence of their eating pheasants in whose crops the leaves and buds of the *Kalmia latifolia* were found, that the mayor of the city thought it prudent, and his duty, to warn the people against the use of this bird by a public proclamation."—*Vide* a paper by B. Smith Barton, M.D., "*American Transactions*," Vol. LI.

the corner of the street, I heard a child calling after me. I stopped, and a little boy put into my hands my watch, saying, "Sir, the gentleman says you left your watch and these thingembobs by mistake."

"What gentleman?" "I don't know; but he was one that said I looked like an honest chap, and he'd trust me to run and give you the watch. He is dressed in a blue coat, and he went towards the quay. That's all I know." On opening the paper of trinkets, I found a card with these words: "*Barney*—with kind thanks." Barney! poor Barney!—the Irishman whose passage I paid coming to America three years ago. Is it possible?

I ran after him the way which the child directed, and was so fortunate as just to catch a glimpse of the skirt of his coat as he went into a neat good-looking house. I walked up and down some time, expecting him to come out again, for I could not suppose that it belonged to Barney. I asked a grocer, who was leaning over his hatch-door, if he knew who lived in the next house. "An Irish gentleman of the name of O'Grady." "And his Christian name?" "Here it is in my books, sir—Barnaby O'Grady."

I knocked at Mr. O'Grady's door, and made my way into the parlour, where I found him, his two sons, and his wife, sitting very sociably at tea. He and the two young men rose immediately, to set me a chair.

"You are welcome, kindly welcome, sir," said he. "This is an honour I never expected, any way. Be pleased to take the seat near the fire. 'T would be hard indeed if you *would* not have the best seat that's to be had in the house, where we none of us never should have sat, nor had seats to sit upon, but for you."

The sons pulled off my shabby great-coat and took away my hat, and the wife made up the fire. There was something in their manner, altogether, which touched me so much that it was with difficulty I could keep myself from bursting into tears. They saw this, and Barney (for I shall never call him anything else), as he thought that I should like better to hear of public affairs than to speak of my own, began to ask his sons if they had *seen the day's* papers, and what news there was.

As soon as I could command my voice, I congratulated this family upon the happy situation in which I found them, and asked by what lucky accidents they had succeeded so well.

"The luckiest accident ever *happened* me before or since I came to America," said Barney, "was being on board the same vessel with such a man as you. If you had not given me the first lift, I had been down for good and all, and trampled underfoot long and long ago. But, after that first lift, all was as easy as life. My two sons here were not taken from me, God bless you! for I never can bless you enough for that. The lads were left to work for me and with me, and we never parted, hand or heart, but just kept working on together, and put all our earnings, as fast as we got them, into the hands of that good woman, and lived hard at first, as we were bred and born to do, thanks be to Heaven! Then we swore against drink of all sorts entirely. And as I had occasionally served the masons when I lived a labouring man in the county of Dublin, and knew something of that business, why, whatever I knew I made the most of, and a trowel felt noways strange to me; so I went to work, and

had higher wages at first than I deserved. The same with the two boys. One was as much of a blacksmith as would shoe a horse, and t' other a bit of a carpenter ; and the one got plenty of work in the forges, and t' other in the dockyards as a ship-carpenter. So early and late, morning and evening, we were all at the work, and just went this way struggling even on for a twelvemonth, and found, with the high wages and constant employ we had met, that we were getting greatly better in the world. Besides, the wife was not idle. When a girl, she had seen baking, and had always a good notion of it, and just tried her hand upon it now, and found the loaves went down with the customers, and the customers coming faster and faster for them, and this was a great help. Then I grew master mason, and had my men under me, and took a house to build by the job, and that did ; and then on to another, and another ; and after building many for the neighbours, 't was fit, and my turn, I thought, to build one for myself, which I did out of theirs, without wronging them of a penny. And the boys grew master men in their line, and when they got good coats, nobody could say anything against them, for they had come fairly by them, and became them well perhaps for that *rason*. So, not to be tiring you too much, we went on from good to better, and better to best ; and if it pleased God to question me how it was we got on so well in the world, I should answer, Upon my conscience, myself does not know, except it be that we never made Saint Monday,* nor never put off till the morrow what we could do the day."

I believe I sighed deeply at this observation, notwithstanding the comic phraseology in which it was expressed.

"But all this is no rule for a gentleman born," pursued the good-natured Barney, in answer, I suppose, to the sigh which I uttered ; "nor is it any disparagement to him if he has not done as well in a place like America, where he had not the means, not being used to bricklaying, and slaving with his hands, and striving as we did. Would it be too much liberty to ask you to drink a cup of tea, and to taste a slice of my good woman's bread and butter ? And happy the day we see you eating it, and only wish we could serve you in any way whatsoever."

I verily believe the generous fellow forgot at this instant that he had redeemed my watch and wife's trinkets. He would not let me thank him as much as I wished, but kept pressing upon me fresh offers of service. When he found I was going to leave America, he asked what vessel we should go in. I was really afraid to tell him, lest he should attempt to pay for my passage. But for this he had, as I afterwards found, too much delicacy of sentiment. He discovered, by questioning the captains, in what ship we were to sail, and when we went on board we found him and his sons there to take leave of us, which they did in the most affectionate manner ; and after they were gone we found directed to me, in the state cabin, everything that could be useful or agreeable to us, as sea-stores for a long voyage.

How I wronged this man, when I thought his expressions of gratitude were not sincere, because they were not made exactly in the mode and with the accent of my own countrymen ! I little thought that Barney

* It is a custom in Ireland among shoemakers, if they intoxicate themselves on Sunday, to do no work on Monday ; and this they call making a St. Monday, or keeping St. Crispin's Day.

and his sons would be the only persons who would bid us a friendly adieu when we were to leave America.

We had not exhausted our bountiful provision of sea-stores when we were set ashore in England. We landed at Liverpool, and I cannot describe the melancholy feelings with which I sat down in the little back parlour of the inn to count my money, and to calculate whether we had enough to carry us to London. Is this, thought I, as I looked at the few guineas and shillings spread on the table—is this all I have in this world? I, my wife, and child! And is this the end of three years' absence from my native country? As the negroes say of a fool who takes a voyage in vain, I am come back "*with little more than the hair upon my head.*" Is this the end of all my hopes and all my talents? What will become of my wife and child? I ought to insist upon her going home to her friends, that she may at least have the necessaries and comforts of life till I am able to maintain her. The tears started from my eyes; they fell upon an old newspaper which lay upon the table under my elbow. I took it up to hide my face from Lucy and my child, who just then came into the room; and as I read, without well knowing what, I came among the advertisements to my own name: "If Mr. Basil Lowe, or his heir, will apply to Mr. Gregory, attorney, No. 34, Cecil Street, he will hear of something to his advantage." I started up with an exclamation of joy, wiped my tears from the newspaper, put it into Lucy's hand, pointed to the advertisement, and ran to take places in the London coach for the next morning. Upon this occasion I certainly did not delay. Nor did I, when we arrived in London, put off one moment going to Mr. Gregory, No. 34, Cecil Street. Upon application to him, I was informed that a very distant relation of mine, a rich miser, had just died, and had left his accumulated treasures to me, "because I was the only one of his relations who had never cost him a single farthing."

Other men have to complain of their ill fortune, perhaps with justice; and this is a great satisfaction which I have never enjoyed, for I must acknowledge that all my disasters have arisen from my own folly. Fortune has been uncommonly favourable to me. Without any merit of my own, or rather, as it appeared, in consequence of my negligent habits, which prevented me from visiting a rich relation, I was suddenly raised from the lowest state of pecuniary distress to the height of affluent prosperity.

I took possession of a handsome house in an agreeable part of the town, and enjoyed the delight of sharing all the comforts and luxuries which wealth could procure, with the excellent woman who had been my support in adversity. I must do myself the justice to observe that I did not become dissipated or extravagant. Affection and gratitude to my Lucy filled my whole mind, and preserved me from the faults incident to those who rise suddenly from poverty to wealth. I did not forget my good friend Mr. Nun, who had relieved me formerly from prison. Of course I paid the debt which he had forgiven, and lost no opportunity of showing him kindness and gratitude.

I was now placed in a situation where the best parts of my character appeared to advantage, and where the grand defect of my disposition

was not apparently of any consequence. I was not now obliged, like a man of business, to be punctual ; and delay, in mere engagements of pleasure, was a trifling offence, and a matter of raillery among my acquaintance. My talents in conversation were admired, and if I postponed letter-writing, my correspondents only tormented me a little with polite remonstrances. I was conscious that I was not cured of my faults ; but I rejoiced that I was not now obliged to reform, or in any danger of involving those I loved in distress by my negligence.

For one year I was happy, and flattered myself that I did not waste my time, for at my leisure I read with attention all the ancient and modern works upon education. I resolved to select from them what appeared most judicious and practicable, and so to form, from the beauties of each, a perfect system for the advantage of my son. He was my only child : he had lived with me eighteen months in prison ; he was the darling of his mother, whom I adored, and he was thought to be in mind and person a striking resemblance of myself. How many reasons had I to love him ! I doated upon the child. He certainly showed great quickness of intellect, and gave as fair a promise of talents as could be expected at his age. I formed hopes of his future excellence and success in the world, as sanguine as those which my poor father had early formed of mine. I determined to watch carefully over his temper, and to guard him particularly against that habit of procrastination which had been the bane of my life.

One day, while I was alone in my study, leaning on my elbow and meditating upon the system of education which I designed for my son, my wife came to me and said, " My dear, I have just heard from our friend Mr. Nun a circumstance that alarms me a good deal. You know little Harry Nun was inoculated at the same time with our Basil, and by the same person. Mrs. Nun, and all the family, thought he had several spots, just as much as our boy had, and that that was enough ; but two years afterwards, while we were in America, Harry Nun caught the small-pox in the natural way, and died. Now, it seems, the man who inoculated him was quite ignorant ; for two or three other children whom he attended have caught the disease since, though he was positive that they were safe. Don't you think we had better have our boy inoculated again immediately by some proper person ? "

" Undoubtedly, my dear, undoubtedly. But I think we had better have him vaccinated. I am not sure, however ; but I will ask Dr. ——'s opinion this day, and be guided by that. I shall see him at dinner : he has promised to dine with us. "

Some accident prevented him from coming, and I thought of writing to him the next day, but afterwards put it off. Lucy came again into my study, where she was sure to find me in the morning. " My dear, " said she, " do you recollect that you desired me to defer inoculating our little boy till you could decide whether it be best to inoculate him in the common way, or the vaccine ? " " Yes, my dear, I recollect it perfectly well. I am much inclined to the vaccine. My friend Mr. L—— has had all his children vaccinated, and I just wait to see the effect. "

" Oh, my love, " said Lucy, " do not wait any longer, for you know we run a terrible risk of his catching the small-pox every day—every hour. "

"We have run that risk and escaped for these three years past," said I; "and, in my opinion, the boy has had the small-pox."

"So Mr. and Mrs. Nun thought, and you see what has happened. Remember our boy was inoculated by the same man. I am sure, ever since Mr. Nun mentioned this, I never take little Basil out to walk, I never see him in a shop, I never have him in the carriage with me, without being in terror. Yesterday a woman came to the coach door with a child in her arms, which had a breaking out on its face. I thought it was the small-pox, and was so terrified that I had scarcely strength or presence of mind enough to draw up the glass. Our little boy was leaning out of the door to give a halfpenny to the child. My God! if that child had the small-pox!" "My love," said I, "do not alarm yourself so terribly; the boy shall be inoculated to-morrow." "To-morrow! Oh, my dearest love, do not put it off till to-morrow," said Lucy: "let him be inoculated to-day." "Well, my dear, only keep your mind easy, and he shall be inoculated to-day, if possible. Surely you must know I love the boy as well as you do, and am as anxious about him as you can be." "I am sure of it, my love," said Lucy. "I meant no reproach. But, since you have decided that the boy shall be vaccinated, let us send directly for the surgeon, and have it done, and then he will be safe." She caught hold of the bell-cord to ring for a servant. I stopped her.

"No, my dear, don't ring," said I, "for the men are both out. I have sent one to the library for the new 'Letters on Education,' and the other to the rational toy-shop for some things I want for the child." "Then, if the servants are out, I had better walk to the surgeon's, and bring him back with me." "No, my dear," said I, "I must see Mr. L——'s children first. I am going out immediately; I will call upon them: they are healthy children, we can have the vaccine infection from them, and I will inoculate the boy myself." Lucy submitted.

I take a melancholy pleasure in doing her justice, by recording every argument that she used, and every persuasive word that she said to me upon this occasion. I am anxious to show that she was not in the least to blame. I alone am guilty! I alone ought to have been the sufferer. It will scarcely be believed—I can hardly believe it myself—that, after all Lucy said to me, I delayed two hours, and stayed to finish making an extract from Rousseau's "Emilius" before I set out. When I arrived at Mr. L——'s, the children were just gone out to take an airing, and I could not see them. A few hours may sometimes make all the difference between health and sickness, happiness and misery! I put off till the next day the inoculation of my child!

In the meantime a coachman came to me to be hired: my boy was playing about the room, and, as I afterwards recollected, went close up to the man, and, while I was talking, stood examining a greyhound upon his buttons. I asked the coachman many questions, and kept him for some time in the room. Just as I agreed to take him into my service, he said he could not come to live with me till the next week, because *one of his children was ill of the small-pox*. These words struck me to the heart. I had a dreadful presentiment of what was to follow. I remember starting from my seat, and driving the man out of the house with violent menaces. My boy, poor innocent victim! followed, trying

to pacify me, and holding me back by the skirts of my coat. I caught him up in my arms. I could not kiss him ; I felt as if I was his murderer. I set him down again. Indeed, I trembled so violently that I could not hold him. The child ran for his mother.

I cannot dwell on these things. Our boy sickened the next day, and the next week died in his mother's arms !

Her health had suffered much by the trials which she had gone through since our marriage. The disapprobation of her father, the separation from all her friends, who were at variance with me, my imprisonment, and then the death of her only child, were too much for her fortitude. She endeavoured to conceal this from me ; but I saw that her health was rapidly declining. She was always fond of the country ; and as my sole object now in life was to do whatsoever I could to console and please her, I proposed to sell our house in town, and to settle somewhere in the country. In the neighbourhood of her father and mother there was a pretty place to be let, which I had often heard her mention with delight. I determined to take it. I had secret hopes that her friends would be gratified by this measure, and that they would live upon good terms with us. Her mother had seemed, by her letters, to be better disposed towards me since my rich relation had left me his fortune. Lucy expressed great pleasure at the idea of going to live in the country near her parents, and I was rejoiced to see her smile once more. Being naturally of a sanguine disposition, hope revived in my heart : I flattered myself that we might yet be happy ; that my Lucy would recover her peace of mind and her health ; and that perhaps Heaven might bless us with another child.

I lost no time in entering into treaty for the estate in the country, and I soon found a purchaser for my excellent house in town. But my evil genius prevailed. I had neglected to renew the insurance of my house ; the policy was out but nine days, when a fire broke out in one of my servant's rooms at midnight, and, in spite of all the assistance we could procure, the house was burned to the ground. I carried my wife out senseless in my arms ; and when I had deposited her in a place of safety, returned to search for a portfolio, in which was the purchase-money of the country estate, all in bank-notes. But whether this portfolio was carried off by some of the crowd which had assembled round the ruins of my house, or whether it was consumed in the flames, I cannot determine. A more miserable wretch than I was could now scarcely be found in the world ; and, to complete my misfortunes, I felt the consciousness that they were all occasioned by my own folly.

I am now coming to the most extraordinary and the most interesting part of my history. A new and surprising accident happened.

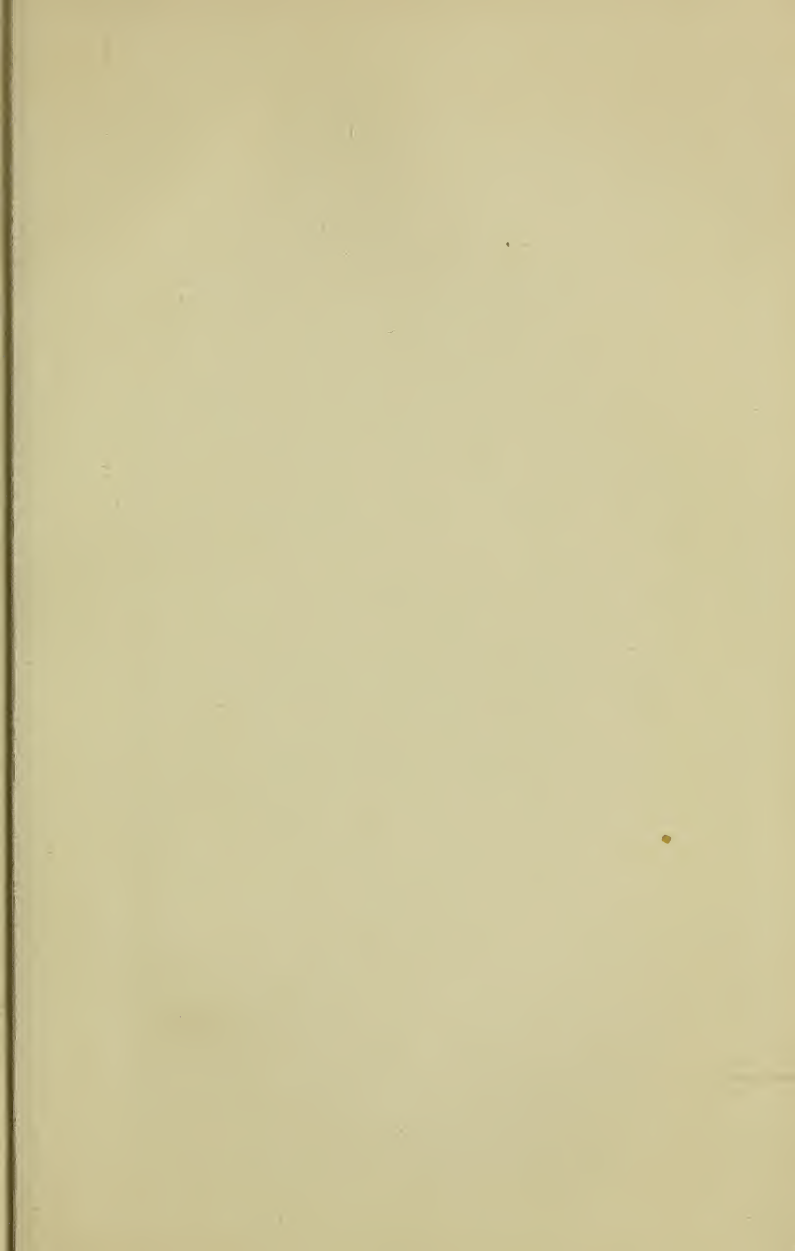
* * * * *

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—What this accident was can never now be known, for Basil put off finishing his history till TO-MORROW.

This fragment was found in an old escritoir in an obscure lodging in Swallow Street.

THE END.

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Vanity Fair



